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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 27 • 1963 20c

My Last Safari
by Robert Ruark

Huntington Hartford
A millionaire in paradise

THE QUEEN
IN
NEW ZEALAND

Asian Flu *mystery of a chronic plague* / **Robert** *...rile crooner*

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Double-Safety Brakes — self-adjusting, too
Most miles per gallon in all Economy Events entered

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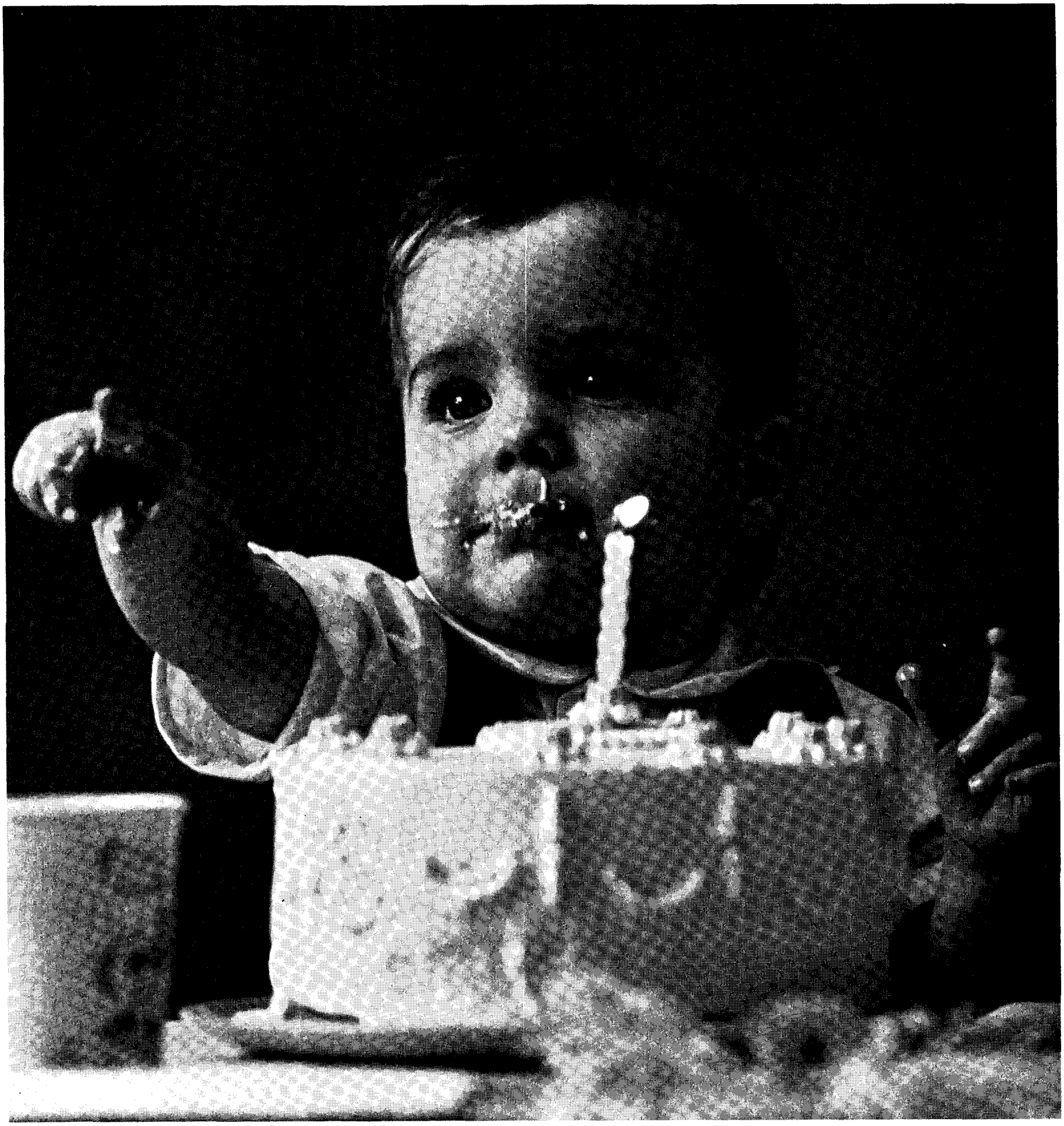

Will man ever live to be 150?

A baby boy born in ancient Rome had a life expectancy of 22 years.

Born in 1900 in the U.S.A., he could expect to reach 47.

Born today, his expected life span is 70.

The gain in human life has been tremendous—thanks to ever-increasing medical knowledge, better health care, and the conquest of so many of the infectious diseases.

Mathematically, at the modern rate of increase, life expectancy could reach 150 about the year 2175. This may never be attained, but further gains in the life span are on the horizon as medical knowledge expands and research in drugs continues. Even more significant, perhaps, is the promise of healthier and happier living for those who reach advanced age.

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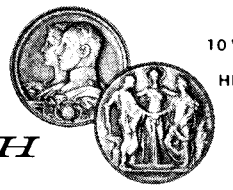

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Millions of Dollars pour into the offices of shady real-estate promoters every year. Much of this money comes from buyers dazzled by advertising which suggests a sunny life in lush countryside. The rush to purchase unseen acreage by mail is so widespread that gyp artists are doing a proverbial land-office business, but thousands who mail down payments for their own place in the sun get little more than disappointment for their money. The vast majority of developers of resorts and retirement communities are, of course, wholly legitimate businessmen who do not mislead their customers. But flimflam sales of underwater lots and barren, inaccessible land make up a significant portion—perhaps 15 percent—of the burgeoning mail-order business. One such operation caused Attorney General Robert Kennedy to urge "great caution in buying land by mail." A team of *Post* reporters recently fanned out across the country to make a survey of the land-promotion business, and this week associate editor **Trevor Armbrister** gives the story of a land bubble about to burst.

Other Bylines. Contributing editor **Gilbert Millstein** tells of the rise to fame of singer Robert Goulet. . . . *Post* editor-at-large **Robert Sherrod,** chronicler of the war in the Pacific, reports on the recent sentimental return of Second Marine Division veterans to New Zealand. . . . With Sherrod on his trip Down Under was *Post* photographer **Ollie Atkins,** who took color photographs of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip's royal tour. . . . In past issues *The Post* has reported on the big-time gamblers who corrupt athletes and connive with officials to fix games. But who are the little men who book the small-money bets that make up much of the multimillion-dollar action each year? **Myron Cope** gives a revealing portrait of a successful bookmaker and explains how the bookie operates his illegal, lucrative business year after year. . . . Contributing editor **Bill Davidson,** who reports on the Asian-flu scourge, won the 1953 Albert Lasker medical-journalism award. . . . Photographer **John Zimmerman** provides a color album of Paradise Island, midocean playground of millionaire Huntington Hartford; a look at Hartford the man is given by **Richard Gehman.** . . . During his long Government career **J. Thomas Schneider** has served as assistant secretary of Commerce. . . . Novelist **Robert Ruark,** author of the best-sellers *Something of Value* and *Uhuru,* recently joined *The Post* as a contributing editor. It is something of a homecoming for Ruark, whose first published work appeared in *The Post* in 1944. From time to time *The Post* will publish other Ruark articles on subjects ranging from African jungles to Paris salons.

The Cover photograph of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip was made by **Ollie Atkins** in New Zealand during the royal couple's recent tour.

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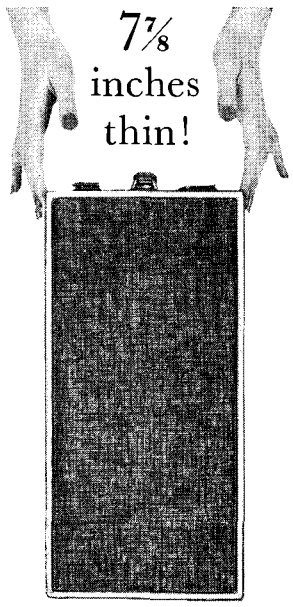
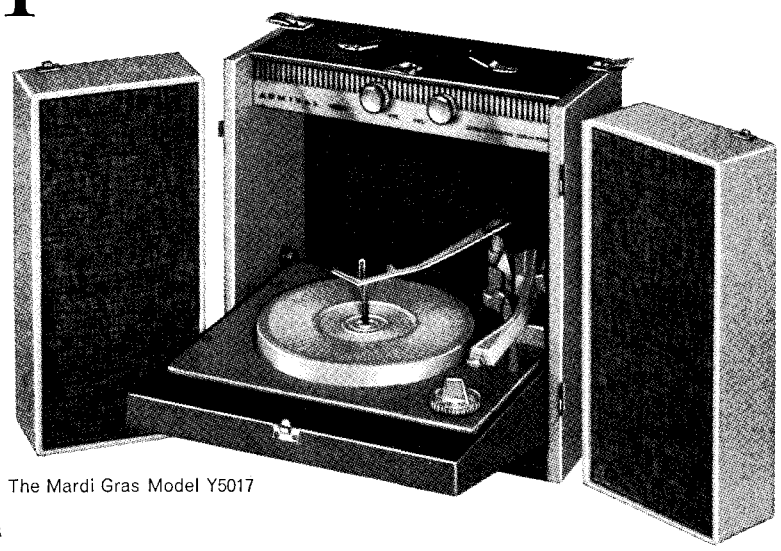


Slimmest tilt-out portable stereo



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LETTERS

Creeping Conformity

Dear Sirs:

Of all the fine articles you have published in our times, this is the best [THE DECLINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL, Mar. 30] by Admiral Rickover.

In the last thirty years "Rugged Individualism" had become a dirty word, but the Admiral has restored this quality of American self-reliance to its proper status. The material well-being of conformity never has been able to drown out for long the spirit of freedom-of-action in all the people—maybe the majority for a while—but never all.

CABELL CARRINGTON
Redwood City, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Admiral H. G. Rickover wrote of what sociologists call the "Protestant ethic" and described it as the "spiritual foundation of democracy," which he stated was based on man's responsibility for his own acts governed by his own conscience. This do-it-yourself concept of the word "Protestant" unfortunately leaves no place for Christ. The word "Protestant" with relation to a legalistic ethic is as incorrect as it is unchristian.

EDWIN A. MICKEL
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

I do not always agree with Admiral Rickover, but in his last article in the *Post*, THE DECLINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL, he hit the nail squarely on the head. We are being treated to the rather ludicrous sight of a culture that bemoans the lack of rugged individualism while struggling mightily to stamp it out.

Reforms can be shunted aside by the simple expedient of labeling all opposition as "Un-American."

It takes a really rugged individualist to buck all that.

VI CONOVER
Port Townsend, Wash.

Back Lash

Dear Sirs:

Judge Lynch's article [BRING BACK THE WHIPPING POST, Mar. 30] reflects a theological point of view. The Lynch code of justice is more appropriate to a theocratic state than to a democracy like the United States. He concedes there is no real evidence that the practice is beneficial. The function of society relative to crime is to prevent repetition of it for its own protection, not to force theologically based moral judgments. If the judge must have his scripture, let him concentrate on the line, "Vengeance is mine. . . ."

JOHN T. CODY
Queens Village, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

As a former public-school teacher I heartily agree with Judge Stewart Lynch.

The sense of shame and humiliation from whipping as advocated by Judge Lynch reaches something in a person that mere physical pain does not touch. Maybe it is not a complete deterrent, but at least the offender might think of changing his ways. School kids like and respect a strict teacher. Maybe they would like the change to law and order.

MRS. GRACE M. RUSH
Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

Before we endorse either corporal or capital punishment, I wonder how we would react if the administering of either were a duty that could devolve on each of us like jury duty.

W. R. BROOCKE
Hialeah, Fla.

Lady-Killer Kildare

Dear Sirs:

I'm sure that every reader was as pleased as I was with the article DR. KILDARE IS A DOLL [by Melvin Durslag, Mar. 30]. Keep up the superb work.

MICHELLE PARECE
Wareham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I am a fourteen-year-old girl. I don't think Chamberlain (or Kildare) is a doll. In fact, he is naïve-looking.

I'm tired of hearing reports of his numerous female fans and would like to take myself out of that category.

KATHY TERRY
Neosho, Mo.

Middle-Age Harmony

Dear Sirs:

Have just read LIVING IN TUNE WITH TIME by Mackey Brown in the March 30 *Post*. It is a marvelous expression of how many people feel in the middle years and even beyond. I could have written it myself so well does it express my sentiments about life as a retired teacher. It seems to me I only existed before and am now truly alive in a newly discovered world. You see, even those in the sixties can feel ecstatic on release from the tensions of an exacting schedule.

MRS. EUGENIA SEAY
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

I feel sorry for the writer of LIVING IN TUNE WITH TIME! I'm sure her children are embarrassed and hurt to think they were so resented while growing up. The things she talked about having to do for them were a joy for me.

GARNETT ADAMS
Forsyth, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Cheers for Mackey Brown! It's about time somebody championed us middle-agers. Like most American women I was brainwashed into the idea that age must be avoided. Or at least not admitted. Now that I've been fortunate enough to reach that time of life, I've found it most pleasant. In fact, it's fun!

MRS. MARY BEAHM BABER
West Hyattsville, Md.

War Material

Dear Sirs:

As a veteran of WWII and the Korean War, I have to agree in general with James Jones [PHONY WAR FILMS, Mar. 30] that most war movies are not realistic. But they cannot be realistic. They have to have an appeal to the ticket-buying customer. This is not to

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☐ **REXALL B-COMPLEX FORTIFIED CAPSULES.** With Vitamins B_1, B_2, B_6, niacinamide, calcium pantothenate and liver. 100's, **2 for $2.60**

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☐ **LAVENDER OR REXALL AFTER SHAVE LOTION.** Brisk aroma men like! Now **2 for 70¢**

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☐ **BUFFERED ASPIRIN.** 100's, reg. 98¢, **2 for 99¢**

☐ **KLENZO ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH.** Ruby-red; spicy cinnamon flavor. Kills contacted germs within 30 seconds. Pt., 79¢, **2 for 80¢**

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☐ **REXALL TRIPLE ACTION COUGH SYRUP.** Adults', **2 for $1.10;** Children's, **2 for 99¢**

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☐ **BIOKETS** for minor throat irritations. Vial of 15 Troches or 10 Lozenges, 79¢, **2 for 80¢**

FAMILY BARGAINS

☐ **SUPPORT STOCKINGS.** "Sheer Comfort" by Spuntex. All nylon. Seamed or seamless. White, Mist. Reg. $4.95, now **2 pr. $4.96**

☐ **KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES.** 49¢, **2 for 50¢**

☐ **EXTENSION CORDS.** Reg. 59¢, **2 for 60¢**

☐ **PLASTIC SHOWER CAP.** Reg. 29¢, **2 for 30¢**

☐ **HAIR BRUSHES.** Wide choice. $1, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **SWIM MASK.** Reg. $1.00, now **2 for $1.01**

☐ **HOUSEHOLD GLOVES.** Reg. 89¢, **2 pr. 90¢**

☐ **SYRINGES.** Fountain, reg. $3.89, **2 for $3.90;** Syringe & Hot Water Bottle, **2 for $4.60**

☐ **RAZOR BLADES.** Permedge. 18 single-edge or 20 double-edge, reg. 49¢, now get **2 for 50¢**

60th ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS

DIAMOND JUBILEE 60

NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS, BUT EXTRA VALUES DURING THIS EVENT

☐ **AEROSOL DUSTING POWDER.** $2.00, **98¢**

☐ **REX-RAY BATH SCALES.** Accurate! **$4.44**

☐ **REXALL FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE.** Reg. 3 for $1.59, now get **3** big tubes for **89¢**

☐ **AIR MATTRESS.** For beach or lawn! **$2.99**

☐ **6-TRANSISTOR RADIO.** Carrying case, earphone unit, battery. Now only **$10.99**

☐ **MELMAC 21-PC. DINNERWARE SET. $9.49**

☐ **MELMAC 4-PC. PLACE SETTING. $1.88**

☐ **WRIST WATCHES.** Men's, women's, **$8.88**

☐ **FLASHBULBS.** 12 #5, **$1.29;** 12 M2, **$1.14**

☐ **REX COLOR FILM.** 35mm. 20 exp. Price includes processing by Technicolor! **$2.29**

☐ **CAR SEAT CUSHION.** Spring-cushion helps lessen driver-fatigue. Just **$1.69**

☐ **REX-RAY STEAM & DRY IRON. $7.88**

☐ **REX ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK.** Plain, easy-to-read dial, gentle alarm. **$3.29**

☐ **75-FT. GARDEN HOSE.** Yours for **$2.99**

☐ **EVERAIN OSCILLATING SPRINKLER. $3.99**

☐ **REX-RAY HAIR DRYER.** Big value, **$3.99**

☐ **COLOR MOVIE FILM.** 8-mm, day or indoor. Price incl. Technicolor processing, **$2.85**

☐ **REXALL 900-CALORIE DIET AID WAFERS.** Chocolate flavor, 18 calories per wafer. 50, **68¢; REXALL LOW CALORIE DIET AID.** Liquid 6-pack, flavors, **$1.44;** 8-oz., **24¢**

☐ **RIPPLE WRITING PAPER.** Smart! Box, **98¢**

☐ **REXALL FACIAL TISSUES.** 400, **3 for 79¢**

☐ **REXALL TOOTHPASTE. 3** tubes for **89¢**

☐ **BUBBLE BATH.** 20-packet boxes, **3 for 98¢**

☐ **BATH TOWEL. 88¢;** deluxe print....**88¢**

☐ **FACE CLOTH. 27¢;** deluxe print....**27¢**

☐ **QUIK-BANDS.** Adhesive. 45's, 65¢, **44¢;** "True Skin" 21's, 45¢, **31¢;** 40's, 65¢, **44¢**

☐ **SANITARY NAPKINS.** Box of 40, **$1.23**

☐ **SYMBOL FOLDING SYRINGE.** $4.79, **$2.99**

☐ **MINERAL OIL.** Qt., $1.19, **75¢;** Pt., **49¢**

☐ **NYLON HOSIERY.** Spuntex, 60-gauge with plain seams, 89¢, **69¢; 3** pr. **$2.07;** Seamless: Stretch or Nude Heel, **$1.29, 3** pr. **$2.67;** Mesh, reg. $1.19, **79¢, 3** pr. **$2.37;** Flat Knit, $1.19, **79¢, 3** pr. **$2.37**

☐ **LIPSTICK.** 6 beautiful shades. **3** for **$1.25**

☐ **MIST COLOGNE.** Pretty Kitty, 3-oz., **$1.19**

STATIONERY

☐ **ELITE LINEN TABLETS.** Reg. 25¢, **2 for 26¢;** pack of matching envelopes, get **2 for 26¢**

☐ **BALL-POINT PENS.** Belmont disposable pens, assorted styles. Each, reg. 39¢, **2 for 40¢**

☐ **BALL PEN REFILLS.** "All-in-one" refills for 150 makes of pen. Reg. 49¢, now **2 for 50¢**

☐ **CRUSHED RIPPLE POUND STATIONERY.** Pack of large flat sheets or envelopes, **2 for 90¢**

☐ **DELUXE BOXED NOTES.** $1.00, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **AIRMAIL TABLET.** Regularly, 25¢, **2 for 26¢**

☐ **THANK YOU NOTES.** Regularly 50, **2 for 51¢**

☐ **TYPEWRITER TABLET.** Reg. 39¢, **2 for 40¢**

☐ **GIFT WRAPS.** Deluxe 4-sheet packs, **2 for 26¢**

☐ **RAYON CURLING RIBBON.** 75', **2 for 26¢**

☐ **CELLOPHANE TAPE & DISPENSER. 2 for 40¢**

☐ **EPOXY GLUE.** Holds indefinitely! **2 for 99¢**

☐ **JUMBO MARKING PENS.** Reg. 69¢, **2 for 70¢**

☐ **SACCHARIN** 1000's: 1-gr., **2/$1.60;** ½-gr., **2/$1.31;** ¼-gr., **2/$1.20.** 100's: 1-gr., **2/56¢;** ½-gr., **2/46¢;** ¼-gr., **2 for 36¢**

☐ **GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES** Rexall adults' or infants'. Jar of 12, 53¢, **2 for 54¢**

☐ **ENVELOPES** White, jumbo packs. Business or social size, **2 for 26¢.** Business, **2 for 16¢.** Social size, regularly 10¢, now get **2 for 11¢**

☐ **PLAYING CARDS** Double-deck bridge, $1.98, **2 for $1.99.** Single-deck: bridge, poker, pinochle, $1, **2 for $1.01**

☐ **FEVER THERMOMETERS** Guaranteed-accurate. Oral, rectal, stub. Adult or Baby, **2 for $1.70**

☐ **HAIR NETS** Keep your hair under perfect control! Nylon nets come in bob or regular styles. Pack of three, 25¢, **2 packs 26¢**

☐ **REXALL BOBBY PINS** Black or bronze. Card of 60 pins, regularly 25¢, now get **2 cards 26¢**

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Rexall Brand products are sold only at Rexall stores. Ask for the Rexall Brand in the store with this sign.

YOUR Rexall STORE

NOW...AS FOR 60 YEARS...THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

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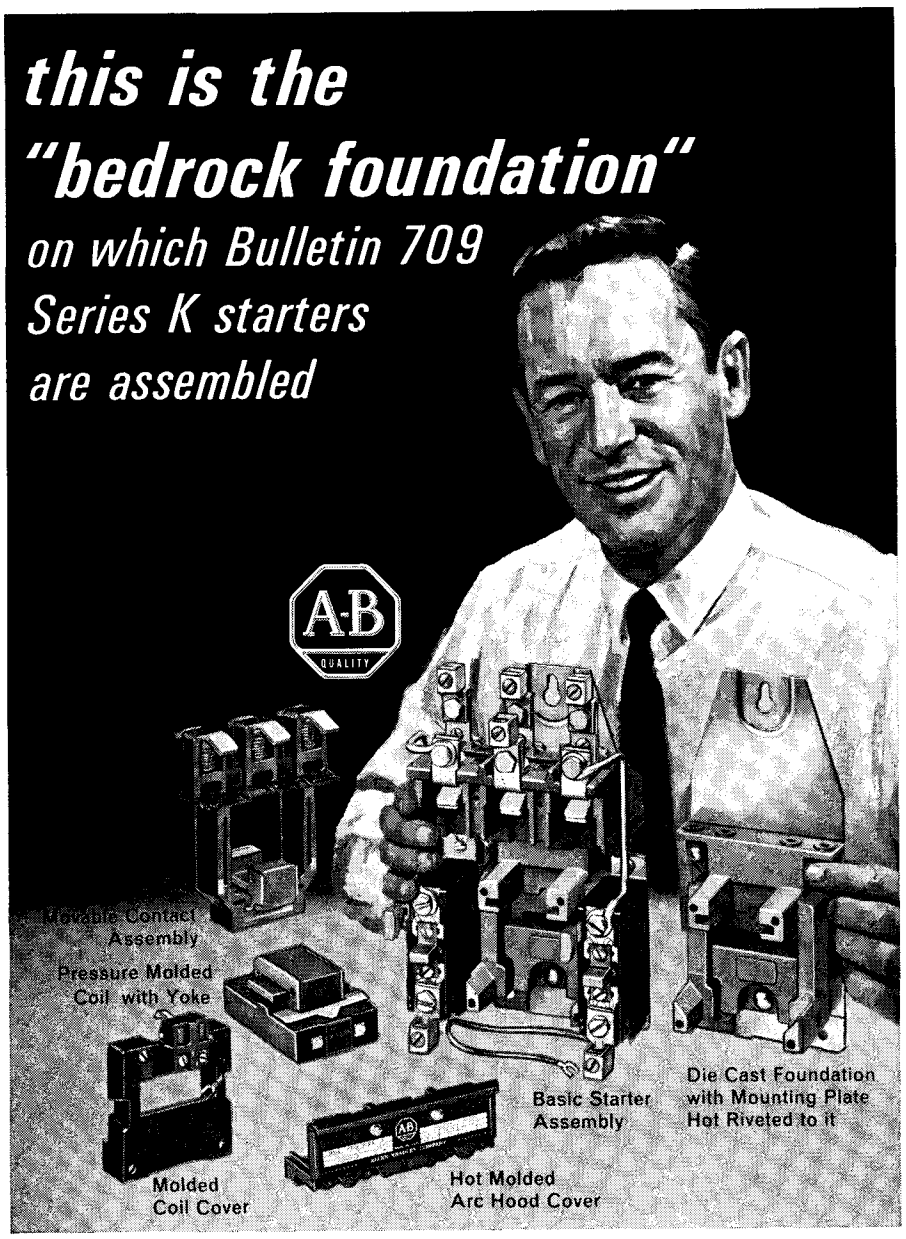

■ Why do Bulletin 709 Series K motor starters outperform and outlast all other starters? Most of the answer is to be found in the accurately machined, one-piece die cast aluminum base which serves as the "bedrock foundation" for the entire starter mechanism. This "foundation" prevents any mounting strains from being transmitted to the starter mechanism. Precise guiding for the movable contact arm—the *only* moving part in *all* Bulletin 709 Series K starters—is provided by the machined die cast base. It also functions as an efficient "heat sink" for the starter coil. Cooler coil operation not only means longer coil life, but it helps to provide more reliable overload protection. The mounting plate has a corrosive-resisting chromated zinc finish, and the die cast aluminum base is chromated to prevent corrosion.

The use of weld-resistant cadmium oxide silver contacts is another "plus value" built into all Bulletin 709 Series K starters—regular inspection of contacts is unnecessary and contact life is greatly extended. Two trip-free and tamperproof overload relays are a reliable insurance against motor burnout. The generous wiring room and the white interior of the Bulletin 709 Series K Nema 1 starters cuts installation time substantially —this is a real moneysaving feature.

If you are not already familiar with the Allen-Bradley Series K line of control, please give this control the opportunity to prove to you that its performance is even better than we claim. Believe it or not—the new Bulletin 709 starter will deliver many more millions of trouble free operations than are built into the machine which it is operating. Please have your local Allen-Bradley distributor give you a first-hand demonstration of the new Bulletin 709 Series K starter, or write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY

Member of NEMA

QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

LETTERS

criticize Mr. Jones, but merely to reiterate a theme common to combat veterans since the founding of our nation. While Mr. Jones has admirably depicted war in his novels, no man can adequately describe the actual conduct of an organized war.

CARLISLE G. KOHL
Major, U.S. Marine Corps (Retired)
Barstow, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

James Jones makes one mistake in his PHONY WAR FILMS. He says *modern* war destroys human character. Wars have *always* destroyed human character. This was, in fact, one of the arguments Thucydides cited in his classic indictment of war when he described how even the Athenians, the most cultured of the Greeks, degenerated to the level of barbarians in the course of their conflict with Sparta.

JOSEPH DAHMUS
State College, Pa.

Shaking 'Em Up

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial THE SECRET CAVES OF CUBA was worth many times over the price of your magazine. Congratulations on its fine content. Let's hope your straight-from-the-shoulder talk stirs something besides a cocktail glass in Washington.

LARRY SHELTON
Raven, Va.

The Opulent Oasis

Dear Sirs:

How beautifully Herbert Gold captured the spirit of lunacy, ingenuity and money in his piece on Palm Springs [RING-A-DING RESORT, Mar. 30]. The six pages of color which came before it [PALM SPRINGS, Photographs by John Bryson] were so cool, green and inviting that it made me want to desert the city and take off on my vacation immediately.

MARY SHEPPARD
New York, N.Y.

Brave New Post

Dear Sirs:

In the last few issues a magic change has taken place in the *Post*. It now has a zip it never had before.

In these accelerated, demanding times I have just enough time to encompass the present contents of the *Post*, knowing that every page will pack a wallop. Yes, this is a new age, and you're definitely two jumps ahead of it all the way.

LAURENCE J. CAHILL
Everett, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The Saturday Evening Post is fast becoming the foremost publication in this country. Information is necessary to keep pace with our swiftly advancing civilization and our own progress as a nation. The point is that in exposing rackets, bribes and scandals the *Post* is doing more than just protecting the individual. You are protecting our way of life, and our freedoms.

ADRIAN L. PIQUETTE
Tacoma, Wash.

COMING...in next week's Post

Anatomy of a race riot

The Ugly American revisited
by Eugene Burdick and William Lederer

ANN-MARGRET
Hollywood's explosive star

CANTERBURY'S ROLLICKING ARCHBISHOP

A GENERAL TALKS ABOUT:
The "intellectuals" in the Pentagon

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Mark Gerson. • 17, 18, 19–Lynn Pelham. • 20–2 by Don Cravens; Lynn Pelham. • 21–Don Cravens; 2 by Lynn Pelham. • 23–Lynn Pelham. • 24–Friedman–Abeles. • 25–Globe Photos. • 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 33–Ollie Atkins. 41–Bettye Lane; John Reed; From Gerald Kersh. • 42, 43–David Stone Martin. • 48, 49–Jan Balet. • 54–Robert Shore. • 58–Rockefeller Institute. • 62, 63, 64, 65–John Zimmerman. • 66–Richard Litwin. • 70–From Colonel Schneider. • 72–Jim Mahan. • 76, 77–Yila (Rapho Guillumette). • 77, 78, 79, 80, 81–From Robert Ruark.

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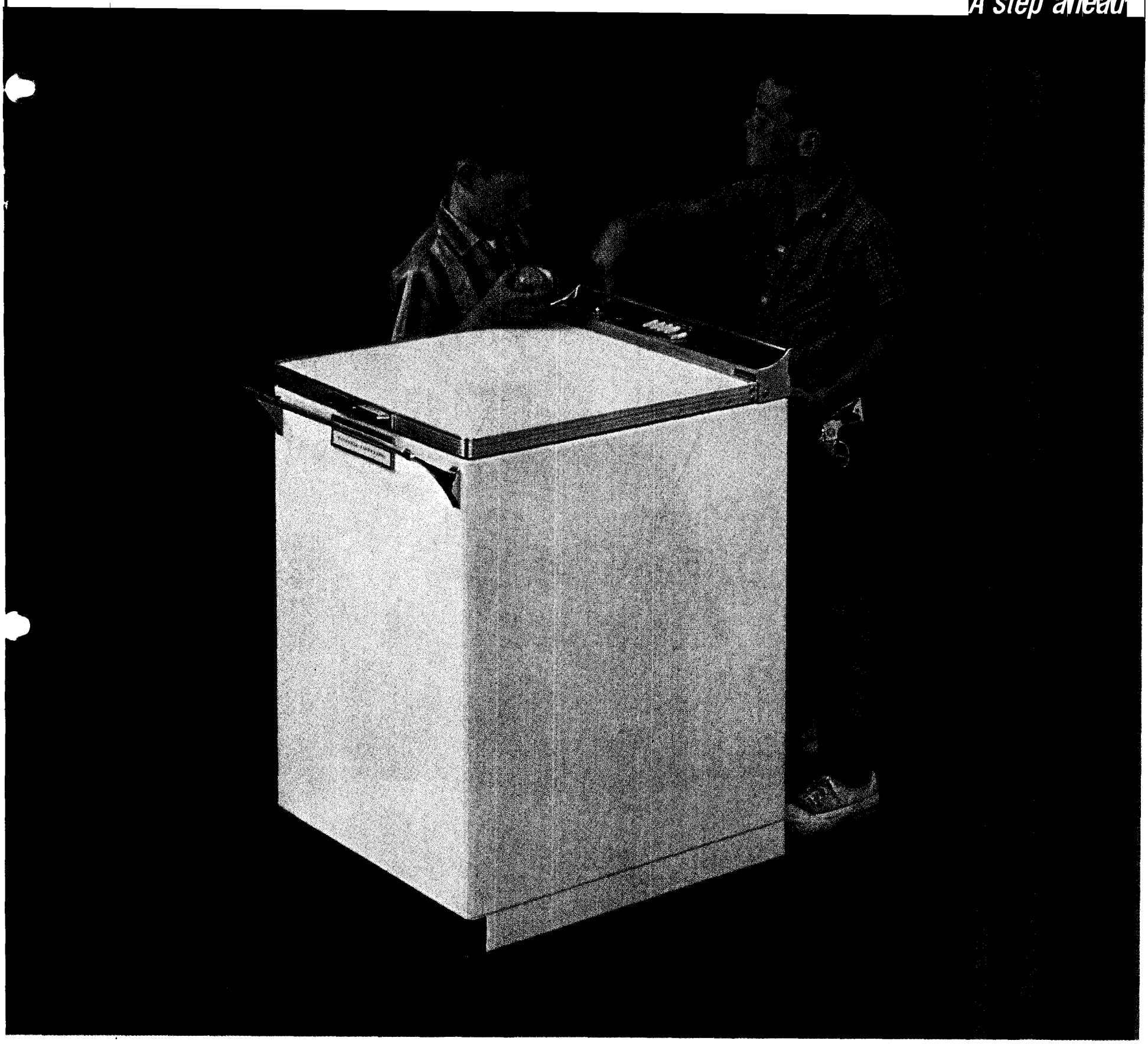
A step ahead



"S-a-n-i-t-i-z-e-r. Bet your dishwasher doesn't have one"

When that red light on top of the new Westinghouse Roll About dishwasher clicks on, it sets our automatic sanitizer to work — hiking the wash and rinse water temperature to a steaming 145 degrees . . . the drying temperature even higher.

Hand rinsing? Forget it! Just load the dishes (up to fifteen place settings!) and a special pre-rinse cycle unsticks the heaviest food particles. This is followed by: 1. a first wash. 2. a second rinse. 3. a second wash (sanitized). 4. a third rinse (sanitized). 5. drying (sanitized). After that steaming Niagara, your dishes are absolutely, incomparably **clean**.

On the outside, we've given our dishwasher the full beauty treatment. Its flat-top design fits snugly under a counter. Controls and hoses are at the back—not the front. Much easier to hook up.

Ask your Westinghouse dealer to show you the twinkling red light that says: "Sanitizer" at work. (Ideal for a Mother's Day gift!)

We never forget how much you rely on Westinghouse

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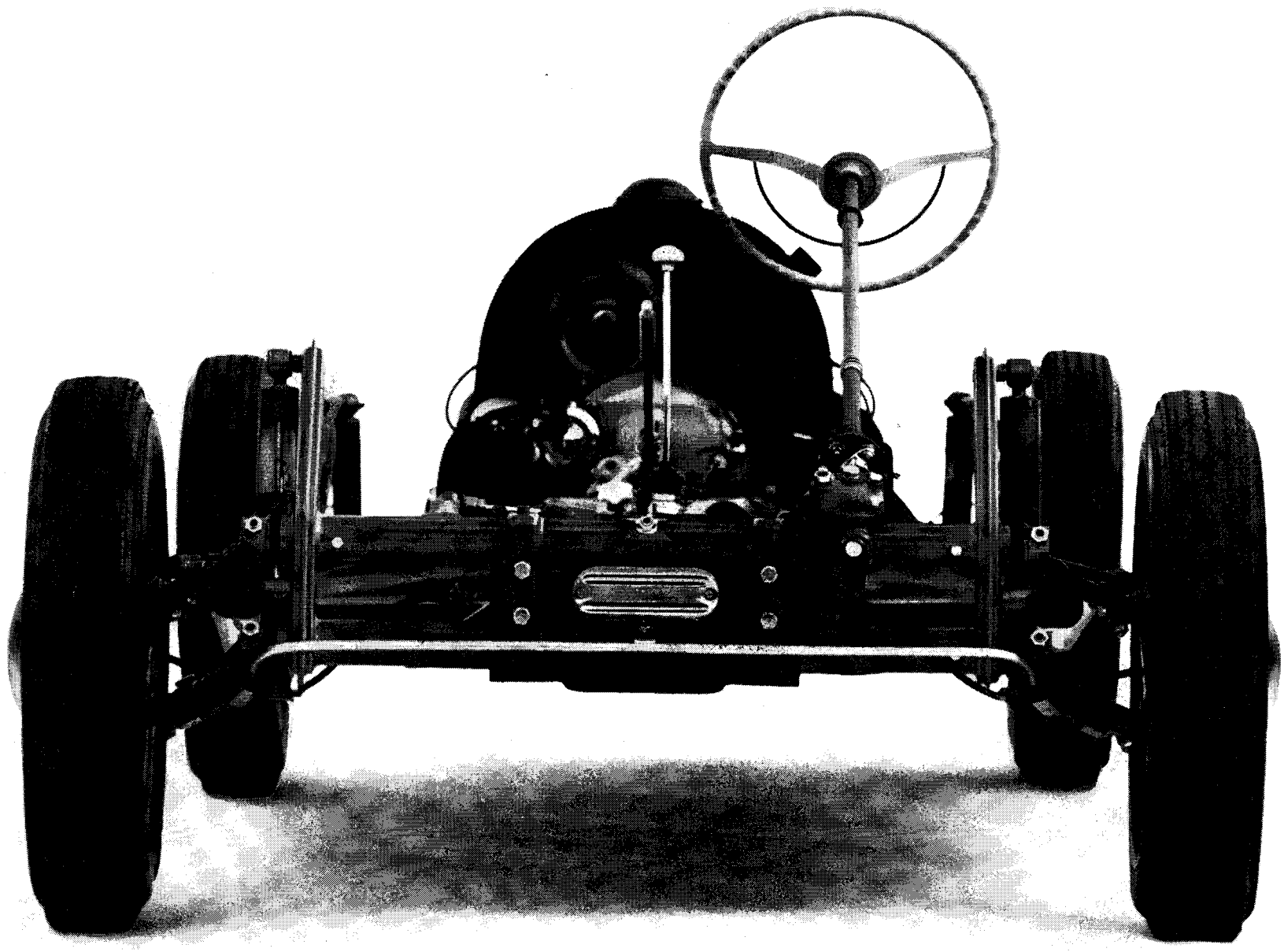

This we change.

Now you can see for yourself where we make most of our changes. Way down deep.

Every part you can see (and every part you can't see) has been changed again and again and again.

But we never change the Volkswagen without a reason. And the only reason is to make it even better.

When we do make a change, we try to make the new part fit older models, too.

So you'll find that many VW parts are interchangeable from one year to the next.

Which is why it's actually easier to get parts for a VW than for many domestic cars.

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This we don't.

And why VW service is as good as it is.

The same principle holds good for the beetle shape.

We made the rear window bigger one year so you could see other people better. We made the tail lights bigger last year so other people could see you better.

But nothing drastic. Any Volkswagen hood still fits any VW ever made. So does any fender.

And, in case you hadn't noticed, every VW still looks like every other VW.

Which may turn out to be the nicest thing of all about the car.

It doesn't go in one year and out the other.

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SPEAKING OUT

by J. B. Priestley

EROTICISM, SEX AND LOVE

Famed British author of 19 novels and 24 plays, J. (John) B. (Boynton) Priestley is equally acclaimed for his 35 books of essays and criticism. His novel "The Good Companions" brought him to U. S. attention in 1929. A book of his reminiscences, "Margin Released," has just been published.

A renowned author says confusion of terms hampers relationships between the sexes.

Our society would be healthier and happier, I believe, if we were not so dangerously confused about eroticism and sex and love. If we could begin to agree about these words and what they mean, we might stop writing and talking at cross-purposes and begin getting our values right.

Now for various reasons, some of them obviously commercial, eroticism flourishes in our society on a scale never known before, not even during the decadence of imperial Rome. One reason for this is that eroticism is a shortcut to masculine interest and curiosity; it is a safe and easy card to play. Let us say you are publishing a cheap edition of a classical novel. The novel may contain no scene in which a blonde is having the clothes torn from her back, but to play safe, commercially, you display a half-ravished blonde on the jacket. The appeal here is not to sex and it is certainly not to love. It is entirely to the eroticism so characteristic of our time.

Eroticism, unlike sex and love, apparently offers something for nothing. It is sexual pleasure without sexual responsibility. It is having your cake and eating it. Unlike sex, it is not completely natural, and it is at the furthest possible remove from love, which is supremely personal. Eroticism is impersonal, which explains why women may lend themselves to it but never believe in it, and it is artificial, man-made, belonging to a technically advanced but very confused civilization.

Eroticism, we might say, is the twanging of a single nerve, concentrating upon a certain kind of excitement and pleasure to the exclusion of everything else. It is solitary and self-regarding, other persons involved in it being treated as instruments, things. Nothing worth calling a relationship can be created by it. One sex cannot do the other sex any good in eroticism. The opposite sex is not really there, so to speak, in its true complementary character.

We have deliberately perverted ourselves, transforming honest sex into this nasty autoerotic stuff. For eroticism makes use of the broad sexual urge, which might lead to love, and narrows it and directs it into a blind alley, turning something that might be fruitful into what is solitary, barren, and forever unrewarding. And we are doing this on a huge and ever-increasing scale.

Let me give you an English example. In England now we have more and more so-called clubs entirely devoted to eroticism, displaying not only striptease but also obscene acts of sexual sadism and masochism. If such clubs were patronized only by teen-age lads, naturally curious, it would not be so bad, but in fact their chief patrons, especially in London's Soho, are middle-aged, prosperous men. And when middle-aged businessmen, perhaps entertaining their customers, have to spend their afternoons and their money gaping at such displays, then there is something wrong with our society.

Eroticism is a trap

It is a mistake to imagine that Western man is so highly sexed that he is incapable of love. He is merely trapped by eroticism, that twanging of a single nerve in the dark. More and more men are crowding into this blind alley, not demanding more life, richer relationships, but only a barren titillation. The encouragement and exploitation of eroticism, sometimes out of hatred of Woman and fear of real sex and love, but mostly for commercial gain, now constitute one of the worst features of our Western civilization.

I must say that, while publishers do not seem as busy with eroticism as they were a few years ago, there are still too many half-ravished blondes and strangled brunettes selling the newer books. I have a weakness for tough "private eye" tales, in the tradition that began with Dashiell Hammett. I enjoy these tales not because they are full of violence but because the best of them are told with uncommon skill, suggest character and background with an economy the ordinary novelist rarely achieves, and keep alive my interest and curiosity. But even in the best of them there is too much suggestion of sadistic eroticism, and on the lower levels there is a deliberate pandering to the worst feelings of the sex-starved and woman-fearing or woman-hating male. The mutilated corpses of voluptuous blondes that turn up so regularly in these stories are not there by accident. They are there to please the customers, men ready to hate what they cannot possess.

Moreover, it is not only on the "private eye" level of fiction that eroticism is offered as a bait. There is plenty of it, spiced with sadism and masochism, in a large proportion of best-selling novels. Some of these are really the old-fashioned novels of American small-town life, with the same background and cast of characters (e.g., the wild girl, the puzzled young man, the envious spinster, the good old doc), with one important difference, that now the people are caught with their pants down, and what was once referred to very vaguely—rape, for instance—is now described in detail. Take the eroticism out of many of these novels, and their sales could be divided by a hundred. They are using the same bait as the gaudiest of the cheap books.

The movies of course have dealt in eroticism for many years now. But the appeal is more blatant than it used to be. For example, although Garbo was a symbolic figure of mysterious, exotic sex (the best instance I know of what Jung called the *anima* archetype), quite apart from being a superb actress she was not really a figure of obvious eroticism, not simply a lascivious dream creature. She suggested Woman herself, not a thing for secret appetites. But when we arrive at Bardot and the like, we are at once entangled in deliberate eroticism. The movies have gone into the striptease business.

I never knew Marilyn Monroe, but I enjoyed her film performances, not because she was a superb "dish"—I never think of women as dishes, and, if I did, then Monroe would not have been my first choice from the menu—but simply because the attack, the humor, the sparkling vivacity, of the "dumb blondes" she played were enchanting. In short, I enjoyed her as an actress. Within her limits she was an exceptionally fine performer. Her tragedy, it seems to me, was that, feeling basically insecure because of her early background, she wanted to be appreciated as an actress and to be recognized and understood as a person. But she found herself, in and out of the studios, clamped into the role of a symbolic figure, perhaps the supreme symbolic figure in our time, of eroticism. She was offered not as a woman but as a thing to twang that male erotic nerve. And it is my belief that she was so deeply conscious of this humiliating role, so profoundly disturbed by the idea that her huge mass audience never accepted her as a woman, a real person, that she felt herself being destroyed and did nothing to resist that destruction. So she was, as many people realize now, one of the tragic figures of our time.

Now to my mind it is a great mistake to condemn all this eroticism as "sex." I disagree entirely with all those moralists who are always telling us there is "too much sex" in movies, stage shows, fiction. They are confusing two very different things. And it is this confusion that has in fact encouraged eroticism. In other words, eroticism has got away with it just because so many moralists and social reformers have mistakenly condemned it simply as sex. Ordinary people very sensibly feel that there cannot be all that wrong with sex, that while there may be a lot of sex in the movies, shows, fiction, after all there is just as much sex, if not more, down the nearest street.

Sex is not something wickedly thought up since grandma was a girl and the preacher was at college. It is a natural hunger and need, built into us from the beginning and consciously felt as an urge from the age of puberty onward. Of course we can fight it and starve it, just as we can turn ourselves into living skeletons by eating the merest scraps of food, or dangerously dehydrate ourselves by drinking the barest minimum of fluids. But it is as natural for young people to

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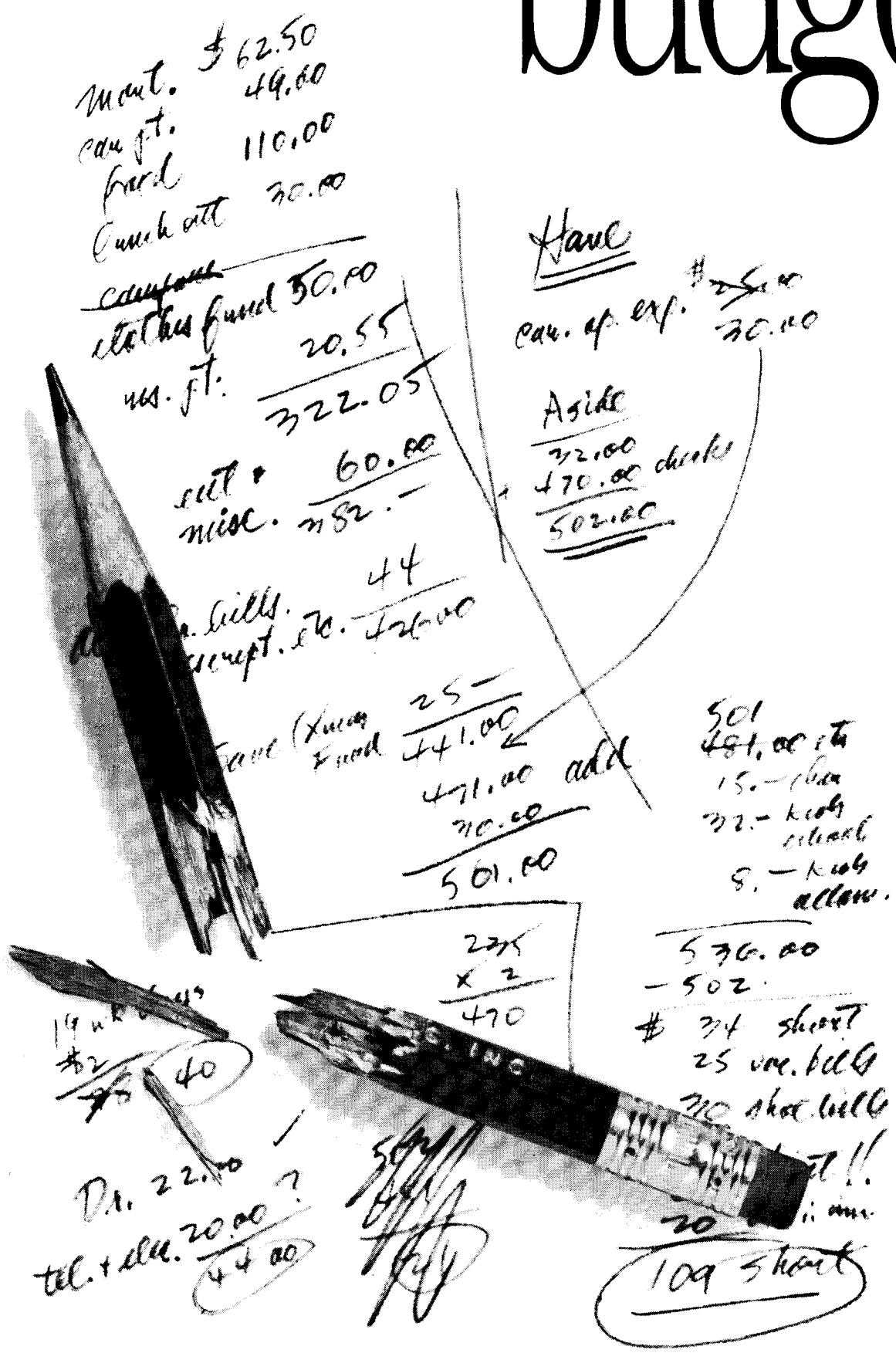
Can't live on a budget?



How often have you said to yourself: "It's hard enough to meet expenses let alone *save* money!"

You can do both—and do it within your income, claim John and Alice Flaherty, well-known writers, lecturers and counselors on family money management. Their principles of spending-and-saving, together with dozens of practical tips, have been compiled in a booklet, "How to Make the Most of Your Family's Income"—and it's yours for the asking from New York Life.

"Pay Yourself First" is the Key

There's no "trick" to proper money managing, the authors point out, but there are several fundamentals. First, "it is important that you develop a sense of appreciation for your own income level." In addition, observe the Flahertys, you must calculate on the basis of *net* income, and make it a rule to "pay yourself first"; that is, include a specified amount of savings, no matter how small, among your regular expenses.

It Takes Planning, Not Depriving

To help you get started, the authors offer a guide, involving only simple arithmetic, that shows you how to "calendarize" expenses systematically, regardless of your income range. However, the Flaherty plan is not a "tighten your belt" system, but flexible enough to include such items as entertainment, gifts, vacations, as well as necessities.

It is not the authors' intention to lead you into a rigid system of budgeting. Instead, their booklet helps you double-check where your money has been going and plan better for the future. Their experience and advice should prove most valuable to your family.

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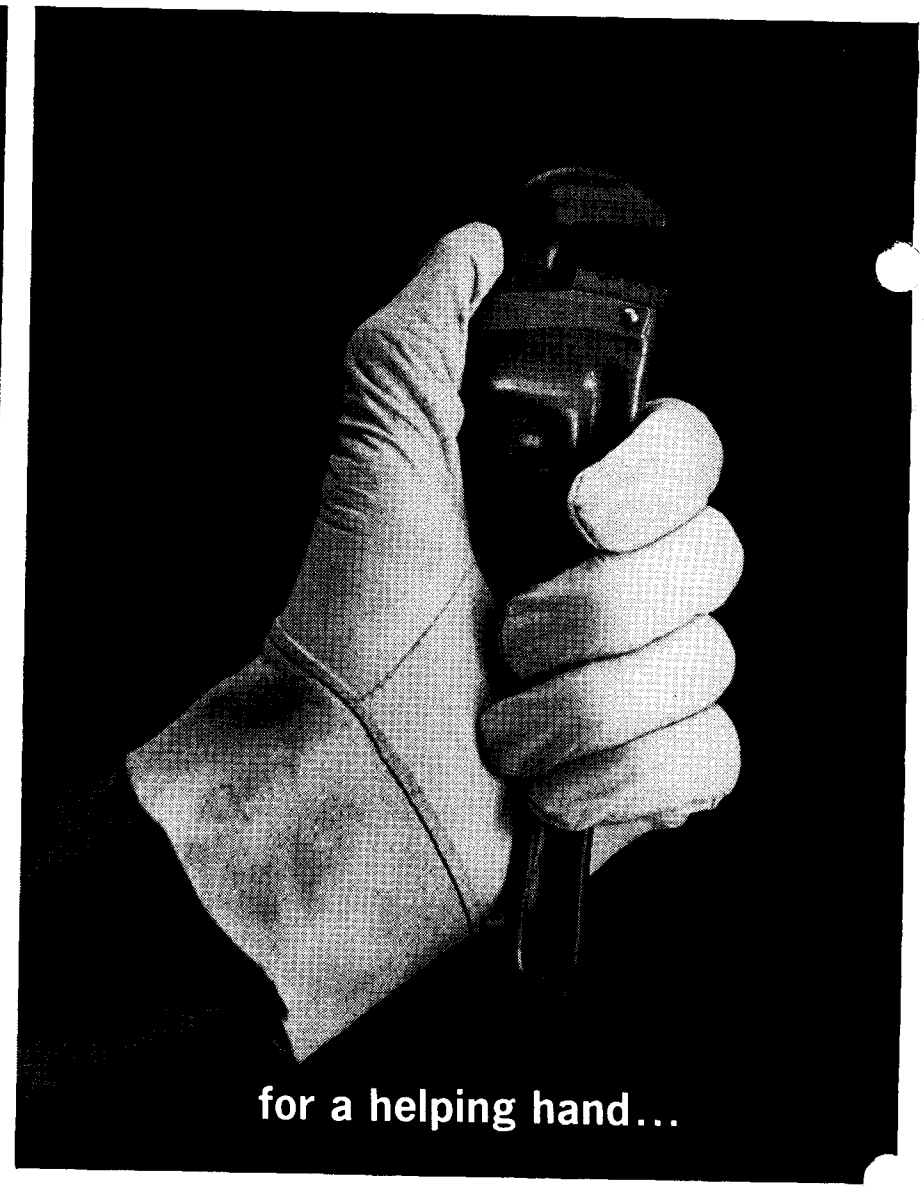

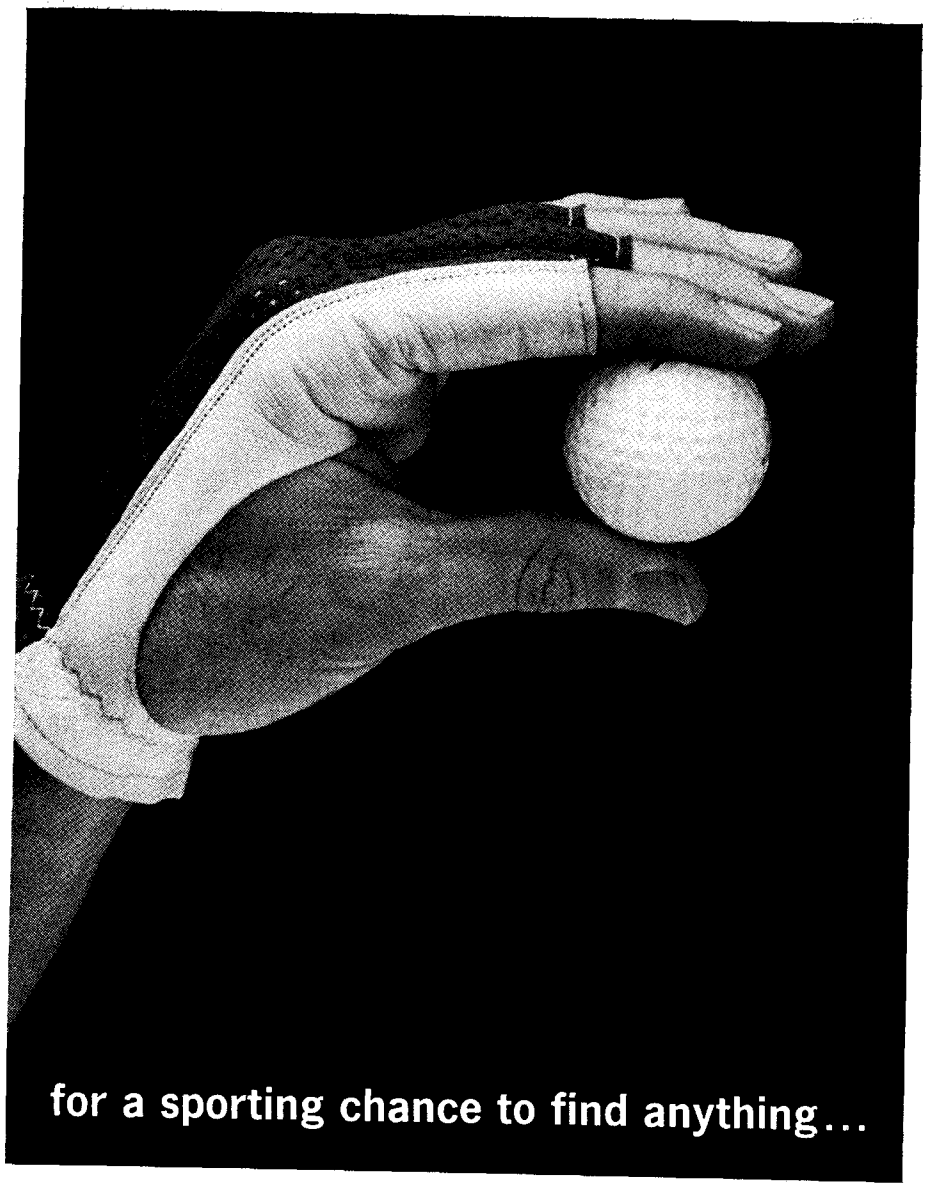

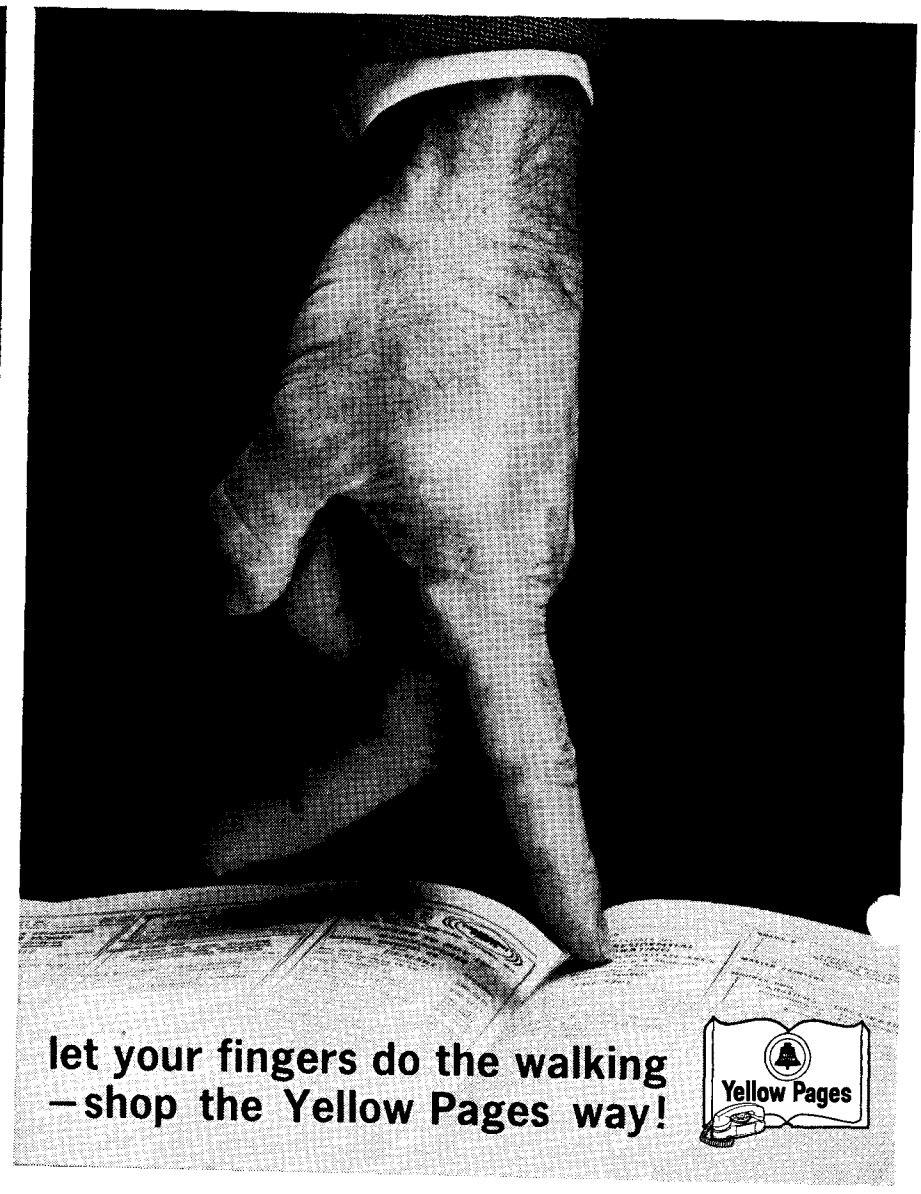

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GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Good coffee makes the moment.
It's the friend that's always there,
To warm you and cheer you and put your world to rights.
And it's especially rewarding when you remember this:
A little more coffee in your coffee
Means a lot more pleasure in your cup.

How to become famous for your coffee. See page 57. *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N.Y. 5, N.Y.*

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MEN!

Here's deodorant protection

YOU CAN TRUST

Fastest, neatest way to all-day protection. Old Spice Stick Deodorant glides on smoothly, speedily; is *never sticky* and dries in record time. The man's deodorant preferred by men... absolutely dependable. 1.00 plus tax

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SHULTON

SPEAKING OUT

be deeply concerned with sex as it is for them to use their lungs, arms and legs. To blame them for it is idiotic. They would not have come into existence if it had not been for sex.

I am not going to pretend that there is no difference in our civilization between eating, drinking and making love. We have inherited some very complicated feelings about sex, including some that suggest a strange sort of guilt. As if we ought to know some other and nicer way of producing children! The truth is, the roots of our civilization—together with all these feelings we have inherited—go back about 2,500 years to a time of transition from matriarchal to patriarchal religious and social systems, when men came to believe that Woman was the enemy of man's conscious development, that unchecked sexual indulgence robbed men of the energy, will and purpose necessary for civilization. To this day, I believe, it is largely men, not women, who feel guilty about sex. And there have been many peoples, not necessarily savages but outside our civilization, who have never known these feelings of guilt.

Each sex wants and needs something from the other sex. (I have already shown that this is not true of eroticism, which is entirely self-regarding and does not go out to the other sex.) But it is a mistake, made far more often by men than women, to imagine there is nothing but physical desire here. Indeed, the older I get the more I am convinced that sexual intercourse itself is far more a psychological than a physical act, and that this—really the psychological relationship—explains the seemingly mysterious sexual successes or failures. We are not bulls and cows, so there are innumerable decent couples who are simply not right for each other and do not discover this until they have been married for some time. This is why divorce should be by mutual consent, without any faking of bogus evidence about adultery or cruelty. In Britain you have to make up a dirty story to convince the judge he should grant you a divorce, and then all too often he abuses you as a dirty, low fellow because he believes this story, forgetting that he asked for it.

Now men often persuade themselves that they "want a woman" as they might want a meal or a smoke, but nearly always this is so much cynical self-deception. In fact they need a great deal more than that—unless they have been completely perverted by eroticism—and what they really need is the psychological relationship with Woman herself, the other and complementary sex. Even the roisterer hurrying to the nearest brothel is unconsciously in search of this relationship. But it must be clearly understood that, on this level we are discussing, there is no relationship of persons but simply a relationship between the sexes as sexes, not this man and that woman but Man and Woman. When we come to persons, we arrive at love.

Eroticism, closing in on itself, wanting a sensation and not another person, bars love out. Indeed, too much eroticism probably makes real sexual love impossible. Not that this love is easy and entirely effortless, as ten thousand pieces of sentimental claptrap assure us it is. Here it is worth pointing out that as our own age has become more and more insecure, less and less certain of itself, as more and more people have felt bewildered and fearful, there has been an increasing emphasis, not only in fiction and drama and the movies but also even in advertising, upon the value and joy, the magical saving grace, of sexual love. This is not necessarily wrong, but it can be argued that we may now be asking sexual love to shoulder too many burdens, overloading it to the breaking point. It is being offered to us too often as an effortless rescue operation, in a kind of fairy-tale atmosphere in which everybody can "live happily ever after."

But we never get something worth having for nothing. This is the mistake, as we have already seen, of the men who prefer eroticism to love. They dodge responsibility, so pay nothing in human terms, but then they do not get anything worth having. The true lover is ready to pay everything, all that is of value in his life. But we must not confuse love with the state of being in love. It takes two people, in a consciously creative partnership, to love, only one to be in love. A boy or girl, man or woman, can easily fall in love with somebody who is not really there at all—in other words, with a magical image projected from the unconscious onto somebody whose real self may bear no resemblance to that image. All uncontrollable infatuations are in fact self-produced and outside true relationships. The infatuated man is being bewitched by the magic of his own unconscious depths.

The 100 percent male

There is probably some truth in the idea that deep, enduring sexual love is only possible between certain types of men and women. Types that are wrong for each other cannot mate successfully because they are psychologically ill-matched and therefore cannot even be physically aware of each other in a satisfying way. (This accounts for the breakup, often puzzling to relatives and friends, of many marriages.) All this may have something to do with the fact that most of us have an element, to a differing degree, of the opposite sex in us. Perhaps the 100 percent male, an insufferable fellow, can only be happy with the 100 percent female, almost a talking cat. Perhaps a man who is 80 percent male and 20 percent female is happiest with a woman who is 80 percent female, 20 percent male. But this is idle conjecture because we do not know the percentages.

I am myself suspicious of sexual love that appears to rest on no foundation of respect, admiration and genuine liking. This may seem odd, because love is greater than these. Yet I have known a good many married couples who would have been indignant if they had been told they did not love each other, who would have declared at once and in all sincerity that they did, and yet obviously did not like each other. And though sexual love, in all its delight, tenderness and trust, is more than liking, I feel it ought to contain an immense amount of liking. We ought to be married to the kind of person we like enormously—a wonderful magical man, a glowing gem of a woman—a sweetheart and a honey. And if we are, then we can go down the years, not just feeling or accepting love, but consciously creating it, turning a relationship into a glorious work of art. We may have first entered into this relationship, and all the treasures of living it can bestow upon us, by way of an honest sexual attraction. But what is certain is that we shall never find it, or anything else worth having, in the blind alley and dead end of eroticism. Youth, please note! THE END

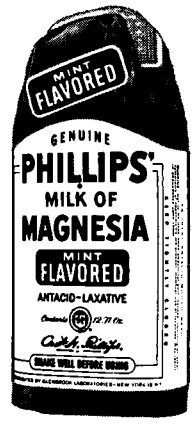
Milk of Magnesia is the laxative doctors recommend and...

MINT-FLAVORED PHILLIPS' TASTES GREAT

Lots of people think the mint flavor in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the best thing that's happened to laxatives in a long time. It makes the world's best laxative the best tasting, too.

Even more important, doctors recommend milk of magnesia. We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend milk of magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

Like regular Phillips', Mint-Flavored Phillips' is both a laxative and an antacid, so it relieves both irregularity *and* acid indigestion. Yet it's so gentle, it's ideal for all ages.



So get Mint-Flavored Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and prove to yourself that the world's best laxative is the best tasting, too!

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

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THE DEPENDABLES BUILT BY DODGE!

ROOM FOR SIX OF ONE

OR HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER

Mom, dad, three kids and a dog can get into most any compact. But six moms or six dads? Now you're talking a large economy size compact. And that's Dart. Tried one yet?

Besides room, Dart's a big car in a lot of ways. In looks. In ride. In the way it performs. It has a big 5-year/50,000-mile warranty*, too.

Still, this roomy one is a compact. Handles, parks and saves like a compact. Best of all, this good-looking automobile has a compact price.

Why not give it a try? Those who do—usually buy. Fact is, our compact sales are up 109% so far this model year! Get Dart and you get a lot more going for you.

*Your Dodge Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair without charge for required parts or labor for five years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first; on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings —provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Dodge Certified Car Care schedules.

NEW COMPACT DODGE DART!!!

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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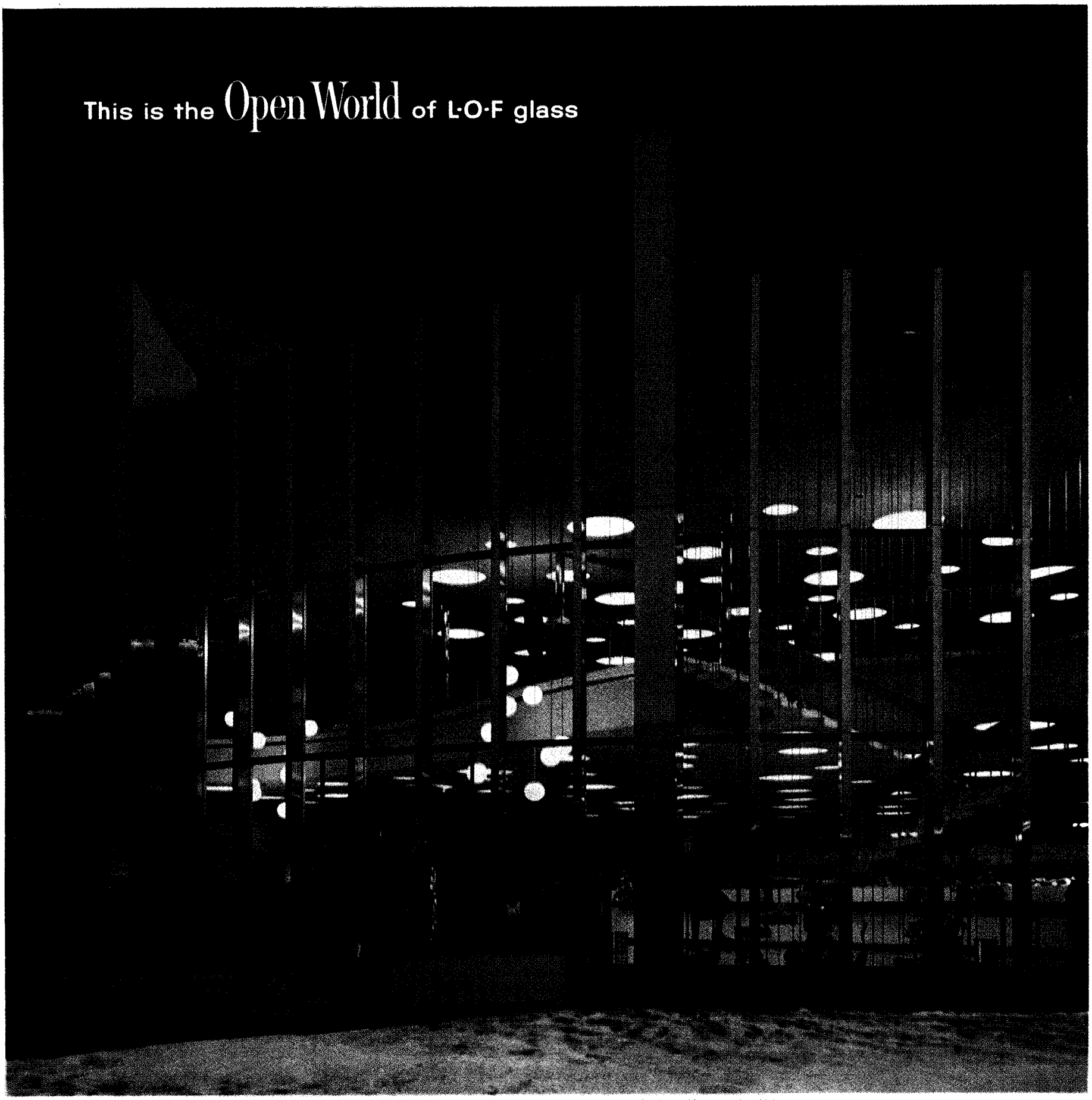
This is the Open World of L·O·F glass



Brookfield Federal Savings & Loan Association, Brookfield, Ill. *Architects:* Pavlecic & Kovacevic, Chicago.

This is a modern "money store"

If you were shopping for money—for a mortgage or a loan—wouldn't you be attracted to a "store" like this? Its Open World design puts a smile on its face. And that big wall of *Thermopane*® insulating glass not only warmly invites you inside, it helps keep you warm while you're there. Wherever you go today, you'll find buildings with this kind of Open World friendliness. Glass makes it possible. L·O·F makes it practical. And L·O·F distributors make it available everywhere.

Libbey · Owens · Ford
Toledo 2, Ohio

MADE IN U.S.A.
L·O·F GLASS
THE QUALITY MARK TO LOOK FOR

© 1963, LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

LAND FRAUDS

The ads promise wonders but look before you buy.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

"Ideal for homesites," reads a brochure for Rio Rancho Estates in New Mexico.

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Peeling billboard lures prospective buyers to inspect—from the air—a new Florida project.

Most developers are honest, but mail-order sale of worthless land

One of the ugliest swindles being run in America today is the mail-order sale of worthless land. Across the country last year thousands of Americans, dreaming of a place in the sun, fell victim to unscrupulous promoters peddling grossly misrepresented homesites in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Nevada, Florida—and even Panama, Costa Rica and Brazil.

Warns Arizona real-estate commissioner J. Fred Talley: "Our present pie-in-the-sky land schemers make the promoters who sold underwater land in Florida, pawned off stock to unsuspecting widows and promoted gold mines that didn't exist look like amateurs relegated to the bush leagues."

The problem is enormous, and its growth is linked to a mushrooming number of subdivisions now springing up across the nation. In Arizona alone more than 630 separate developments have freckled the desert in the past 18 months. In Florida, where nearly 400 promoters offer both homesites and marginal acreage for "investment," 1962 sales rocketed past the $250 million mark. This year there is every indication that the figure will be even higher.

Capitalizing on weak—in most cases, nonexistent—state laws, these promoters mix fraudulent and misleading advertising copy with high-pressure sales techniques and bait-and-switch schemes to boom their pitch at servicemen, prospective investors and the more than 17 million citizens who have reached retirement age. Their take represents a thick slice of the estimated $700 million that Americans will pay out this year for land they have never seen.

Yet it would be grossly unfair to intimate that all of the companies selling land by mail today are crooked. The fact is that a large majority—some experts place the figure as high as 85 percent—of the developers involved in this booming industry are completely legitimate. And in many locations around the nation attractive communities are rising as monuments to promises that these companies made—and kept.

The General Development Corp., "granddaddy" of the industry, has spent $14.5 million since 1957 transforming raw land into eight thriving communities with miles of paved roads, electricity, gas, water and sewage systems. In less than seven years it has sold 159,000 homesites and 10,000 homes worth $310 million.

At Port Charlotte on Florida's west coast, for example, 11,000 people now live in apparent contentment on what six years ago were 93,000 acres of rolling cattle ranch. Streets and boulevards crosshatch neatly, and trim lawns border canals busy with passing boats. At Port St. Lucie on the east coast the company offers more expensive homes, already has 2,100 residents and a well-equipped country club. A few miles to the north, at Port Malabar, homes are more expensive still—$10,885 to $29,700, with a swimming pool—but builders are working overtime just to keep up with the demand.

Last year the Mackle Brothers—Robert, Elliott and Frank—left General Development to strike out on their own. Today they are energetically developing Deltona, a 15,000-acre tract in the lake country of east-central Florida. Says Elliott Mackle: "We're in business to build homes, and we won't touch a piece of property if we can't put up good homes there." Adds his brother Robert, grinning: "This land is high and dry. It's the best thing since women."

And at Sun City, Arizona, where—until a few years ago even a jackrabbit would get lonesome—the Del Webb organization has carved from the desert a thriving retirement community. The population today is only 7,000, but it is rising fast.

Yet despite such laudable achievements, even these reputable developers are being hurt by shady con men who, in the past three years, have managed to attach themselves like ugly barnacles to the predominantly legitimate industry.

Of all the development firms peddling land by mail, few have been so bitterly assailed as Dory Auerbach Associates, a Miami-based company with several chunks of undeveloped acreage in Florida and a 10,880-acre subdivision called Lake Mead Rancheros in Arizona's Mohave County.

The company's ads, splashed in major newspapers throughout the country, bubble with promise: "The Rancheros are livable now . . . laid out, waiting for people . . . not raw, undeveloped and inaccessible land." "We have acquired COMPLETE UTILITY SERVICES. This means you can own a king-sized western estate with ROADS and ELECTRICITY, WATER and PHONES available. . . . BUILD NOW AND MOVE IN!"

Snaps Arizona's commissioner Talley: "Lake Mead Rancheros is the most flagrant [example of misrepresentation] this department has ever encountered. A bulldozer merely cut scars across the desert and the developer gave them the fancy names of boulevards, drives and streets."

Yet the ad campaign was a rousing success. By February 28, 1963, the firm had sold 3,750 lots at an average price of $500. Most purchasers never bothered to inspect their property. Several who did commented acidly on the contrast between promise and actuality.

"You can get water there," says one. "All you have to do is drive ten or twelve miles from the center of the development to a pipe that juts out from the desert floor. You put a quarter in the slot and water trickles out of an old innertube. If you want electricity you have to bring along your own private generator. Power and telephone lines are at least six miles away from the nearest subdivisions they have had approved."

Recalls Harry Pray, a New York City policeman who purchased a two-and-one-half-acre lot at the Rancheros last year: "After all this talk about the lack of utilities got started, they told us that we could exchange our property for new lots in another section called Unit 20. It was closer to the highway. They promised us that the necessary utilities either existed there or were about to come in, and I guess this was true."

But as Pray—and the others who were invited to move into Unit 20's 241 lots—soon discovered, the plan of exchange had one rather fundamental flaw: Lake Mead Rancheros did not have clear title to Unit 20 and did not even file an application for approval until January 21, 1963. "The filing was incomplete and totally unacceptable," says commissioner Talley, "and it still is."

Replies Dory Auerbach, the fleshy, dart-eyed Lake Mead Rancheros board chairman: "Talley is persecuting us on a technicality. Just because we didn't register the damn thing, he is bleeding us to death." Auerbach leans forward over his desk, his face flushed with anger, his plump hands chopping away at thin air. "This man has been trying us in the press with bad publicity. The effect has been brutal, just brutal. We have refunded $10,000 to people only because we wanted to remain clean. Now, isn't that horrible? They're not entitled to refunds."

On January 21, 1963, Arizona began proceedings to halt further sale of Lake Mead Rancheros "by misrepresentation, deceit and fraud." Auerbach consented to stop advertising. On February 6 the state issued a second order aimed at halting sales of lots in the not-yet-approved Unit 20. Explains David Prosser Randell, the young, Kenyon-educated president of Lake Mead Rancheros: "This will probably mean that we won't be able to advertise for twelve to eighteen months. It will take us that long to clear this matter up."

A history of disobedience

Arguments with state officials and orders to cease and desist are nothing new to either Randell or Auerbach. But the two have not always been so willing to comply.

Since July 18, 1961, New York State has issued a total of six separate cease-and-desist orders aimed at preventing Lake Mead Rancheros—and other Auerbach enterprises—from advertising in the state. All six were ignored.

"We think it is our constitutional right to disobey any cease-and-desist order," Randell explains. "We can't subscribe to every state's idea of what is right in advertising."

Laws have been equally ineffective in curbing the activities of a promoter named Robert N. Golubin. At 29 major fairs and carnivals throughout the nation last year, Golubin's Great Southwestern Land Co., Inc., of Albuquerque set up booths and tried to lure passersby into taking a chance on winning a "free lot" in one of two New Mexico tracts. Curiously, nearly everyone who signed an entry blank soon received a letter from Golubin advising him that he had won—and that the judges' decisions were final! But winners had to act promptly—there was a 10-day limit on forwarding the $49.30 required for "closing costs."

Once a winner sent in his check, he received a visit from a Great Southwestern salesman. County regulations in New Mexico, the salesman was apt to say, simply do not allow winners to place a septic tank and a water system on the same one-fourth-acre lot. The obvious answer, of course, was for the winner to purchase a second

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has become a major racket.

lot—this time at the regular price of $495. By using this bait-and-switch technique, Great Southwestern last year took in over one million dollars peddling 11,293 "free" lots and another 1,027 at the full price.

Says Taos, New Mexico, contractor Raymond Carr: "This land [at Tres Piedras Estates and Carson Estates] is composed almost entirely of volcanic rock. Water is practically unobtainable. The roads are impassable four months a year due to heavy snow." One disgruntled customer, inquiring about the availability of electricity, discovered that he could have wires strung from the highway to his lot—a distance of about two miles—at a cost of one dollar a foot.

The question was relevant, for, in a letter to winners, Golubin points out that "telephones and electricity presently parallel state Highway 96. The initial builders, of course, will bring it onto the property." At his headquarters in Albuquerque, recently, I asked Golubin just who those "initial builders" might be.

"I don't know," he replied. "Do you?"

Stung by a rash of complaints, Washington State filed an injunction against Golubin's firm last July 13, and New York followed that up with a cease-and-desist order. Unintimidated, Golubin continued to spray his offerings into the state. A few weeks later Federal Trade Commission attorney William S. Hill wrote the promoter requesting that he change his advertising practices. Golubin refused.

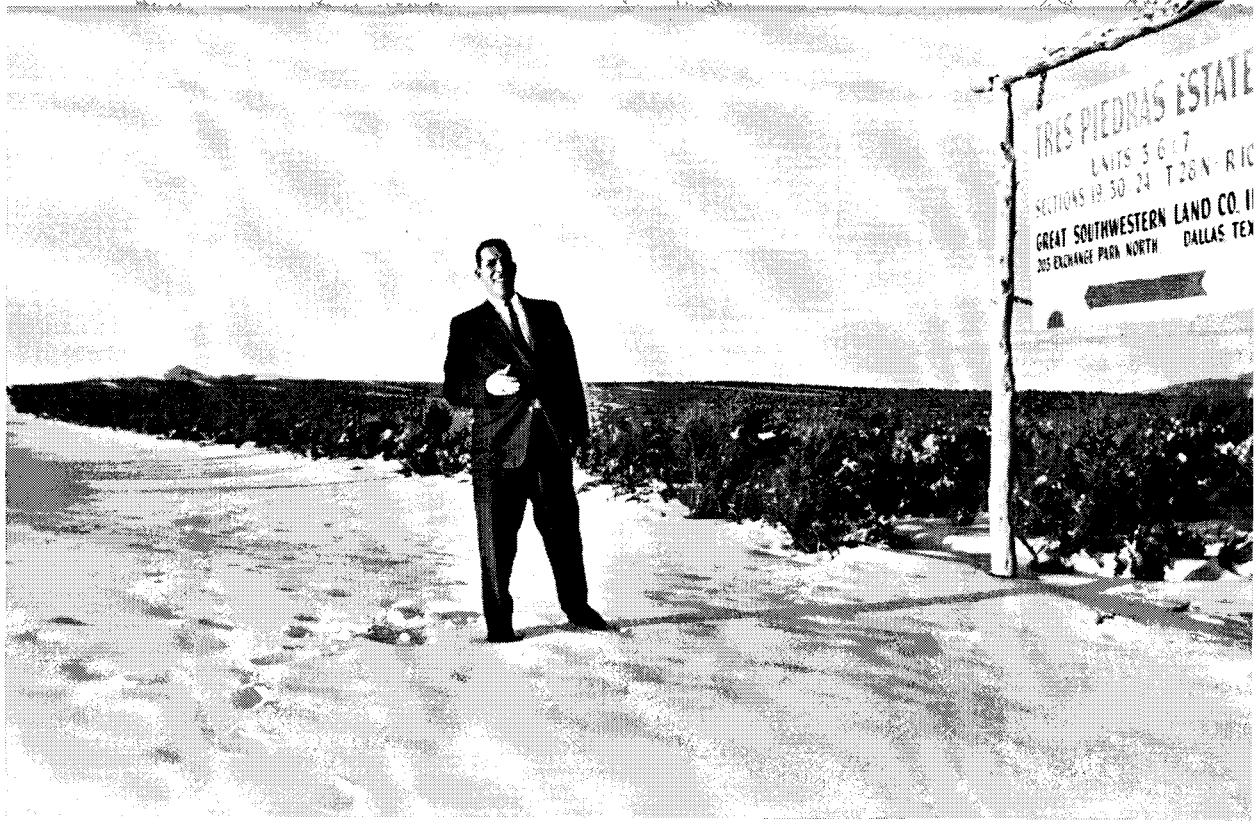
A tall, broad-nosed former Los Angeles taxi driver, Golubin has long had difficulty with various arms of the law. The California attorney general's office reports that their record on his activities runs three typewritten pages—single spaced. Although he has been arrested 11 times, he has been convicted only once—on a misdemeanor stemming from a bootlegging charge.

"I've only committed minor violations—speeding tickets and that sort of thing," Golubin says, jabbing a heavy finger at an interviewer. "And anyone who says otherwise is going to have a libel suit on his hands."

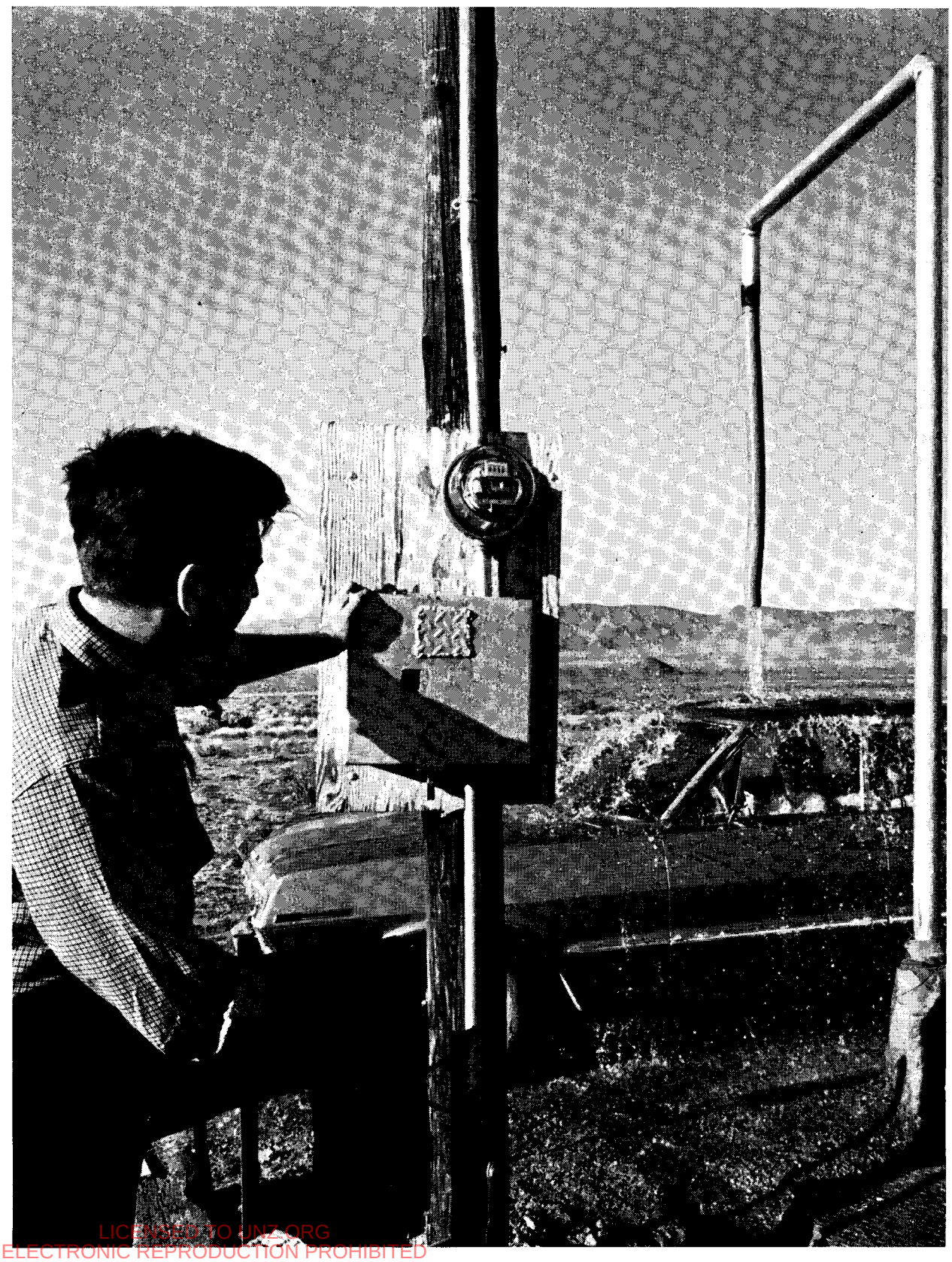
Despite their success in peddling acreage, Auerbach and Golubin seem relatively small fish when their profits—and their scopes of operations—are compared to those of the Gamble Ranch Development Corp. For in less than three years this company has managed to sell nearly six million dollars' worth of lots in its 226,000-acre Nevada development.

Gamble brochures extolled the "Golden Opportunity for Real Western Living" available now. The ranch had an "ideal" climate. Shopping, schooling and other accommodations were available right in the town of Montello, an "established community with a colorful and historic past." Water "comes to the surface and flows through green valleys." And, concluded the brochure, a "master plan" submitted by the architectural firm of Victor Gruen Associates, "upon adoption will insure the orderly and successful development" of the ranch.

All of this sounded so promising to California contractor Douglas McCann that he went to a Gamble cookout at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, to ask for more details on the development.



Ankle-deep in snow, Robert Golubin strikes a sincere pose on one of his land company's properties in New Mexico. Using a "free lot" gimmick (closing costs: $49.30), he did a $1 million business in 1962.



Lake Mead Rancheros' president David Randell proves water is available there—for a quarter.

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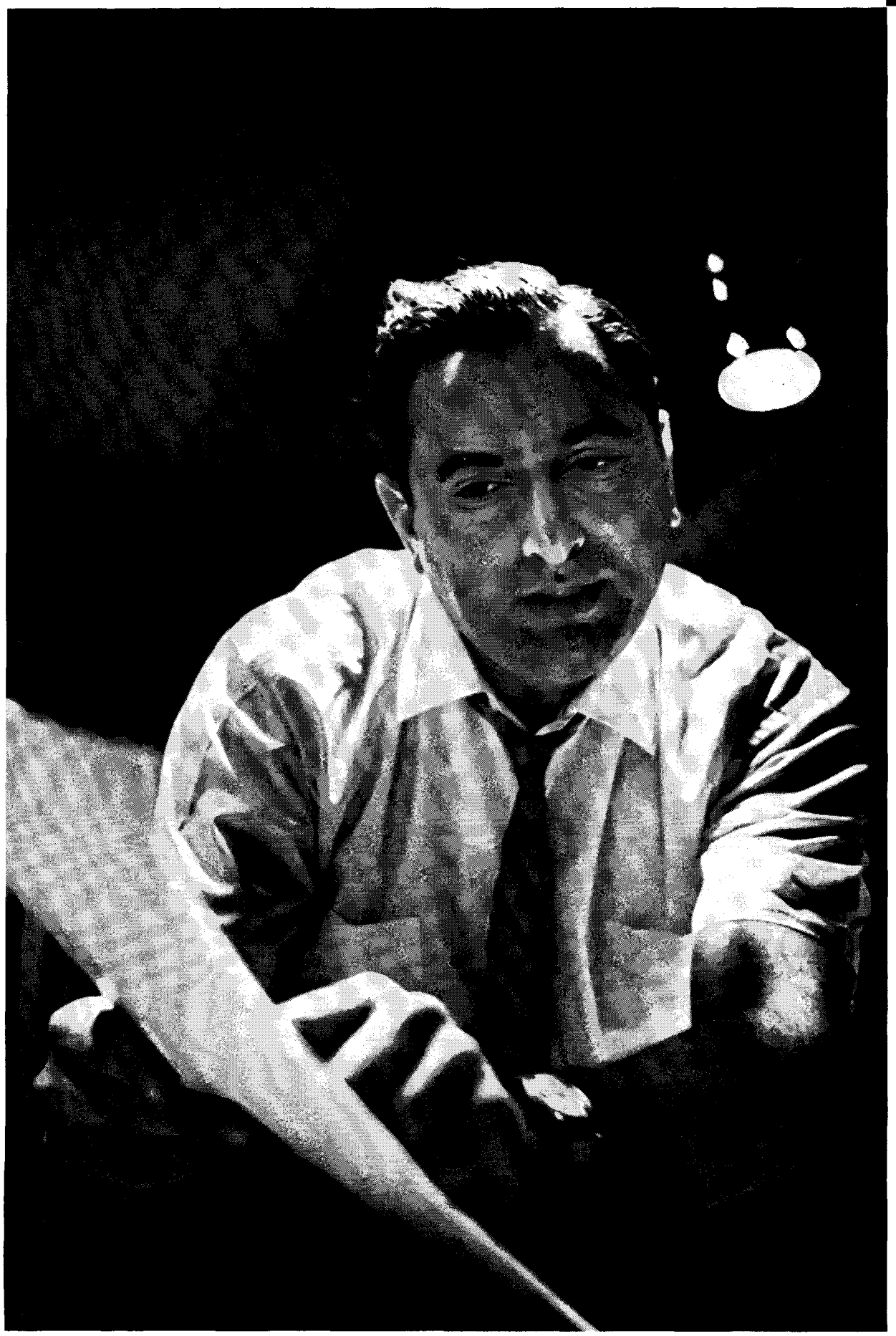
Swampland in Florida has been sold as investment property, and parched Arizona desert as homesites "livable now."

Joseph Benaron took over Gamble Ranch operation.

Attorney Samuel Reisman, Benaron partner in Gamble



Dory Auerbach, promoter of Lake Mead Rancheros, was indicted for mail fraud last month.

"They showed slides and everything was green on the land," McCann recalls. "They talked about a big blue lake stocked with trout, and they told how big industry was moving in fast." Completely convinced, McCann bought a 60-acre tract in February, 1961.

He then did one thing that too few buyers bother to do: He went up to take a look at his property. "I was dumbfounded," he says. "The city they talked about was just a deserted railroad siding. And to go fishing on the lake, we went over a road filled with the damndest boulders you have ever seen. The lake looked more like a hog wallow, a spawning place for mosquitoes."

McCann also discovered that the nearest school is 60 miles away, that the temperature often drops to 30 degrees below zero during the winter, and that the Gruen firm had merely submitted sketches before its contract was canceled. "I knew I had been had," says McCann. But, unlike most buyers, he was mad enough—and insistent enough—to get his money refunded.

Gamble had a history of dissatisfied customers. Complaints about the company's questionable advertising had brought a California desist-and-refrain order against the original promoter, Arnold Clejan, in November, 1959. And in December of 1960 Clejan, thus hampered, had decided to sell out to a trio of Los Angeles businessmen whose ethics were assumed to be above question.

Forty-seven-year-old Joseph Benaron had streaked to early success in the furniture-and-bedding business. Now he was president of several other fast-rising firms: National Foam Rubber, Inc., Pacific Mercury Electronics and Thomas Organ and Telemetering Corp. Samuel Reisman had been chairman of the board of Century Industries Corp., and had long served as a director for other Benaron enterprises. And J. J. Byrnes had earned a solid reputation as a successful home builder in Southern California.

Once in control, the trio added other prominent businessmen to the board of directors, and the Ranch became a subsidiary of Benaron's newly formed Pacific Westates Land Development Corp. Under this new management sales at Gamble soared to new heights; by October 31, 1961, they had climbed past $5.7 million, more than twice the land's original purchase price.

Yet despite such surface success, Benaron, Reisman and Byrnes faced a serious problem. The mortgage payments they had to make to retain possession of Gamble were coming along much faster than payments from lot sales (contracts for which ran as long as six and seven years). To meet this crisis the trio decided to make a $2.5 million public stock offering, and in

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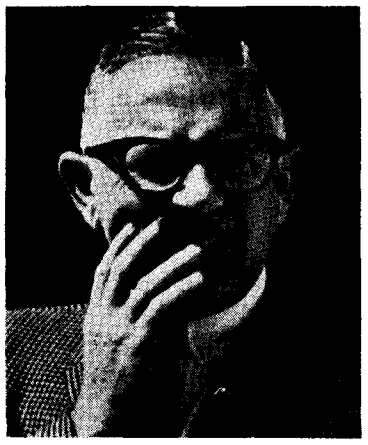

Builder J. J. Byrnes is third partner in the Nevada project.

Leonard Rosen is president of Florida's Gulf American firm.

Embattled president David Randell insists he will build himself a home on this very section of Lake Mead Rancheros, to combat unfavorable publicity.

late 1961 they filed the necessary prospectus with the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Since this prospectus was subject to check by the SEC, its description of the Ranch was considerably more revealing than the advertisements which were still spewing forth. It noted, for example, that "the property is presently undeveloped acreage, and sewage disposal facilities, utilities and roads have not been established. . . . It may not be economically feasible to drill [for water] on 126,000 acres of the development."

By chance this interesting document came to the attention of the California Real Estate Commission in the summer of 1962, and on July 16 the commission slapped a desist-and-refrain order on the company aimed at preventing further advertisement or sale of Gamble land in the state. Two weeks later, after further investigation, the commission went a step further and filed a formal charge for fraud.

Despite this action, the officers of Pacific Westates remain seemingly unruffled. "As for the Gamble Ranch," says Frank Rothman, the company's tall, urbane attorney, "the real-estate commission's charges reflect a misunderstanding. This is just a difference between two political philosophies." Benaron's public-relations firm is less assured. On March 12 in Los Angeles, public-relations man Bob Harper of Hal Phillips and Associates, Inc., told reporter Wesley Marx that "if you go easy on Benaron, we could cast some nice free-lance assignments your way." The deal was refused.

Not all the fast-buck promoters use blatantly fraudulent advertising. Federal and state authorities are equally concerned about ads which, while factually correct, omit so many pertinent details as to be dangerously misleading.

For example, ads for several Firstamerica Development Corp. projects in Volusia County, Florida, recently pressed home the value of property "in the heart of a multimillion-dollar citrus belt," of an "investment opportunity" with "rare profit potential." So enticing were these claims that buyers snapped up all 3,500 lots at New Smyrna Acres in just 87 days—netting Firstamerica a handsome profit of $415,367. The company's Volusia County properties do indeed lie in a citrus region, and they may have that rare profit potential. Yet much of the land is under water. There are no roads or drainage facilities, and the developers have no plans to install any. The ads failed to state that, without such improvements, the property is practically worthless.

Brochures for Rio Rancho Estates, a 55,000-acre tract near Albuquerque, New Mexico, promoted by American Realty and Petroleum Corp., are even more flowery: "The gently rolling land is so fertile that it awaits only your touch to produce luscious fruits and vegetables. . . . A magnificent 18-hole golf course is next door. . . . Pure, abundant well water is available on every site. . . ."

American Realty and Petroleum's legally required—but not widely available—prospectus clears up certain points: "The company does not know whether it will be economically feasible to obtain water for domestic purposes in the western portion of the property. . . . The company has no present intentions of providing water for purchasers of homesites. . . . The company intends to build roads to the specifications of the County of Sandoval, which do not require that the roads be surfaced." And as for that golf course, it lies on a competing promoter's property.

Because their advertising material contained such quaintly misleading phrases, New Jersey has issued a cease-and-desist order against American Realty and Petroleum. Vice president Henry L. Hoffman bristles at the thought: "Cease-and-desist orders don't mean a damn thing. They're just a formality."

Standard selling techniques

It is sometimes difficult—from a distance—to distinguish between slick misrepresentation and the "hard sell" which many legitimate companies, in real estate and other fields, employ regularly. In the past many perfectly respectable newspapers and magazines—including *The Saturday Evening Post*—have in good faith carried advertisements by developers who, it turned out, had overpromised the land. Publishers now screen such advertising carefully and are quick to reject ads from questionable promoters.

Often it is just as hard to tell the honest from the shady promoter on the basis of their sales techniques, for even sales personnel of ethical developers have sometimes let the hard sell trespass into the no-man's-land of misleading the buyer. To make it even harder, fly-by-night promoters frequently copy the sales techniques of legitimate developers.

One standard procedure is to offer customers a free inspection ride. The Gulf American Land Corp., for instance, this year expects to fly 108,000 prospects over its attractive Cape Coral development on Florida's west coast, where more than 800 homes have already been built. And in Miami and scores of other Florida cities, Gulf American maintains offices where anyone can sign up for a free trip to Golden Gate Estates, its new development in Collier County.

With photographer Lynn Pelham I recently made that trip. The two-lane highway from Miami led through the foreboding Everglades. To the left we could see nothing but swamp; to the right, interrupted by occasional Seminole Indian settlements, was more swamp. We spotted the first billboard for Golden Gate Estates as we neared the town of Naples. It featured a young lady lying on a beach with her back to the camera. The caption read: "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

Moments later we pulled in at Gulf American's modern brick headquarters building. Outside were scores of cars, bearing license plates from Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Inside, the prospects—many of them elderly—sat waiting for salesmen to call their numbers. With assembly-line precision, company representatives steered each prospect into one of 26 tiny sales cubicles to hear the first part of the sales pitch. The nickname for the two rows of cubicles we learned later, is the cattle chute.

Salesman Dave Rosen beamed as we entered his cubicle. "This is a little Monte Carlo," he said, pointing to a map of Golden Gate Estates on the wall. "We're going to have two cities here in no time. And the fishing industry is coming in too. Lots of shrimp boats."

"When will these cities have people?" I interrupted to ask.

"Six months," he said, beaming again. "Within six months they'll be moving in."

Outside, rain was falling. That didn't deter Rosen. We had to *see* that little two-and-one-half-acre tract he wanted us to buy for $40 down and $40 a month. That meant taking a low-level ride in one of the company's airplanes.

From the air Golden Gate Estates looked like a soft green sponge pocked with holes. Clumps of cypress and pine trees dotted the flat landscape; here and there we could see machines at work dredging canals. Below us a bulldozer was shoving dirt away to make a new road.

"Ya see that over thaya," shouted the pilot, his voice barely audible over the engine's roar, his hand pointed toward a cleared area far to the northeast. "That's where the city of Golden Gate's gonna be."

Back in the cattle chute a few minutes later, we asked Rosen if we could see the property close up—if we could drive out to it. "That would be difficult," he said. There were no roads where we wanted to go—at least not right now. But, he added, changing the subject, if we got in "on the ground floor now" we could subdivide our property later into "eight big city lots." He didn't say that unless we put in the necessary improvements ourselves we would have to post a bond with the county. The bond would be expensive.

Rosen also failed to add several other pertinent details, many of which appear in the company's

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prospectus: ". . . The property is completely undeveloped primitive land requiring drainage. . . . There is no assurance that the company will in the future find it possible or desirable to carry out this development plan [involving the two proposed cities]. . . . Approximately 85 percent of the roads are to be stabilized and graded but not paved, and the owners of the property facing such roads will be required to pave them at their own expense under Collier County regulations."

Salesman Rosen, for all his beaming enthusiasm, hewed reasonably close to the truth. Other Golden Gate salesmen have had more difficulty in that area. Some, for example, have told prospects that the project's canals would be navigable clear to the Gulf of Mexico while, in fact, salinity dams—to prevent contamination of the fresh water—would prevent this. On November 28, 1962, Mrs. Anthony Pelleriti, who had purchased a five-and-one-half-acre tract on the basis of such a promise, filed suit against the company for misrepresentation. The suit was settled out of court, and Gulf American president Leonard Rosen has since hired a detective agency to help him keep track of his salesmen's spiels.

As popular as the free "inspection" ride is a second sales technique used by legitimate and shady developers alike—the organized cookout or cocktail party. Drawing names from endless mailing lists promoters herd prospects into a large room, offer them drinks, then dim the lights to show movies or slides of the property.

The film that Gulf American uses to promote its Cape Coral project begins in a unique fashion. Portraits of millionaires flash onto the screen. Rockefeller is there; so are Vanderbilt, Harriman and J. P. Morgan, all looking rather stern. In days gone by, the announcer explains, only the very rich controlled any land. But today, thanks to progress, democracy—and, of course, the Gulf American Land Corp.—it is easy for the little man to own a piece of property. The movie ends. Now a yellow spotlight silhouettes the face of a handsome, square-jawed man who explains just how easy it is.

"Some of you are doers," he begins, "while others of you are iffers." By the time he is through two facts are clear: The iffer is a miserable wretch who never gets anywhere in life; the doer is a fine, upstanding chap meriting the world's acclaim. It is equally clear that in order to be a doer one must purchase land at Cape Coral—now!

The stampede starts the second his speech is ended. "Give me a ten-minute hold on Unit X," a salesman shouts, although nobody at his table has expressed any particular interest in Unit X. "Lot Y is sold," bellows another salesman, contributing to the atmosphere of urgency. It is an old trick, but effective. Last year Gulf American's sales totaled $73,253,338. "We're a little more high pressure than some of the other firms," admits Sydney Kronish, the public-relations director for Gulf American.

But much more worrisome to federal and state officials than high pressure—and potentially much more dangerous to the public—is the lack of financial stability that characterizes many of the newer entries into the land-development industry.

In many cases promoters do not even own the land they are selling. They may have merely contracted to buy it, hoping to pay for it with money from lot sales. But if they fail to peddle a sufficient number of lots, they may have to default. And the individual buyer is usually left to file his claim against a bankrupt promoter.

The list of developments that have had to "go under" is long—and enlightening. Back in 1957, for example, the outlook seemed rosy for Apollo Beach, a 5,000-acre tract of good land 20 miles south of Tampa, Florida, that was being promoted by the Flora Sun Corp. Before long, 275 homes were built; utilities and roads came in; a golf course neared completion.

But the Flora Sun Corp. had a monkey on its back. It was a wholly owned subsidiary of the American Bonded Mortgage Corp. In December, 1961, the Securities and Exchange Commission cracked down hard on American Bonded for operating a phony 8 percent mortgage scheme. Four of the company's officers were indicted on criminal charges; the parent company plummeted into receivership, dragging Flora Sun along. Today there is no money to finish what was started at Apollo Beach. Sixty-three of the 275 families have moved out, and one Tampa official refers to the place as a ghost town. "The people who got in here early," he adds, "made out all right. But lots of others have lost a lot of money, and their property has decreased in value tremendously."

Fraudulent and misleading advertising, defiance of authority, phony promotion schemes, lack of financial integrity—all the ills so common to the shady land developer today—stem from a single glaring inadequacy: the inability of present laws to protect the public. Federal mail-fraud statutes were not devised to cope with the subtle lie-by-omission that weaves through so many of the ads. And state laws are often a case of too little too late. Says Ben Shuman, counsel for the Florida Real Estate Commission, flatly: "Nobody's law is adequate."

Why present laws don't work

The reason is that no single state can see the whole picture. New Mexico officials, for example, see the land that promoters are selling, but they don't see the ads. Massachusetts officials see the ads but they rarely see the land. When state officials try to regulate a firm headquartered in Miami selling land in Arizona to residents of Michigan, they enter a jurisdictional labyrinth.

Even when states become aware of fraud, there is often little they can do. Says Paul Brown, the executive secretary of the New Mexico Real Estate Commission: "We did make a general study of the greatly increased subdivision activity, and we found that some subdividers might be misleading the public in ads and that others might not be able to issue clear title to purchasers. But under our present laws we have no right to investigate these developments."

Even states with "model" laws are finding them inadequate. The Florida Real Estate Commission, for example, has jurisdiction over promoters advertising Florida property outside the state. But those promoters can advertise within Florida without having to secure approval of the ad from the commission. And, says Shuman: "We only have power now to stop a particular ad. We can't put a company out of business no matter how bad it is, and we can't stop its sales."

At last, however, the situation seems destined to improve. New Jersey has a full-disclosure bill pending before its legislature. So does Oregon. In Florida a 13-man committee appointed by Governor Farris Bryant has just recommended stiff new legislation. Nevada's legislature is considering what one official calls "a very strong law." A bill now pending in California would make it a felony to sell lots in any development that has not been inspected and given a permit. And in New Mexico the legislature recently passed a strong full-disclosure bill.

Despite this welcome whirl of activity, some officials think the problem has already gone far beyond the individual state's capacity for control. Testifying before the U. S. Senate Special Committee on the Aging in Washington last January, Arizona commissioner Talley said: "The situation is no longer inflammatory. It's explosive. Unless we have assistance in the form of federal legislation, the problem will become catastrophic." He went on to urge that interstate land transactions be subject to policing by the SEC.

Another official looking for federal assistance is Robert Peacock, secretary-director of the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. "We need a federal clearinghouse to coordinate the activities of the states," he says. "The problem now is that one state never gets the full benefit of what another state is doing."

Many observers feel that, while stronger laws are needed, an equally important problem lies in getting the industry to do a better job of self-regulation. As Florida's Frank Mackle says, "We're conscious that these rotten apples are hurting us as well as the public. So it's up to us to shake them off the tree."

Whatever the remedy—state, federal or industry crackdowns—public pressure for action is mounting, and finally action is being taken.

In the last few weeks a rash of grand-jury indictments has promised to halt at least temporarily some of the more blatant promotions. On March 14, a federal grand jury in Phoenix indicted Lake Mead Rancheros officers Dory Auerbach, David Randell and Irving Gottlieb on 22 counts of mail fraud. "The evidence presented in this case," said Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, "should stand as a warning to all citizens to exercise great caution in buying land by mail."

A few days later, the Federal Trade Commission accused the Great Southwestern Land Corp. of using deceptive methods to sell land in New Mexico. A federal grand jury is currently investigating the activities of the Gamble Ranch Development Corp. And this, according to chief postal inspector H. B. Montague, is just the beginning. The Post Office currently has another 135 firms under investigation. Evidence against 10 of them has already been handed over to grand juries and more indictments appear imminent.

Says Nathaniel Kossach, chief of the frauds section of the Justice Department's Criminal Division: "All we have to do is prosecute six or seven of these guys, convince them we mean business, and the whole thing will go poooosh. The balloon has to burst."

But John R. Hoffman, vice president of the National Better Business Bureau, is not so sure. "This focusing of attention on the problem is welcome," he says, "because it follows in large part what we have been recommending for years. Yet we wonder if in some cases it isn't a question of too little too late. The way this thing is accelerating, it's likely that a lot more people are going to be taken before these fraudulent promotions are stopped for good." THE END

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A dry wash on Lake Mead Rancheros interests Burt Jagerson of Arizona Real Estate Commission, which ordered project's misleading ads halted.

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Cutting record, Goulet faces music and mike in New York studio.

THE GO-GO-GO OF ROBERT GOULET

America's new singing idol scorns grinds and grunts and groans.

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

In recent years the music business has been built largely around an unbroken line of adolescents who communicate in grunts. They have different names and come in different sizes, but it is difficult to distinguish one from another. They twitch, stamp their feet, roll their eyes like maddened horses and grind their pelvises. They often dress so strangely that when their clothing is torn by shrieking fans, it is hard to say whether any damage has been done.

This state of affairs makes it all the more curious that Robert Goulet, a precision-tailored baritone, should have burst so explosively upon the scene. Goulet's good looks summon up memories of the Arrow-collar man. He stands athletically erect, an inch under six feet. His speech is precise and his voice rich. At the age of 29 he has yet to have a button ripped by anyone and yet this year he will earn a half million dollars.

With little public exposure beyond two years as resident Sir Lancelot in Broadway's *Camelot*, Goulet recently embarked on a series of night-club engagements. He left box-office records in shards—in Boston, Washington, Miami, and New York's Persian Room. His arrival in Las Vegas for a one-month engagement occasioned a front-page headline in a local newspaper: GOULET CAPTURES STRIP. Judy Garland and Bob Hope called upon him for TV specials last month. This month, Goulet was granted the singular honor of singing *all* the songs nominated for Oscars at the Academy Awards, a precedent-shatterer. "The deals we made for his next tour are so tough that I don't want to talk about them," says Goulet's manager, Norman Rosemont. "It would embarrass the promoters."

Goulet himself, surrounded by a small, high-powered band of image-molders, is well aware of his role as new matinee idol in America. In truth, he revels in the role, offering his opinions as if they were lines in a cardboard part in which he had been newly cast. "I used to ask Richard Burton, when we were both in *Camelot*, which is preferable—a character actor who can hide himself behind many façades, who can play many roles, or the personality actor, who doesn't change, who you know will always be the same," said Goulet in a recent conversation.

He strode lithely about his hotel room as he spoke, parsing perfectly and displaying both profiles. "Richard'd tell me," he went on, "'A little bit of both.' A fat lot of help, eh?" He raised his arms in a winning simulation of hopelessness. "I think my forte lies in being a personality performer," he said. "I don't think I'll ever be a great actor, but oh, kind hearts, I shall *strive!*" He laughed loudly and dramatically. "Seriously, though," he continued, picking out an expression to suit the sentiment, "when I think of matinee idols, I always look back at Douglas Fairbanks or Rudolph Valentino or John Barrymore. They stood alone. I'm afraid I'm rather pale by contrast." He projected self-depreciation.

"Nowadays," he continued, "there's none of the old-time magic around performers. We're no longer something that's on the dark side of the moon—unattainable. We're in a business every lay person is intimately acquainted with—they know all about where you live, how you live, what you eat for breakfast. There's no more illusion. And, you know, I don't have any desire to see it restored." He appeared relieved to get the declaration off his chest.

It is plain that Goulet—whatever his attempts at calculated winningness—stands apart from the small boys who also till the musical fields. His shoulders are broad, his hips narrow. His chest swells impressively from daily dozens of pushups and grapplings with barbells. He is a compulsive chinner in doorways and he bounds rather than walks. He loped so assiduously during the rehearsals for *Camelot* that Alan Jay Lerner, one of the authors of the hit musical, put Goulet in elevator shoes for a month. The shoes tilted Goulet forward, forcing him to take shorter steps or fall on his face.

Ability and tractability

Lerner points out that Goulet was by no means an unflawed actor, but did possess an outstanding tractability. "There are some actors," Lerner observes, "to whom words mean something else than they do to others. If you said to Bobby, 'Brood!' it'd come out surly; if you said, 'Show respect!' you got politeness. He was very difficult to direct, but he was totally cooperative.

"In Bobby's defense," Lerner added, "we may have been demanding an acting ability few people have. He's a kind of singing Clark Gable, and let's be bloody grateful for it." The initial impression Goulet made on Goddard Lieberson, the president of Columbia Records, to which he is under contract, was less reassuring. He thought that Goulet was "somewhat lacking in animation—as though he might have been carved out of some not very expensive plastic material." Today, perhaps as a result of four successful Goulet LP's, Lieberson regards him as pure gold.

It is undeniable that in a relatively short time Goulet has succeeded in bringing himself and the idea of himself into approximate register. His blue eyes look out at the world with an air of almost Merriwellian candor. Above all, he exudes an overpowering, but not stifling, aura of sex. These elements enable him to discuss his recent divorce with manly forthrightness, his romantic friendship with actress Carol Lawrence with manly diffidence, and his six-and-one-half-year-old daughter with genuine emotion. He also makes a great show of panting after passing girls, but this is usually taken merely as evidence of high spirits. Miss Lawrence, who will join Goulet this summer in a lucrative package tour, says of him: "He had the reputation of being very much the rogue, and he enjoyed the title."

Ordinarily it might be expected that the most convulsive reactions to Goulet would emanate from schoolgirls rather than mature women, but the reverse has been true. Teen-age girls tend to burn dumbly and respectfully for love of Goulet. When his juvenile fans do get permission to visit his dressing room, Goulet dispenses little homilies about proper deportment. Occasionally he breaks unexpectedly into song and the teen-agers twitter in shock. He has a disconcerting habit of singing everywhere. ("He'd give it away if I didn't keep a hand over his mouth," says his manager, Norman Rosemont.) Goulet once dragged a protesting friend nine blocks from his hotel in Manhattan to a rehearsal hall, dispensing Puccini and pop tunes with gestures. It was quite a feat, since he was carrying a suitcase.

Mature women, on the other hand, are likely to fling themselves—or, at any rate, the keys to their apartments—at Goulet's head, and he handles such importunities with becoming skill. To one who dropped her room key to him from a balcony of a supper club in the Caribe Hilton Hotel in Puerto Rico, he said, "I've been there before," threw the keys back up, got a big laugh and went on singing. One night in the Persian Room of the Plaza in New York, he was singing to a girl with three escorts, when she handed him her key. Goulet looked at it quizzically, then at the girl, then at her companions. He shrugged, slipped the key into his pocket and moved off without missing a note. The byplay brought down the house and appeased the escorts.

Key-tossing aside, Goulet's nightclub routine is no rapture of improvisation. It cost $35,000 and was worked up, on and off, for 18 months by Lyn Duddy and Jerry Bresler, a pair of specialists who have worked with such other performers as Connie Francis and Sammy Davis Jr. The partners shoveled in judicious doses of virility, glamour, humor, sentiment, sophistication, four original songs and the quotation from Edna St. Vincent Millay about burning the candle at both ends. (Goulet added a touch which some find irritating; now and then, in midsong,

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he lifts a foot, knee bent, like a heron standing post in a bog. He also has to be dissuaded from telling jokes ad lib.)

There is a greater gap than might be supposed between this Goulet and the Robert Gerard Goulet who was born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, on November 26, 1933. Goulet's concern for his physique becomes understandable when it is realized that until well past the age of 11, he was under five feet tall. This was caused by bad tonsils. His father, a laborer and watchman, refused to have them removed. "Every year, the school doctor'd say, 'This boy must have his tonsils out,' but my father would say, 'God put them there for a reason,'" recalls Goulet.

Upon the father's death in 1945, the boy's mother, who is now Mrs. Paul Beaupre, interpreted the Almighty's will otherwise, and had the tonsils yanked. He shot up half a foot in a year. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Goulet took her children—Robert has an older sister—to Edmonton, Alberta, in Canada. One night his mother did him up in burnt cork and white gloves and he imitated Al Jolson for some aunts and uncles. From then on his taste for public performance knew no limits. In Edmonton young Goulet went out for dramatics in high school, played football and organized a dance band.

"I left high school halfway through my senior year because I wanted to be a radio announcer and a vocalist," says Goulet. "I knew that only if I lost my voice would that little diploma have any value; and besides, I know a lot of guys with degrees who're numbskulls."

After a stint as a truck driver and announcer, he began breaking into Canadian television and heatrical stock. He and the girl who now is his ex-wife, the former Louise Longmore, met while he was still in Edmonton. They were married in 1955 and their daughter Nicolette was born the following year.

By the spring of 1960 Goulet was Canada's premier television attraction. Lerner and composer Frederick Loewe had about given up trying to find a Lancelot for *Camelot*, but on the recommendation of Donald Harron, a Canadian singer, they called Goulet, who was performing in Bermuda. Goulet flew to New York, misplaced his suitcase at the airport and auditioned in slacks and a sport jacket. He was hired at once.

It is noteworthy that Rosemont became Goulet's manager—there is no written contract between the two—even before rehearsals began. Goulet stayed with the show until October, 1962, was decreed a star, and then began to accumulate large sums of money. For a man so lately arrived, his behavior has been remarkably temperate. His sole extravagance, if it can be called that, was his $80,000 purchase of a three-story fieldstone house with a swimming pool on 17 acres in Westchester County.

Upon buying the house he swelled with pride at the prospect of becoming a country gentleman. He installed his mother and stepfather. He told friends it was his intention, ultimately, to live in it himself, with a wife and five or six children. At the entrance to the long, winding driveway, he put up a sign reading CHEZ ROBERT, and the sight of it made him glow.

He glowed until people began driving up for drinks and dinner under the impression that Chez Robert was a new French restaurant. Finally and reluctantly he took the sign down. "The experience," he now admits a trifle wanly, "left me somewhat chagrined." THE END

Goulet at his most gorgeous goes formal for recent Bob Hope TV special. To keep trim, he does daily pushups, chins in doorways.

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The Queen wins the heart of New Zealand

A VICTORY CUP FOR A CHAMPION SHEEPSHEARER.

ELIZABETH AND PHILIP ACKNOWLEDGE CROWD AT ASSEMBLY WHERE SHE MADE HER O

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LUFF BY BIDDING MEMBERS TO BE SEATED AT WRONG TIME.

OPENING OF ASSEMBLY ATTRACTS A PRIDE OF SUPREME COURT JUDGES.

POMP AND GLAMOUR OF A ROYAL TOUR RENEW OLD BONDS.

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

Britain's on-and-off attempts to "join Europe," as urged by the United States, have long worried the scattered members of the Commonwealth, and none more than New Zealand. For despite its remoteness, 1,000 miles from anywhere, no nation is more solidly British and more dependent on its ties to London—New Zealanders send more than half their exports to Britain. It was to reassure her faraway subjects that Queen Elizabeth recently made her first trip in almost a decade to these mountainous green islands in the South Pacific.

Accompanied by Prince Philip, the queen worked long, hard days, visiting schools and farms and factories. She opened a session of the General Assembly; she knighted two New Zealanders; she attended a track meet in Dunedin, a regatta in Auckland, a sheepshearing contest in Lower Hutt. And in the evenings, at a state dinner or an opera, she appeared regally handsome in formal gown and tiara.

To all New Zealand, Elizabeth brought a simple message of hope: "The world is full of challenging problems . . . but it need have no terrors for people who have faith in themselves." An estimated one million New Zealanders, almost half the population, turned out to see their monarch, and Prime Minister Keith J. Holyoake spoke for his countrymen when he said, "The queen's visit gave our whole society a psychological uplift."

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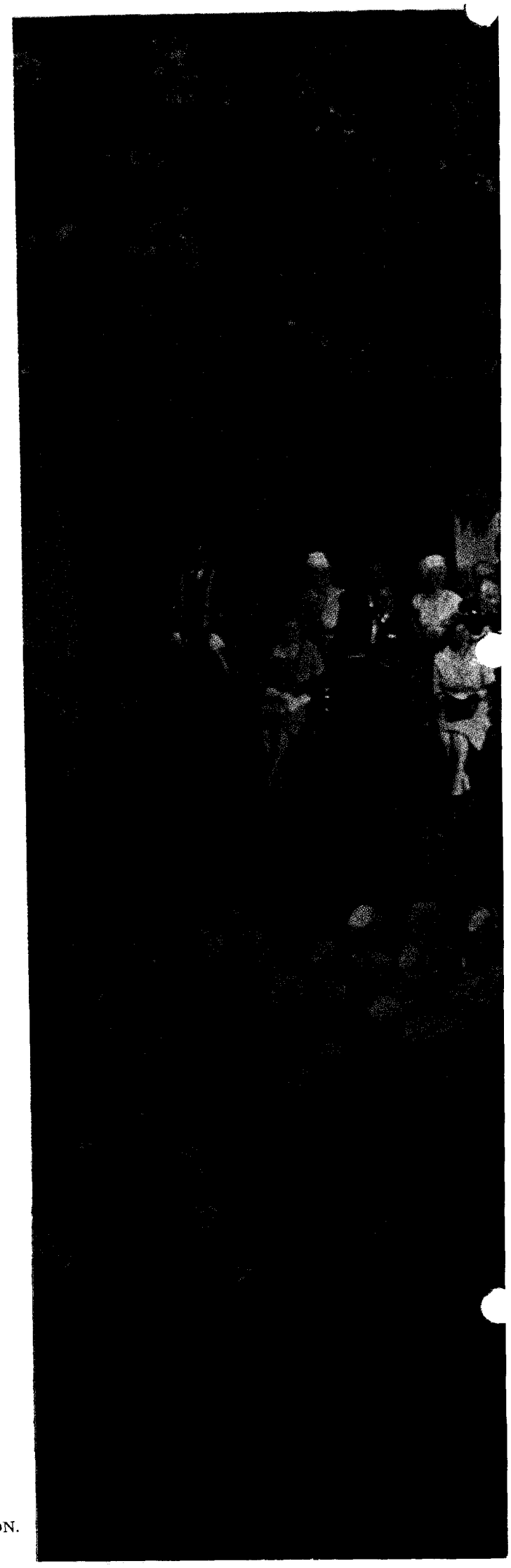
PRINCE PHILIP STANDS HELPLESS AS A TRICKY WIND CATCHES QUEEN OFF GUARD.

QUEEN PREPARES TO SPEAK TO HARBOR THRONG NEAR HER YACHT.

ROYALTY RECEIVES FLOWERY RECEPTION IN WELLINGTON.

AN EMBARRASSING SCENE



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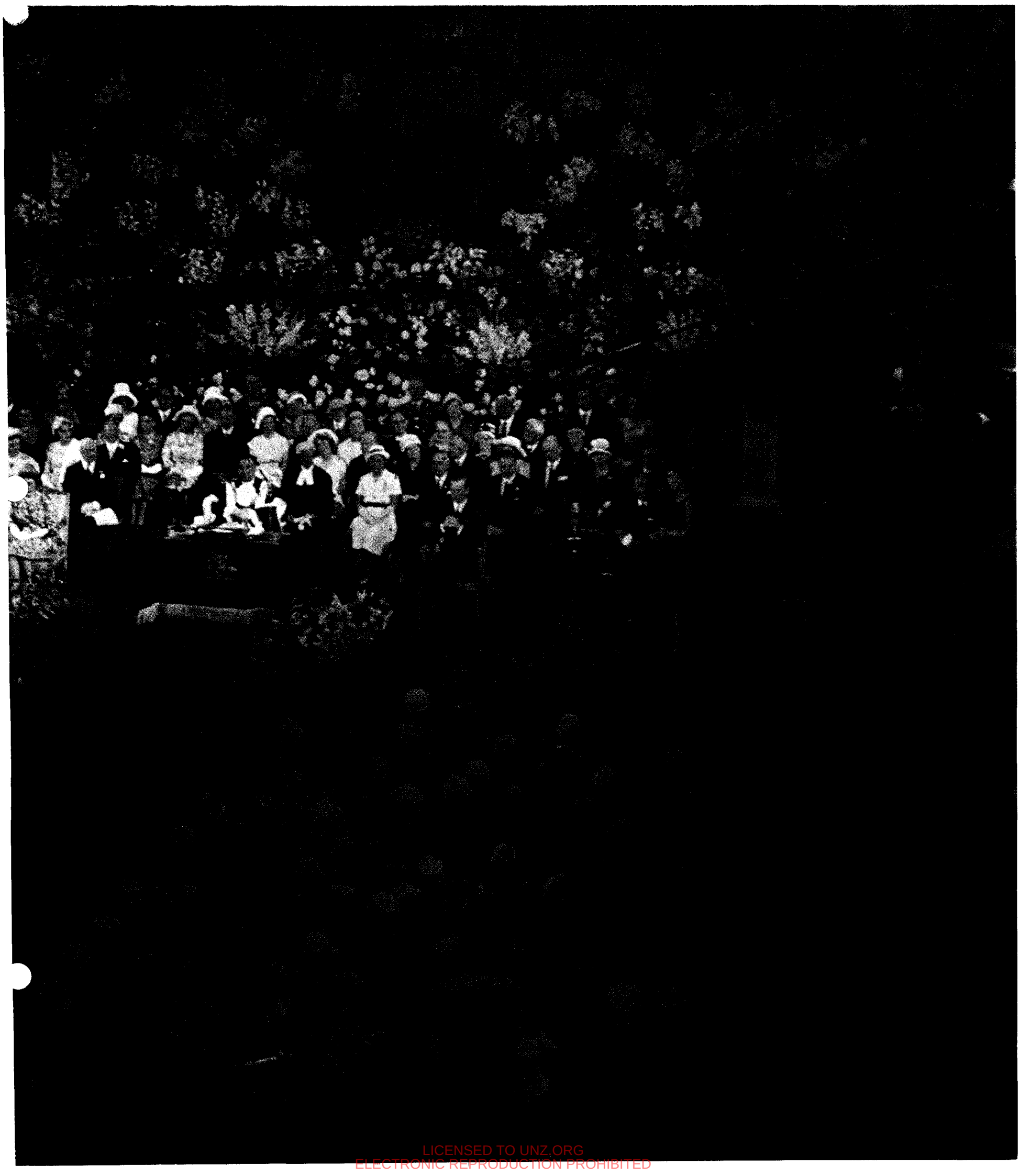
AILS TO DISTURB A TWO-WEEK CAVALCADE OF REGAL SPLENDORS.



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These Americans took a sentimental journey to rediscover a wartime paradise.

THE MARINES LANDED TOO

Ex-Leatherneck Jack Lee and wife enjoy a chat with the royal couple.

By ROBERT SHERROD

The heroic story of the Marines in the Pacific is a familiar one to Robert Sherrod, the Post's editor-at-large, for he lived it and wrote it as it happened. Sherrod waded ashore through a storm of machine-gun fire in the bloody assault on Tarawa, and later covered the invasions of Saipan, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Twice decorated by the U.S. Navy for his reporting of the war, Sherrod wrote the classic battle story, "Tarawa," as well as "On to Westward" and "History of Marine Corps Aviation in World War II." —The Editors

Among the many who shook hands with Queen Elizabeth was a rather special visitor from the other side of the world. He was Jack E. Lee, a telephone technician from San Francisco. He was also the chief organizer of a sentimental journey back to New Zealand by a band of ex-Marines who had helped recapture a fair amount of Her Majesty's territory during World War II.

The whole improbable journey had its origins about three years ago in the patio of Captain Robert Wickman's home in Walnut Creek, California, when a visitor from New Zealand asked, "Have you Marines ever thought of returning to my country?"

"It has been on our minds ever since 1943," said Lee, a friend of Wickman's and president of the Second Marine Division Association. "All of us would love to go back."

New Zealand had been on their minds because it represented a Paradise to the Marines who first saw it in the spring of 1943. More than 95 percent of those who had fought in the foul jungles of Guadalcanal caught malaria or dengue fever. Wellington provided the perfect antidote—cool breezes and warm hospitality.

New Zealand's own troops, nearly 200,000 men out of a population which then totaled 1,750,000, were mostly fighting in the Middle East, so the New Zealanders adopted the U.S. Marines. They took the Americans into their small, neat homes and fed them steak, eggs, fresh butter and oceans of milk. There were plenty of girls for everybody, and about 500 of the more serious romances led to marriage.

Many of these wives soon became widows. For after eight months in New Zealand the Second Division sailed back into the tropics to open a new road to Tokyo via the Central Pacific. The gateway was an atoll named Tarawa. In a carnage that lasted just 76 hours, 990 Marines were killed there and 2,296 wounded. The first dead Marine I saw on the beach at Tarawa was identified by a buddy: "Name was Cowart. He was 20 years old. He married a girl in Wellington."

The Marines' casualty list was scanned more hopefully and fearfully in Wellington than in any American city. Thereafter, on the anniversary of Tarawa, the New Zealanders inserted newspaper notices, IN MEMORIAM. Last November 20, nineteen years after the event, there was one in the Wellington *Evening Post:* "SWANSON, Harold, Gunnery Sergeant, killed in action at Tarawa. Always remembered by Hazel."

After Tarawa the Second Division fought through Saipan, Tinian, and Okinawa, losing another 8,042 casualties. And they still remembered New Zealand. On July 4, 1944, I sat on a hillside with a group of officers during a lull in the Saipan battle. "Just think," one of them remarked, "a year ago we were having a party in Wellington. I think I've got a picture of it." He dug into his knapsack, pulled out a wrinkled photograph, looked at it a moment and put it back. Half of the merrymakers had not lived to the anniversary. At about the same time a censor showed me a letter a Marine had written to his girl: "It probably is raining in Wellington now. Certainly the wind is blowing, but it sure would be nice to be walking into the Cecil Club."

"Don't go back, Mac," a San Francisco columnist had warned the survivors. "You'll only disillusion yourself." But 83 Americans had ignored him and set out last February for what they unabashedly called a "pilgrimage of memories." They were a fairly typical cross-section—a hardware buyer from Oregon, an Indiana farmer, a salesman from Pocatello, a Chicago butcher, a Brooklyn accountant, a chiropractor from Atwood, Kansas. About half were from California, among them an insurance agent from Fontana, a state fire marshal from Sacramento and an electrician from San Gabriel. The party also included 23 wives (10 of them New Zealand war brides), four children and the mothers of two Marines killed at Tarawa and Saipan.

When we finally reached Wellington after a cramped, two-and-a-half-day, $670 flight in a chartered plane, one girl piped up, "Look, Mama, we got a band." Along with the band stood American Ambassador Anthony B. Akers, a group of New Zealand officials and a covey of reporters. "All this for a bunch of gyrenes," one of the passengers said with a shake of his head.

This reception was only the beginning. At McKay's Crossing, 30 miles north of Wellington, where 15,000 Second Division Marines pitched their tents in 1943, the New Zealanders dedicated the old camp as a public park. On its Memorial Gates they had fixed their sentiments in bronze: "Half the world distant from home they camped here . . . helping to defend this country . . . and cemented an everlasting friendship."

More than 1,000 New Zealanders stood in a heavy rain to hear speeches by Prime Minister Keith J. Holyoake and Laborite former Prime Minister Walter Nash. Holyoake planted a California redwood tree, first of a procession which will line the park's Avenue of Memories, and then the party retired to a pub for a special tribute, toasts in a beer newly labeled "Leatherneck Lager."

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Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay with

The taste of a Lucky spoils you for other cigarettes. This famous taste is the best reason to start with Luckies...the big reason why Lucky smokers stay Lucky smokers. How about you? Get the taste you'll stay with. Get the fine-tobacco taste of Lucky Strike.

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Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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"Starlite 19" (19"-diag.-meas. screen. 172-sq.-in. viewable area) finished to match walnut, with polished Champagne Gold accents. Philco 3508-WA

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"Some memories are best forgotten."

That Sunday, after a special service by the bishop of Wellington, some 60-odd Americans marched through the rain to the Citizens War Memorial. For most of the men it was the first march since 1945, and the effort was not altogether successful. But the New Zealanders cheered as the bemedaled veterans, many wearing the Purple Heart, wound through the streets.

After four days of ceremonies the Marines scattered throughout New Zealand to relive more personal memories. Ex-Lt. James M. Coen, an electrical-supply dealer from South Laguna, California, took his pretty wife, Runa, to the sheep station of her mother in Gisborne, 250 miles northeast of Wellington. "Seven days, seven cocktail parties for us," said Runa.

Len Fowles, a tavern owner from Southampton, Massachusetts, spent a week comparing notes at an old haunt, the Paekakariki Hotel, whose owner refused to charge him a penny. "It's amazing," Fowles said later. "They deliver beer in tank trucks, and the bartenders have flexible ıstic tubes to refill the glasses on the bar."

Several Marines even visited old girl friends and their husbands. "She did well to marry him instead of me," said Louis Carr, a fireman from Kalamazoo. "Her kid brother is thirty years old now; he says now he knows why I used to bring him candy—to get rid of him."

Jack Rasmussen, a lithographer from Hillsdale, New Jersey, took a trip to the Bay of Islands, one of the world's great deep-sea-fishing spots. Rasmussen's catch: a 234-pound marlin.

Albert Frieske, a mailman from Spokane, fulfilled a 20-year ambition by shooting a New Zealand deer. Frieske also took a mailman's holiday by accompanying a New Zealand letter carrier around the Brooklyn section of Wellington. "I puffed and he didn't," said Frieske.

Marty Petersen, a steel salesman, and his blond wife, Marian, drove to Masterton, 60 miles east of Wellington, to see a friend with whom they had corresponded through the years. A Masterton girl named Betty Bruce had married Marty's best friend, Julius Saltzman, in 1943. Julius got through the Tarawa and Saipan battles but lost his life on Tinian. The Petersens found Betty happily remarried with two children.

When it was all over, the New Zealanders bade the Marines farewell with more speeches, band music and a sign that said YANKS PLEASE COME BACK. Before departure, however, Jack Lee's path crossed that of Queen Elizabeth. He ·d his wife, Elena, chatted with her for a while out Tarawa, which Prince Philip had visited a few years before. The beach, he said, "was still littered with thousands of coral-encrusted shell casings, and I could see the hulls of sunken barges."

Her majesty wondered whether Lee would return to some of the worst battlefields.

"Will you visit Guadalcanal, Mr. Lee?"

"No, ma'am," said Jack Lee. "Some memories are best forgotten." THE END

Older and wearier, but with medals still gleaming, Marine veterans parade through downtown Wellington.

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A MIDDLE-AGED, MIDDLE-CLASS MAN

Profile of a bookmaker

By Myron Cope

"Players will bet on a cockroach if it's on TV."

Harry Ruske's work week begins on Monday, which in his business is known as Straightening-up Day. It is the day the money changes hands—the day he collects from his accounts or, as the case may be, pays off debts incurred on losing transactions.

Harry is a middle-aged, middle-class bookmaker in a Midwest city. He sees himself as a small businessman who provides a valuable service to the community by catering to its urge to gamble. Harry is rigidly businesslike; all his customers are assigned credit ratings based on their known affluence and past betting habits. None may bet beyond the credit limit that Harry has assigned. Harry considers his margin of profit eminently reasonable, estimating that over the years it averages out to two and one-half percent on gross volume. If asked to describe himself in a word, the word would be "reliable." If circumstances permitted him to put up a sign, the sign would read *Harry Ruske: In Business Since 1948.* "When it comes to promptly paying bills," he insists, "the average bookmaker is twenty to one over the average legitimate business house."

Harry's best customers are professional men—doctors, dentists, lawyers. "They have money that's unaccounted for," Harry explains. "I'd say a successful doctor today can hide $15,000 to $50,000 a year from Internal Revenue. Now that's money he can't show—he can't buy property that's beyond his declared income. So he phones in bets on ball games."

Many people read magazines while waiting to see their doctor. Harry Ruske passes his waiting-room time counting the house, calculating approximately how many patients the doctor sees a day, a week, a month, a year, then guessing at the doctor's real income.

A glimpse of Harry on Straightening-up Day suggests in a small way why he has survived in a business whose rate of attrition is heavy. (He estimates that in his time nine out of ten of the bookmakers he has known have dropped out of the business.) Harry, who has survived, is scrupulously cautious. Rarely do his own customers lay eyes on him. On Straightening-up Day he makes the rounds of taverns, barbershops and pharmacies, picking up cash payments left there by customers who are in arrears, or leaving money for transferral to those who have had a winning week. It is traditional that accounts be settled on Monday, for in the years before major-league baseball crowded its schedules by reducing the number of doubleheaders, there was usually no ball game on Monday and thus the bookmaker could visit the payoff points at a leisurely pace.

Today Harry Ruske is somewhat harried and, because of Robert F. Kennedy, seriously worried. Kennedy has harassed the American bookmaker, not only by enforcing new federal anti-gambling laws but by pressuring state and local police to create heat waves in the very backyards of the Harry Ruskes. "We would enjoy seeing him hang," says Harry. "How would *you* feel about a guy who is taking the bread out of your mouth?"

These days if you want to meet Harry Ruske, who must be known here by that alias, this is how you get an appointment: A bartender who has known Harry for years back puts in a phone call and vouches for your discretion. "I don't want to see him," Harry tells the bartender. "Maybe I'll call back and talk to him on the phone."

You wait patiently at the bar. There are a dozen bookmakers who will see you, but Harry is the man you want because he is known as an exceptionally skillful practitioner in a field crowded with flashy, garrulous mediocrity. An hour passes and a man wearing an inexpensive three-button sharkskin suit comes in. His shoes do not have pointed toes; he does not sport a pearl-gray fedora or dark glasses. He takes a place beside you and engages you in small conversation, studying you. After 20 minutes have gone by, he says, "I understand you want to write a story."

Aside from that first meeting, my visits with Harry Ruske were about as bizarre as a series of conversations on the state of the dry-goods business. Harry's existence is colored by none of the violence or melodrama that television provides "from the files of the Los Angeles Police Department." If a bettor fails to pay off his losses on Straightening-up Day, Harry does not arrange to have his arm broken. "I have turned my phones around on you," Harry says curtly the next time the man calls. ("Maybe he's stuck me for $300, but that kind of citizen, I've probably made $1,000 on him already," Harry says.)

Harry shuns the saloons favored by professional athletes; he wants no athlete

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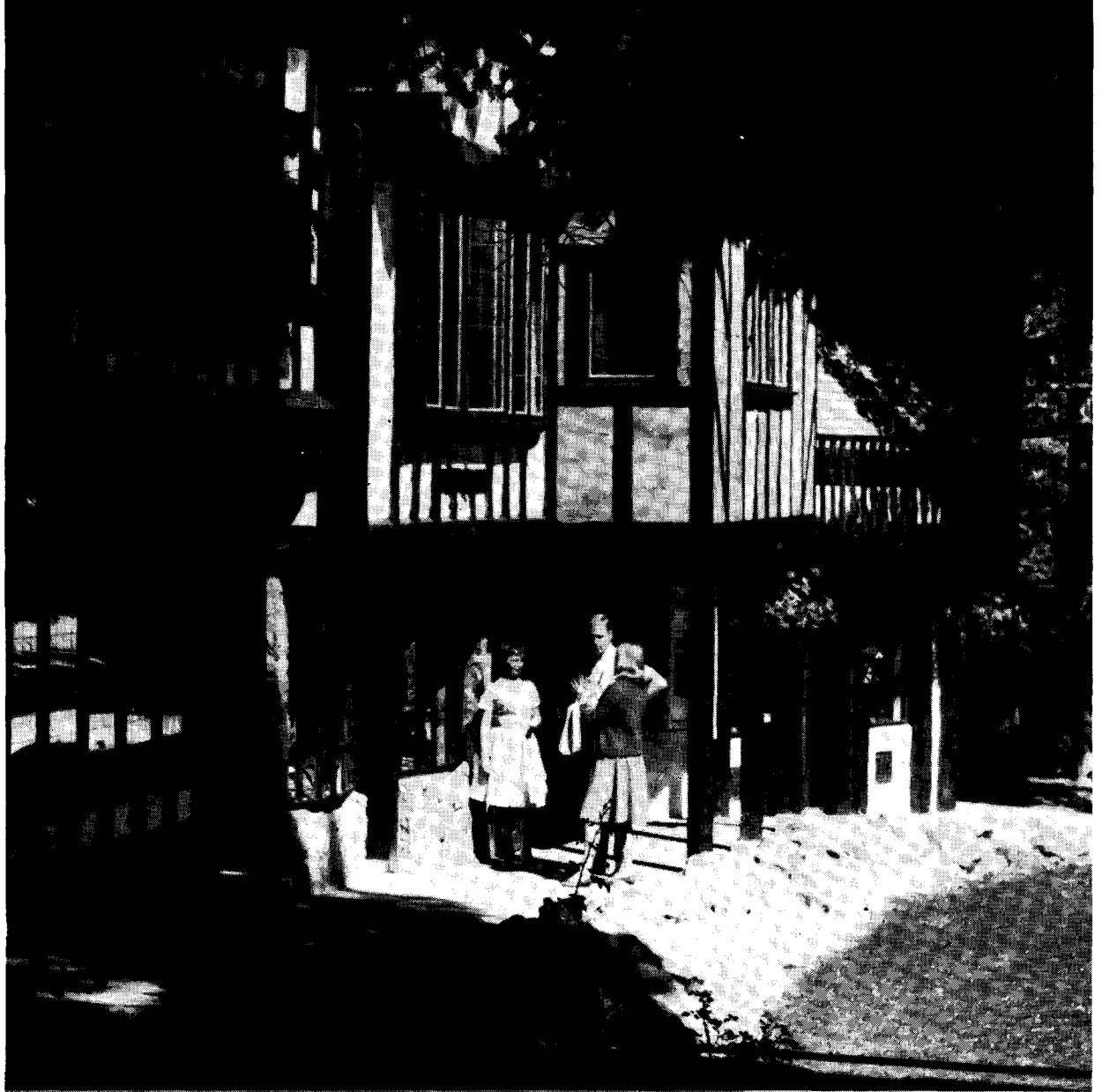

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THE BOOKIE

for a friend. "A smart bookmaker would not be caught dead with an athlete. It can bring nothing but trouble," he explained one recent evening while sitting on a Danish-modern sofa in his paneled recreation room. Fondling a glass of Seltzer water, he said: "I'm in trouble on Tulsa-St. Louis tonight. I can get *jaked*."

A jaking is a bookmaker's nightmare. When it occurs he pays off to backers of both the winning and losing teams. I asked Harry how he might be jaked on this college basketball game that had not yet even begun.

"The game opened even," he replied. "A customer called me with $300 on Tulsa. Anytime I get a sizable bet I automatically move the line, so after I took the bet I made Tulsa the favorite by one point. Basketball games, of course, never end with the score tied, so when you have a 'pick' game"—one in which the two teams are rated even—"the first time you move the line you have to move it a full point.

"Next thing, a guy called in $200 on Tulsa. In the old days $200 was not a big bet, but with Bobby Kennedy making things tight, it's now a big bet. So I made Tulsa a one-and-a-half-point favorite. Now comes in a third bettor who likes St. Louis with one and a half points, for $600 worth. As it turned out, he's the customer to call on that game. At 7:30 I have to shut off the phones because the teams start taking the floor about that time and if the gamblers see there's a key player out of action they'll start calling in bets that murder you."

Tulsa defeated St. Louis by one point. Thus the customer who bet $300 on Tulsa, even, collected; the customer who bet $200 on Tulsa and gave one point had a standoff—no money changes hands on ties; the customer who bet $600 on St. Louis with one and one half points collected. Harry Ruske took a $900 beating.

Harry is a family man with a modest house in the suburbs. He has put a daughter through college and has two sons approaching college age. He has been arrested only once, and then because he succumbed to the temptations of the lucrative football-pool-sheet business. "Pool sheets," says Harry, "are the best business in the world if you can do any volume."

The catch is, pool sheets themselves are evidence. Several years ago the cops followed a runner turning many sheets in to Harry. Harry paid a fine, has shunned the pool sheets since, and has never again violated the 11th commandment of the rackets: "Thou shalt not get caught."

"To move pool sheets you must pay for police protection," he says. "I want no part of them satchel men coming around. They're the worst scum on earth."

Harry Ruske grew up in a tough neighborhood, hanging out in pool halls that had card rooms in the back. He possessed an aptitude for mathematics, but before he learned high-school geometry he had acquired a mastery of mathematical probabilities by watching gamblers play with lightning speed their games of "short cards"—two-handed gin rummy and pinochle. The slap, slap, slap of the cards was the only noise in those rooms. Gifted as he was, Harry soon was able to deduce the exact composition of a player's hand by the time the deck was half played.

On graduation he got a job driving a bakery truck and then, when the war broke out, was drafted into the Army, where he served with distinction in crap games, thanks to his knowledge of the laws of average that govern the performance of dice.

When Harry emerged from the Army flush with approximately $1,200 in mustering-out and back pay, he took stock of himself and decided that his greatest talent lay in bookmaking. He therefore embarked on an apprenticeship, soliciting bets in public places and turning them in to an established bookmaker, who in turn paid Harry a percentage of the net "win" on those bets. Harry did not turn in all of the smaller bets—those under $50—but instead assumed the risk of many of them himself. Because he took on no more action than he could afford, he always paid off promptly. Thus he won the confidence of a growing clientele and acquired sufficient funds to start his own book.

"I opened the usual way," he says. "I had two phones put in the home of a relative and spread the word that I was accepting bets at those numbers at such-and-such hours.

"It's inconvenient for a bookmaker to operate at his own home. He might get company at the busiest hours and have to put down the phones. If he has phones at a relative's house and visitors drop by there, he's off in another room doing business and nobody knows he's there. You'd be surprised how many relatives and friends are willing to let you put in phones, provided you pay their rent. A relative is better than a friend because he is less likely to indulge in loose talk. He feels disgraced if it's known there's a bookmaker in the family. So it's very healthy for you to put your phones with a relative who's very moral, but not so moral that he minds you paying his rent."

For 15 years Harry has had the same business telephones without interruption. "A numbers man cannot possibly operate without the police knowing it," Harry explains, "so he must pay protection money on the first of the month. This I do not have to do. If the police raid a numbers bank they grab the slips and the adding machines for evidence. If they raid me, all they find is a man at the telephone."

At the beginning of each week Harry mails his customers a schedule of the week's sporting events. (He purchases the schedules from Chicago or Canton, Ohio, which is the site of the National Football League's new Hall of Fame.) As bettors telephone him, Harry jots down their wagers on a single sheet of paper. If raided, he can stuff the sheet under a floorboard or into an almost invisible slit in the top of a closet door. Maximum stuffing time is five seconds.

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ıry moral but doesn't mind your paying his rent."

Thanks to three heroic figures named Meyer (Nutsy) Schwartz, Julius Silverman and Robert L. Martin, Harry is secure in the knowledge that police cannot effectively spy on him. The nation's ookmakers esteem Schwartz, Silverman and Martin as highly as liberals esteem the American Civil Liberties Union.

In April, 1958, the three men were conducting a brisk baseball business from a house in Washington, D.C., when police took over the adjoining house and drove an 11-inch spike microphone through the wall. They recorded the bookmakers' telephone conversations and won convictions in U.S. District Court. Represented by the noted criminal lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, Nutsy Schwartz and Partners fought the convictions all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, which in 1961 ruled unanimously that the use of the spike microphone constituted physical intrusion on the premises in violation of the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against unreasonable search and seizure. Although the court did not pass judgment on the use of more sophisticated electronic devices that pick up sound without penetrating walls, it described them as "frightening paraphernalia." Inasmuch as evidence obtained by telephone tapping already previously had been held inadmissible Harry Ruskes the nation over rejoiced in the total privacy of their establishments.

At Christmastime, nevertheless, Harry spends about $2,000 on gifts for public officials who might annoy him if so disposed. Those gifts, plus his relatives' rent and phone bills, comprise practically all of his overhead.

Harry estimates that 50 percent of his business is done on college and professional football games, 35 percent on major-league baseball, 12 percent on college basketball and the remaining 3 percent on horse racing, championship fights, major golf tournaments and general elections. Football, thanks to its popularization by television, has soared to the top in betting volume during the past five years, and a National Football League championship game now attracts as much action as a seven-game World Series. Series wagering drops off sharply after the first game. Many bettors place a fairly large bet on the outcome of the Series, then make a small bet on the first game. If they win on the opener, they bet on the second game, but if they lose on the opener they drop out, because they don't want to cancel out the large bet they've made on the Series outcome.

Of all the sports that Harry Ruske books, he regards only baseball as completely honest and fix-free. "I don't like golf action," he says. "If you go to Vegas when there's a big tournament going on there, you can see the odds posted on the boards in the legal gambling places, and you can see the long-shot golfers come in and bet on the favorites. I don't like any game where some of the contestants bet against themselves."

Like bookmakers the country over, Harry nurtures a long-standing hatred against the Baltimore Colts football club, whose tactics against New York in the 1958 championship game he cannot forgive. Six days before the game, the Colts opened as three-and-one-half-point favorites on the betting line. "Bookmakers east, west, north and south were being hit with Baltimore money telephoned from Texas," Harry recalls. "We figured certain guys in Texas were friendly with certain people in Baltimore and were placing heavy bets for them." The point spread crept up to five and one half on many books.

The Colts and Giants battled to a 17–17 tie and went into a sudden-death overtime period. Then, the Colts drove to the Giants' 20-yard line. A short, easy field goal would have brought the Colts a 20–17 victory, but Baltimore backers, having given at least three and one half points, would have lost their money. Risking an interception, quarterback Johnny Unitas threw a pass to the eight-yard line and another to the one, then sent his fullback crashing over for a touchdown that gave the Colts a six-point victory—over the points on any book in the country. Harry Ruske will never forgive Unitas for not playing conservatively.

Sportswriters often have written that bookmakers detest the men who fix athletic contests by bribing athletes to do less than their best. Although Harry Ruske holds no love for the fixer, he is not upset by him. "He undermines confidence in the game," says Harry, "and the customers quit betting when fixes are exposed, but they come back in about two weeks. They have the disease. Anyhow, when a team has been fixed, a smart bookmaker with my kind of medium-sized operation cannot be hurt real badly, because he knows every one of his customers like he knows the back of his hand. I know what each one's limit is. A guy who has never bet me more than $100 cannot suddenly bet me $300. I won't take it.

"Of course, the fixers usually have guys 'bearding' for them"—placing their bets for them—"but the smart bookmaker knows who the beards are. When the beards start betting their limits, I move fast to get in touch with another bookmaker and place a bigger bet for myself on the same team the beard bet with me. So while I can get hurt a little by a fix, I sometimes can make money on it too."

Actually, the most enduring and widespread myth about bookmakers is the one that says they themselves do not gamble. They are commonly portrayed as cold-blooded money managers who have contempt for all who bet, because the odds are in the bookmaker's favor. On a football game, for example, the bettor must give odds of 11 to 10—he must wager $11 to $10. (Of course, he must also give or take points. If, say, Michigan State is favored to beat Notre Dame by 13 points and the bettor "gives" the points, he collects only if Michigan State wins by more than 13.) The bookmaker, working with the margin that the 11-to-10 odds give him, is generally

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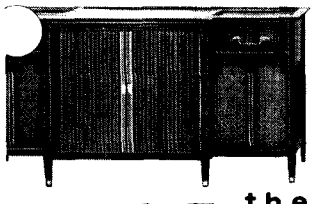

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credited with being able to balance the bets so that he has accepted an equal, or nearly equal, amount of money on both sides. If he achieves perfect balance, he is assured of a 10 percent profit.

As it happens, that is more easily said than done.

There are some bookmakers, known as "hedgers," who always attempt to balance their action. They accept only large bets and therefore have a limited clientele. (Harry says that in his city there exist only 12 heavy bettors upon whom a hedger may draw.) With each bet that comes in, the hedger changes the point spread or the odds in order to lure fresh money to the weak side of the ledger. That failing, he attempts to "lay off" his excess—that is, re-bet it with another bookmaker in another city.

Actually, hedgers make up a minute percentage of the bookmaking population, as do their opposite numbers, the bookmakers who "sit still." This species makes no attempt whatever to balance the action, risking that over the course of the year the action will even out. Only very wealthy bookmakers, however, can afford to sit still.

The most prevalent bookmaker is the type that "moves around." When the imbalance of his action frightens him, he tries to lay off excess bets, but this can become difficult when the point spread fluctuates from hour to hour or from day to day, as it does when betting remains heavy.

Harry Ruske does not always care to balance his bets. If his doctor and dentist customers bet $3,000 on Michigan State to beat Notre Dame, and knowing professional gamblers have bet him $1,000 on Notre Dame to win, Harry may be quite content with the imbalance. "In that case," he reasons, "I'm betting on the pros against the doctors and dentists."

In the rich jargon of Harry Ruske's business, bettors break down into two categories. One group is known as "players"—also as "squares" or "customers" (although the latter term has been loosely used here to describe all of Harry's clients). This group consists of sports fans who, however long they may have had the betting habit, never quite master the bookmaking industry's intricacies. "Players will bet on a cockroach," says Harry, "if it's on television."

The second group is called the pros and includes not only bookmakers themselves but men who search out information as Bernard Baruch might before buying stock in a corporation. The contrast between player and pro is best reflected by a popular method of betting known as the parlay.

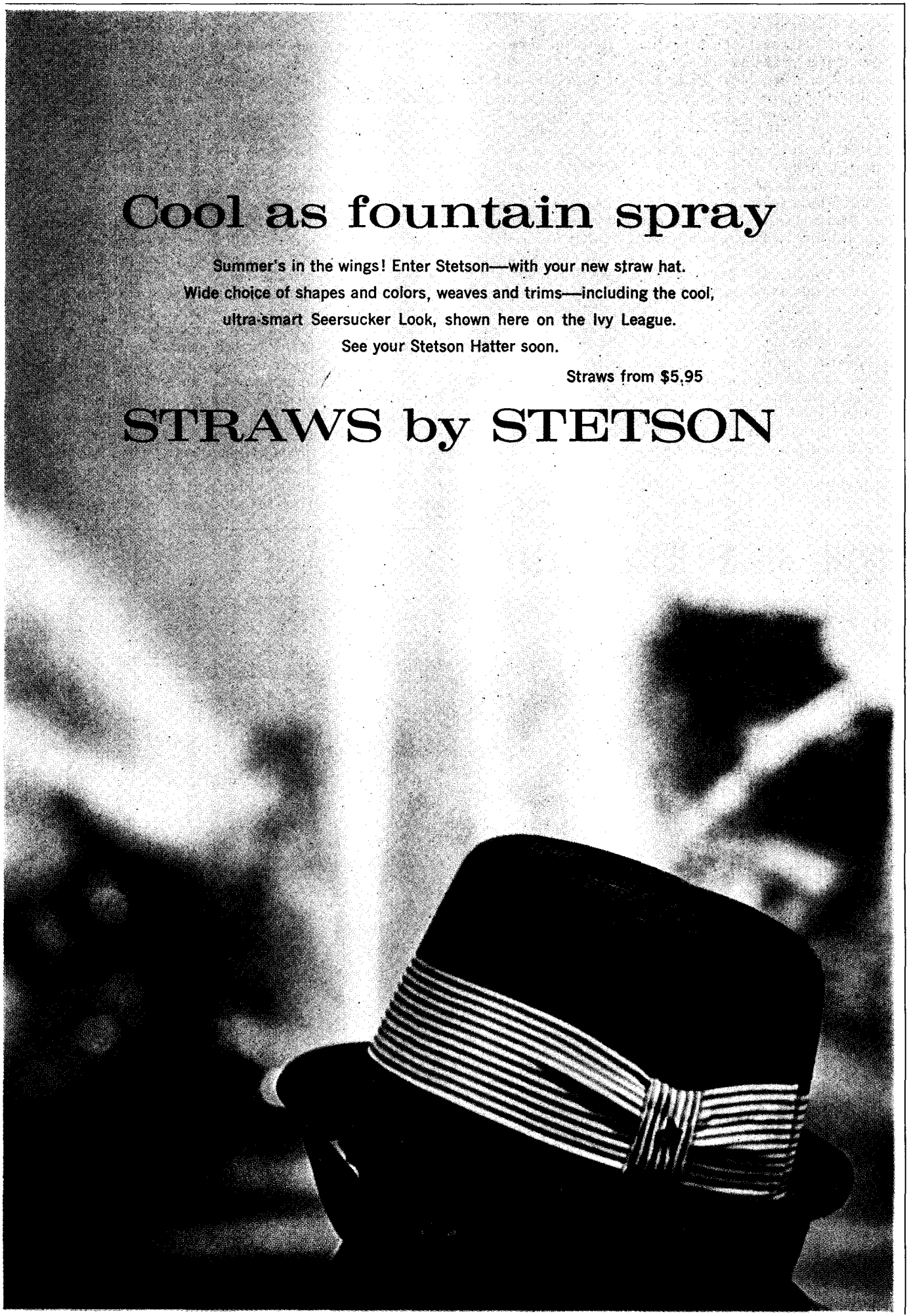
The parlay is both a delight and status symbol to the player who considers himself a sophisticated bettor. He selects two or more games and bets that he will be right on the entire package. Because he is taking so precarious a gamble, the bookmaker treats him to odds that seem generous. Parlay bettors dearly love to stand at the bar of their favorite tavern and enumerate with oracular confidence the factors by which they have selected their parlay for the upcoming football weekend.

On game day they become giddy, oblivious to wife and children, as suspense overwhelms them. One Sunday last fall I drove across three Midwestern states in the company of a veteran sportswriter who had a three-team parlay in action. He picked up all three games on the car radio and, frantically punching the pushbuttons, switched from game to game between every play. Though he lost his bet, he was able to spend the following two days relating with masochistic glee the key plays that blew up his parlay. Parlay bettors, by virtue of their willingness to gamble on a combination of games, are regarded by their friends as canny dopesters.

Harry Ruske knows better.

The distinction between player and pro is again underscored when baseball teams begin spring training. Spring exhibition games are played mostly for the purpose of whetting the public appetite for the upcoming season; managers experiment with rookies and seldom press their veteran athletes. Yet when I worked on the copy rim in a metropolitan sports department, I would get at least 10 calls a day from gambling acquaintances anxious for exhibition results. "Only a moron would bet those exhibitions," one of my colleagues frequently remarked.

Not so, says Harry Ruske. "The pros would rather bet exhibition baseball than any other sport, because spring training is when you can really get information to work with. Most exhibition betting is 6 to 5—regardless of which team the bettor likes, he lays 6 to 5. Sometimes he must lay 7 to 5 if he's betting on a pennant winner or a team that's having a hot spring. Well, the pro has agents right at the scene to learn the daily lineup and keep track of the springtime char-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ley horses and blisters and sore arms."

Having devoted most of his adult life to an understanding of athletic form and mathematics, Harry these days finds his business seriously threatened for the first time. In September, 1961, Attorney General Kennedy pushed through Congress three bills that struck at the heart of bookmaking. They forbade the transmission of odds, wagers or gambling paraphernalia across state lines under maximum penalty of a $10,000 fine and/or two years' imprisonment.

For Harry Ruske the interstate law, as the three bills are now known, had made his telephone a potential noose. And a bookmaker without a telephone is worth no more than a violin player without a bow.

Harry begins his working day on the telephone, usually about noontime, when he places a safe local call to the biggest book in his city. From him, Harry obtains the betting line—the opening odds or point spreads—on the day's games. In exchange for this service, Harry bets approximately $1,000 a month with the Big Man, who himself has obtained the line from a syndicate in a distant city. The Big Man places at least $5,000 a month with the syndicate in exchange for its expertly calculated line. "Today," says Harry, "he can get a line from Chicago, Washington, St. Louis and Cincinnati, but he has to call from a phone booth. That way, the call will not show up on his phone bill. If the Federals get suspicious about a telephone, they check the bill and then they want to know why all those out-of-state calls were made. Also, the bill lists the numbers you've called, so the guys on the other end are in trouble too."

Harry Ruske himself has suffered inconvenience and substantial money losses since the interstate law went into effect. If he wants to lay off excess bets with Chicago, he must dash to a drugstore or tavern, abandoning his own busy phones at the rush hour. Further, by the time he gets to the phone booth, the odds in Chicago may have changed unfavorably.

Harry counts a number of traveling men among his customers. Often on the road they decide to see a ball game, and they telephone a bet to Harry. These days, however, they must give Harry their itinerary before departing on a trip and must promise to call him from a phone booth. "I won't let them call from their hotel room," says Harry. "Suppose a customer is being investigated for something—for *anything*. The investigators look at their hotel bills and check their telephone calls, and then I'm in trouble."

Altogether, the safe and prosperous world of Harry Ruske has suddenly become ridden with tension. When common courtesy requires him to introduce himself to a stranger in a social gathering, he says simply, "I'm Harry." No last name.

To the Internal Revenue Service he is Harry Ruske, bartender. For years his name has been carried on a restaurant payroll. He receives a weekly paycheck from the restaurateur with withholding and Social Security taxes deducted. He reimburses the restaurateur in cash and throws in a small consideration for the man's trouble. He has ignored Congress's 1951 legislation requiring bookmakers to purchase a $50 Federal wagering stamp and pay a 10 percent tax on bets. But with Bobby Kennedy threatening his telephones, Harry now is investing modestly in legitimate businesses as a hedge against the day when he may have to close his book.

"That's not a good answer, though," says Harry, "because the guy who's running the legitimate business is bringing you in only for your money. He's managing your money, and most of the time the bookmaker gets milked. The bookmaker cannot safely go into legitimate business for himself, because he's like the doctor who has unreported income—the bookie can't show that money, so he goes to Vegas and Hot Springs and Miami Beach and spends it."

Convinced that he renders a service, Harry Ruske craves respectability. That he misses it is obvious, for although he insists his children are not embarrassed by his occupation, he admits in the same breath that he will not permit his sons to become bookmakers. As the late Joe Palmer of the New York *Herald Tribune* once wrote, "A bookmaker is a man who works hard all his life to send his kids through college so they can acquire refinement and become ashamed of him."

As I concluded my final visit with Harry Ruske, I asked:

"Would bookmakers really welcome the legalization of gambling? Wouldn't legalization mean government controls? Wouldn't bookmakers pay expensively for their respectability and freedom?"

For the first time, Harry disparaged the character of his own fraternity. "Bookmakers would welcome legalization," he said, "because they would find a way to milk the Government anyhow." THE END

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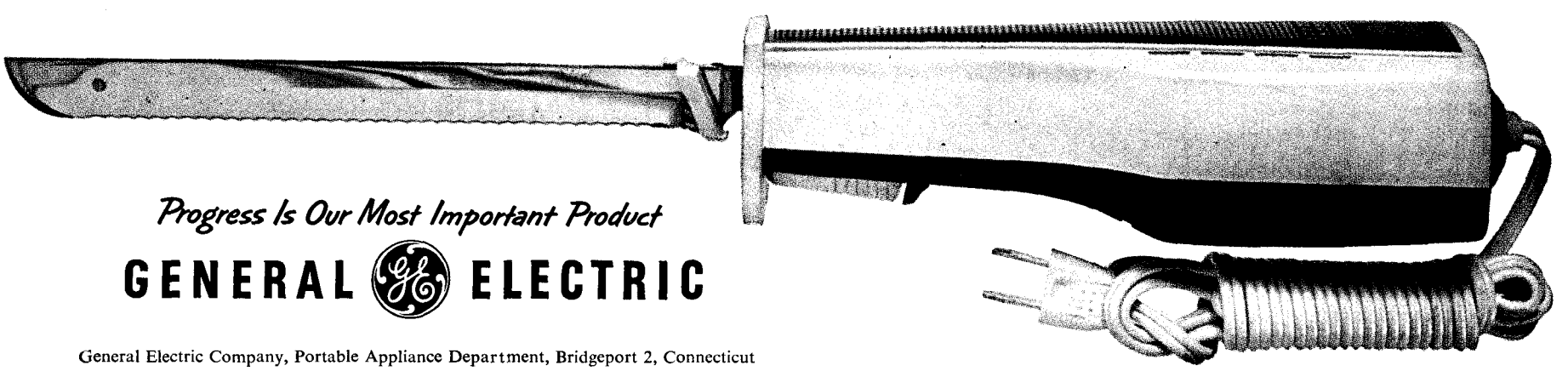

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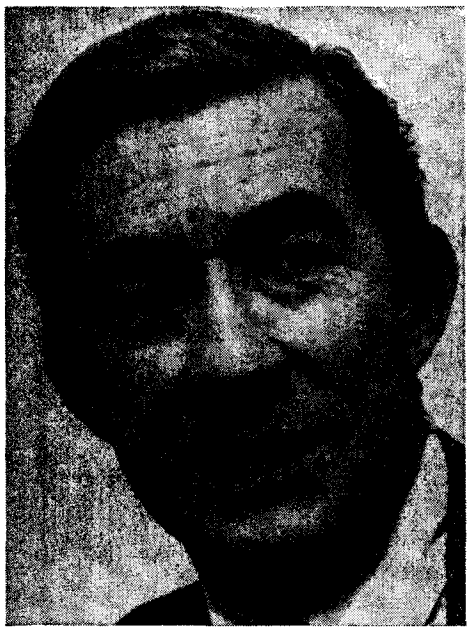
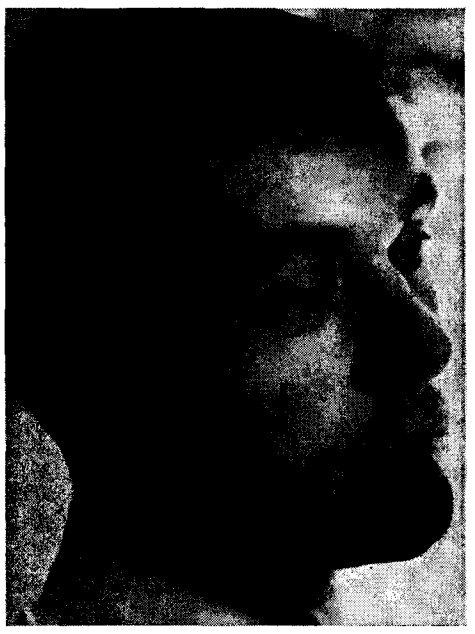
Figure over the town

by William Goyen



William Goyen was born in Trinity, Texas, and has lived "everywhere in America and most of Europe." He now lives in New York. His short stories, which have been appearing in major magazines as well as literary reviews since 1950, are noted particularly for the delicacy of their style. Two collections of his stories, and also two novels, have been published by Random House. A new novel by Mr. Goyen, "Savata My Fair Sister," will be published in September by Doubleday & Co.



The boy behind the door

by Stephen Birmingham

Stephen Birmingham, who went to Williams and spent a year at Oxford as an exchange student, is the author of many short stories and articles. "The Boy Behind the Door" is his second Post story. "The Towers of Love," published by Little, Brown, is the most recent of his three published novels. In addition to free-lance writing, Mr. Birmingham, who is 34, keeps busy as a copywriter for a New York advertising agency. The author and Mrs. Birmingham have two sons and a daughter.

A bargain with Cashel

by Gerald Kersh

Born in England in 1909, Gerald Kersh has pursued such varied occupations as salesman ("from sausages to electric lights"), nightclub bouncer, professional wrestler and member of the Coldstream Guards. An astonishingly prolific writer, Mr. Kersh gained first major acclaim in 1937 with the novel "Night and the City." His literary output to date includes thousands of articles and short stories, and scores of novels, many of them best-sellers. "A Bargain With Cashel" is his 33rd Post story.

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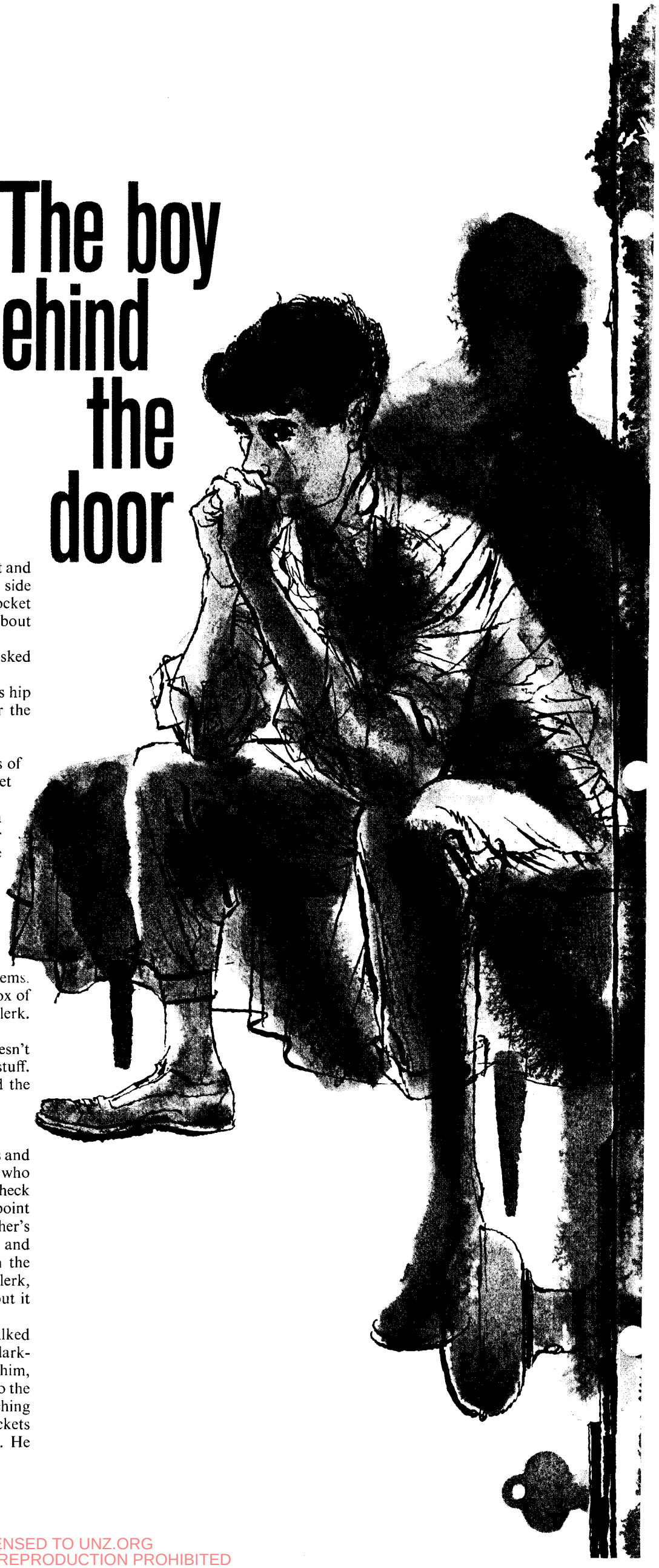
The boy behind the door



The boy with the somber face walked into the Island Market and began turning out his pockets. He pulled out the two side pockets of his white-duck pants and then fished in the breast pocket of his white shirt, which was unbuttoned, the tails knotted about his waist. "Now where the hell'd I put it?" he said.

"Put what?" his friend Angie, in dungarees and barefoot, asked him.

"Here it is," he said, and pulled the slip of paper out of his hip pocket. "Look," he said to Angie, "you go over and order the booze. I'm going to look in Gourmet Foods."

"Gourmet *Foods?*" Angie said.

"Yeah. Get three bottles of bourbon. Make it four bottles of bourbon." He walked toward the aisle marked "Gourmet Foods," and Angie walked over to the liquor department.

Two ladies, both in shorts and slingback pumps and both on the critical list at Vic Tanney's, were in a hypnotic trance over the items on the Gourmet Foods counter, lifting cans from the shelves, shaking them, inspecting labels and putting the cans back. The boy hovered in back of them for a moment or two, peering over their shoulders, making a humming, buzzing noise between his teeth.

"You want to get in here?" one woman asked, turning to him.

"No, thanks." He scooted down the aisle toward Bakery Items.

When he rejoined Angie at the liquor counter, he had a box of cookies and two frozen candy bars. "Here," he said to the clerk. "Add these in."

He looked at what Angie had ordered. "Hell, man. She doesn't like that cheap stuff. Is that what you buy? She likes that good stuff. Over there. Four bottles," he said to the clerk, who removed the bottles and replaced them.

"That be all?"

The boy nodded.

The clerk ran up the total on the tape, added in the cookies and the candy bars, and presented the tape to the dark-faced boy, who inspected it, humming buzzingly. Then he took the folded check out of his pocket, flattened it, and picked up the black ball-point pen that lay on the counter. The check was printed with his mother's name, Alice C. Amis, and she had already signed it, dated it and made it payable to "Island Market, Inc." The boy filled in the amount from the tape—$25.90—and gave the check to the clerk, who examined it, made a cryptic scribble on the back, and put it into his cash drawer.

Angie picked up the heavy paper bag, and the two boys walked out of the store. It was afternoon. Opening the car door, the dark-faced boy slid into the driver's seat, and Angie got in beside him, placing the paper bag between them. The dark boy reached into the bag, took out the candy bars and gave one to Angie. Then, hitching himself forward in the seat, he dug his hands into the side pockets of his trousers and pulled out two more frozen candy bars. He

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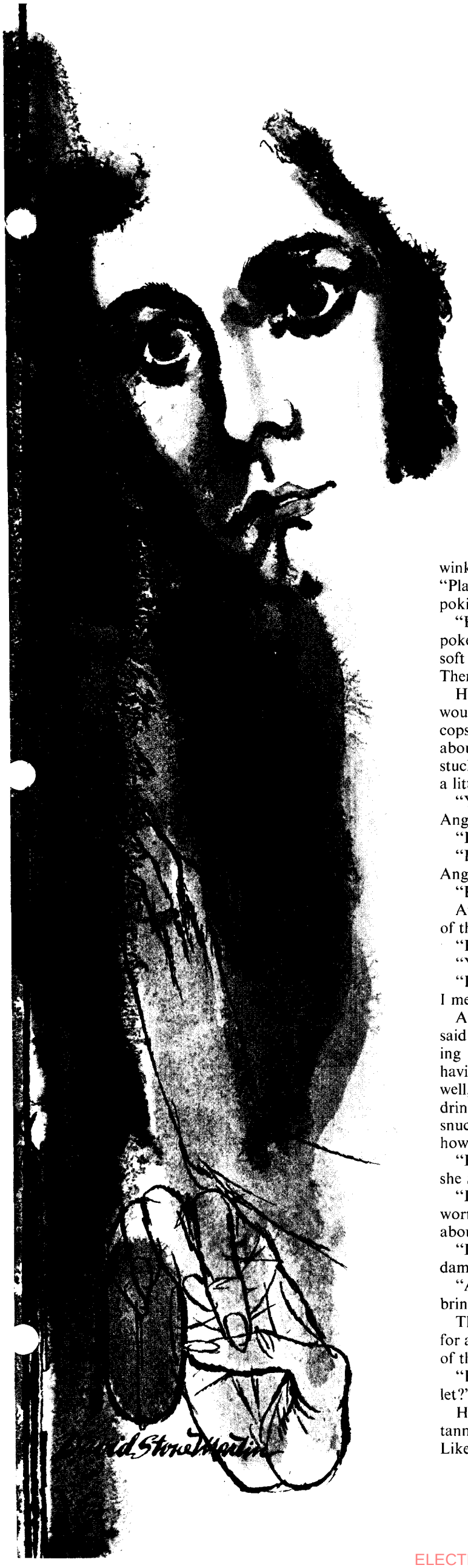

Sometimes, divorce can break up more than a marriage.

by Stephen Birmingham

winked and handed one of these to Angie too. "Played a little five-finger grab," he said, poking Angie in the shoulder.

"Hey, man!" Angie said, and laughed, and poked him back. For a moment the boys threw soft punches at each other in the front seat. Then the dark boy started the car.

He drove well and cautiously. After all, he would not be sixteen for two months, and the cops on the island were known to be rough about this sort of thing, if they caught you. He stuck carefully to the speed limit; in fact, kept a little under it to be on the safe side.

"You going to the beach party tonight?" Angie asked him.

"I don't know."

"If you come, bring a bottle of booze," Angie said.

"How can I do that?"

Angie patted the paper bag. "Bring a bottle of this stuff."

"How can I do that?"

"You mean she'd notice?"

"Hell, yes, she'd notice. What do you think? I mean, she *notices*."

Angie was silent for a moment, and then he said: "But what I mean is—well, if she's having a cocktail party and all—I mean she's having the cocktail party *now*, isn't she? And, well, by nine or ten o'clock, if she's had a few drinks and all, do you think she'd notice if you snuck a bottle out? I mean—well, you know how it is. I don't think she'd even notice."

"Hell!" the boy said. "What do you think she *is*, anyway? I tell you she'd *notice*."

"Don't get mad. I just meant it might be worth a try; that's all. No need to get mad about it."

"I don't even know if I'm going to *go* to the damn beach party."

"Anyway, Simmons says he's going to try to bring some booze," Angie said.

The boy said nothing. They drove in silence for a while, the boy's hands resting on the top of the steering wheel.

"Hey, where'd you get the neat ID bracelet?" Angie asked.

He showed Angie the silver bracelet on his tanned wrist. "This? My dad sent it to me. Like it?"

"Neat," Angie said. He fingered the heavy silver tag, flipped it over. "It's got no name on it. How come you don't have your name on it?"

The boy pulled his wrist away. "Hey! Don't grab my arm while I'm driving, you idiot! You want me to have an accident?"

"Sorry. I just meant ——"

"I guess my dad didn't get around to getting it engraved," he said. "I mean, I guess engraving takes like a couple of weeks, and I guess he wanted me to have it right away. It's sterling silver. I guess I'd better get it engraved one of these days—have my name put on it, you know. And maybe my blood type? If I can find out what the hell my blood type is, I guess maybe I ought to have that put on it too; don't you think? I mean like if something happens. A thing like that makes sense, and you never can tell. Know what I mean?"

Angie nodded. "Sure," he said.

"I've really been meaning to have that done," the boy said.

"It's a neat bracelet."

"Sterling silver. I guess—oh, I guess it probably set my dad back twenty or thirty bucks; don't you think? At least."

"Too bad it doesn't have your name on it."

"Hell, I just *told* you I'm going to have my name put on it. I've been meaning to, in fact."

"Are your folks really going to get a divorce?" Angie asked him.

He nodded. "Uh-huh." He drove with one hand on the wheel now, and with his free hand he was unwrapping one of the candy bars.

"Well," Angie said. "I suppose they have to do it. My mother and dad did it, you know. They've been divorced—I don't know how long. It works out pretty well."

"Yes," the other boy said, nodding again. "It works out. It really does. I mean, right now, you see, my brother David is with my dad, and that works out. I mean he and my dad get along pretty well. And I'm with Mom. And then when David comes to see Mom, then I'll go to see dad, and it all works out. Yes," he said, his face grave, "it's the only answer, I guess. It makes sense. In the long run," he said, nodding soberly, "it's best."

He bit hard into the frozen candy bar, guiding the car expertly with his other hand, and

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Roomy Bel Air 6-Passenger Station Wagon (Top)

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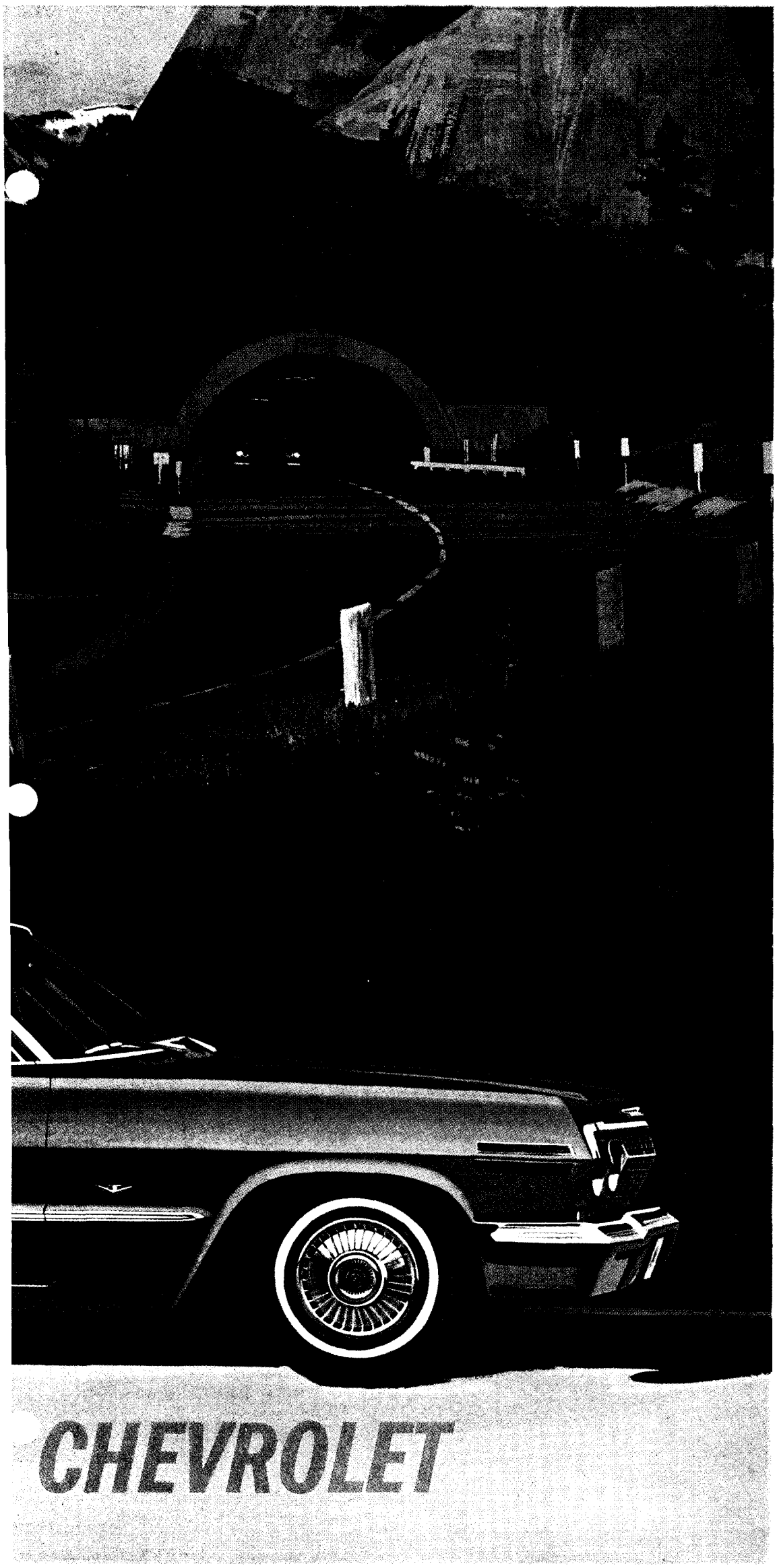

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said, "But—if only ——" And then a queer thing happened. Two obstinate and totally unexplained tears sprang into his eyes, and for a moment the road before him blurred and he heard his right front tire spit angrily into the sand of the shoulder.

"Hey, watch it!" Angie said. "To hell with the one-arm driving, man. Cop'll give you a ticket for that."

"Sorry. My hand slipped."

Angie began a long account of an accident that had occurred two nights before, on the North Road, when a girl they both knew, driving a borrowed Thunderbird, had struck a stone wall, causing considerable damage to the front end of the car but no injuries to anyone. Angie had been one of the people in the car, and he described the accident in full detail—what had occurred immediately before, what had caused the girl to turn her head to say something to someone in the back seat, how the car had reacted, the kind of skid marks that had been left on the pavement, and what the girl's behavior had been like afterward. The dark-faced boy listened.

"She ate grass?" he asked suddenly.

"Man, she was hysterical. I mean, you can't blame her. It wasn't her T-bird. It belonged to the people she was sitting for, and the man had let her borrow it. But she wasn't supposed to be taking anybody for rides in it. She sort of went crazy! Hysterical. Got down on her hands and knees by the side of the road and started stuffing grass in her mouth! We kept saying to her, 'Look, you'll only have to pay for the fifty-dollar deductible. The insurance'll pay for the rest.' But she sat there screaming, 'Kill me! Kill me!' and stuffing grass in her mouth. I mean the things some people do are crazy."

The dark boy nodded, agreeing.

As he came to Angie's driveway, he slowed the car and pulled it off the road. "Well, be seeing you around, Ange," he said.

"See you at the beach party tonight maybe?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

"Well," Angie said, opening the door, "be seeing you."

"Take it easy." Angie started to get out and his friend said quickly, "Ange—when your parents got their divorce ——"

"Yeah?" Angie said. "What about it?"

"Never mind. Skip it. So long, Ange." Angie got out, and the dark boy started the car again and drove toward home.

He turned slowly into his own driveway, drove up the hill, and parked in the circle before the house. He sat behind the wheel for a moment, finishing his second candy bar, and licked his fingers. Then he got out of the car in an unusual way—unusual, that is, for most people, but not unusual for him; it was his customary way of disgorging himself from an automobile when he was alone. He went out the window, headfirst, sliding his body out, across the window's edge, feet braced against the ceiling of the car, until his hands touched the ground outside. Then he performed a handstand in the air, flipped backward onto his feet and stood up. When he was home, in the apartment in New York, he liked to ride up the elevator standing on his hands when he was alone. There was something about being alone in elevators and in cars that made you want to do unlikely things, but since there was never anyone to see you, these feats were always performed in a kind of void.

He reached back into the front seat of the car, lifted out the bag of liquor and walked up to the house.

The living room was filled with smoke and people, some reasonably famous faces, all of them reasonably familiar, his mother's friends.

"Ah, young Ganymede returns!" a woman's voice cried out to him. "Ganymede returns, come to replenish our empty cups! Quick, quick, we're dying of thirst."

His mother was in pale blue silk and pale blue shoes with pointed toes and tall, matchstick-thin heels, and her face was flushed and smiling, and her dark, pretty eyes were misted from laughter. "Take the liquor into the kitchen, darling, will you?" she said.

As he crossed the living room toward the kitchen, a woman whose name he could not remember, said to him, "Are you David, or are you John? You boys look so much alike I never can keep you straight!"

He stopped and smiled at her. "I'm David," John said.

"How you've grown!"

His mother followed him into the kitchen. "Thank you, darling," she said. "I take it you had no trouble at the store."

"Trouble? Why should I have trouble, Mom?"

"Because of your *age*, silly. Anyway, I phoned them and told them you'd be coming in for liquor." The boy placed the bag on the counter top, and his mother lifted the bottles out, one by one and set them on the little bar. "You got nothing but bourbon!"

"It's the kind you like, isn't it, Mom?"

"Yes, but we have a few Scotch drinkers. But it doesn't matter. They won't notice the difference at this point."

She moved quickly and breathlessly back and forth across the kitchen, her thin heels clicking on the black and white tile squares that were laid out like a checker board. She returned to the living room, and her son stood in front of the kitchen sink. Thoughtfully he turned on the faucet, gazed for a moment at the thin silver icicle of water that poured out, then shut it off.

His mother appeared behind him, carrying a tray of empty glasses. "Mom," he said, "did you ever hear of anybody getting so upset about something that they got down on their hands and knees and ate *grass?*"

"Never," she said. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, darling. Your father called while you were out."

"What does he want?"

"How should *I* know? I didn't talk to him. The call was for you."

"But, gosh, Mom! Couldn't you at least have asked him what he wanted? I mean, after all! It might have been something important!"

"If you're curious, dear, I'd suggest you call him back," she said.

He went to the telephone on the kitchen wall while his mother moved about, mixing drinks. He lifted the receiver and dialed Operator and gave her the New York number. Leaning against the wall, he held the receiver to his ear with one hand and plugged his other ear with the other hand to block out the party noises from the living room. With the smooth tag of his identification bracelet he rubbed his cheek.

"Alice?" he heard someone call to his mother. "What are you going to do about August? Are you going to stay here?"

"Heavens!" he heard her answer. "I'm so pleased to have *July* worked out! Don't ask me where I'll be in August."

The boy listened intently to the operator's report. "There are a couple of other numbers where you might be able to reach him," he said. He gave her the other numbers and waited. "Let that number ring a long time, please," he said after a while. "He might be taking a nap, or something."

"I am ringing your number," the operator said.

"Would I like Acapulco?" he heard his mother ask. She was in the living room.

When his mother came back into the kitchen, he had hung up the phone and was just standing there. She said, "Did you get him, dear?"

"He's left the office, he's not at the club, and there's no answer at the apartment," he said.

"Well, perhaps you can try him later."

He reached inside the pocket of his shirt. "Here's the slip for the liquor, Mom."

"Oh, thank you, dear."

She opened the refrigerator door and removed a tray of ice cubes. She carried it to the sink and said, "Darling, will you take out these ice cubes for me?"

When there was no answer she turned and discovered that he was gone, evaporated into air.

So Alice Amis cracked open the ice tray herself and, using her fingers, dropped cubes into several glasses. From behind her a man's arms circled her waist, and she pushed him off with a laugh, saying, "Oh, behave yourself!"

"Where's your good-looking son?" he asked.

"Vanished!" she laughed. "He's always vanishing."

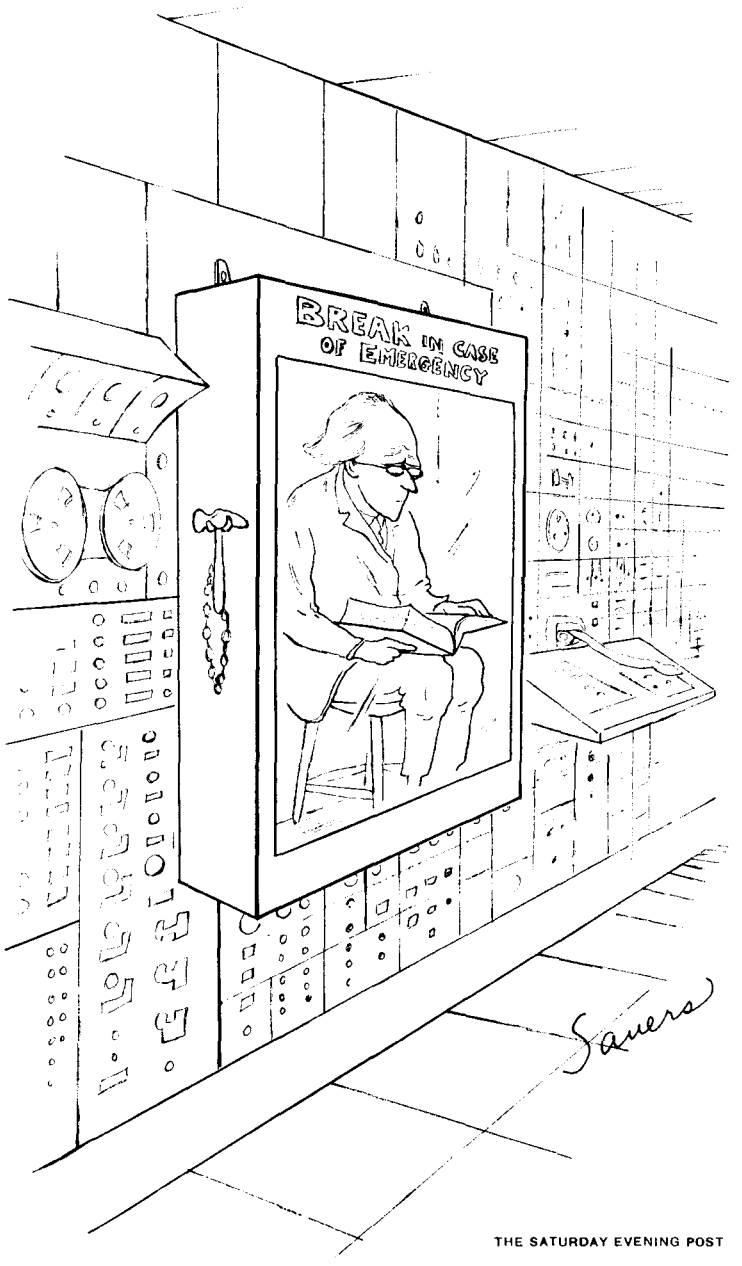
"How's he taking the divorce thing?"

"Seriously, I think both boys want me to be happy," she said.

The man wandered back into the living room, and she finished mixing the drinks and arranged the glasses on the tray. When the tray was ready, she started to lift it, hesitated, and put it down. She looked toward the living room where the party was, lifted the tray again, and once more set it down.

Alice Amis stood on tiptoe at the kitchen door as if balanced on the edge of something, as though the saddle of wood between the kitchen and the living room marked the top of a cliff, and her choice was whether to step forward, down into the clear possibilities that the living room contained, or return to the puzzle pattern of the kitchen tile. Her hand touched the doorjamb briefly. Then she turned. She felt herself walking back across the kitchen to the door of her son's room. It was meant to be a maid's room, but it was the room he had for some reason chosen in this rented summer house. The smallest bedroom in the place, he had insisted on making it his.

She heard her soft voice call, "John? John?" And then, a little louder, "Johnnie? Johnnie?" She played a little rhythm on the panel of the door with her well-polished fingernails. Finally she tried the knob. But he had locked it from the other side, and was in there, and would not answer her. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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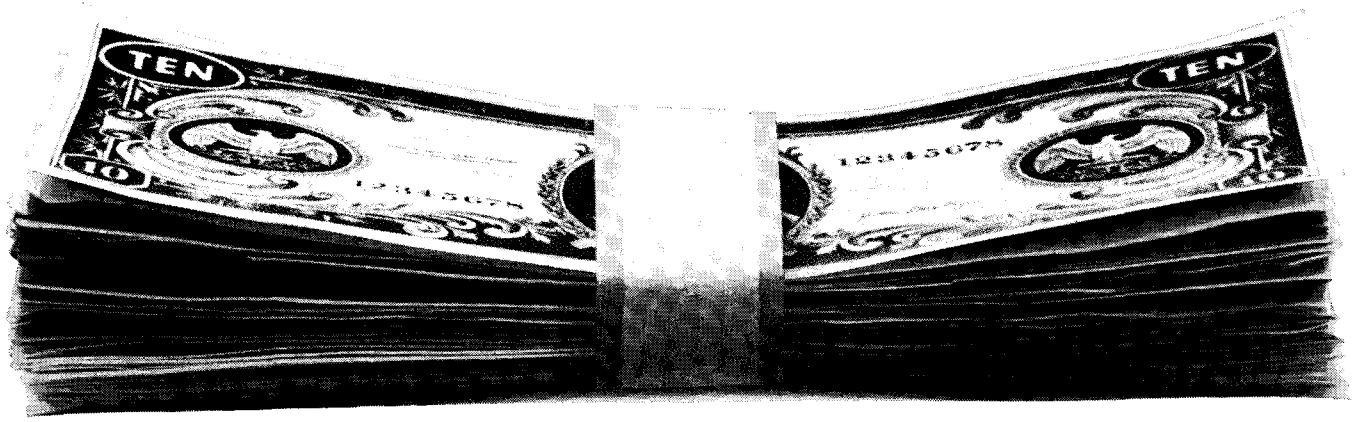

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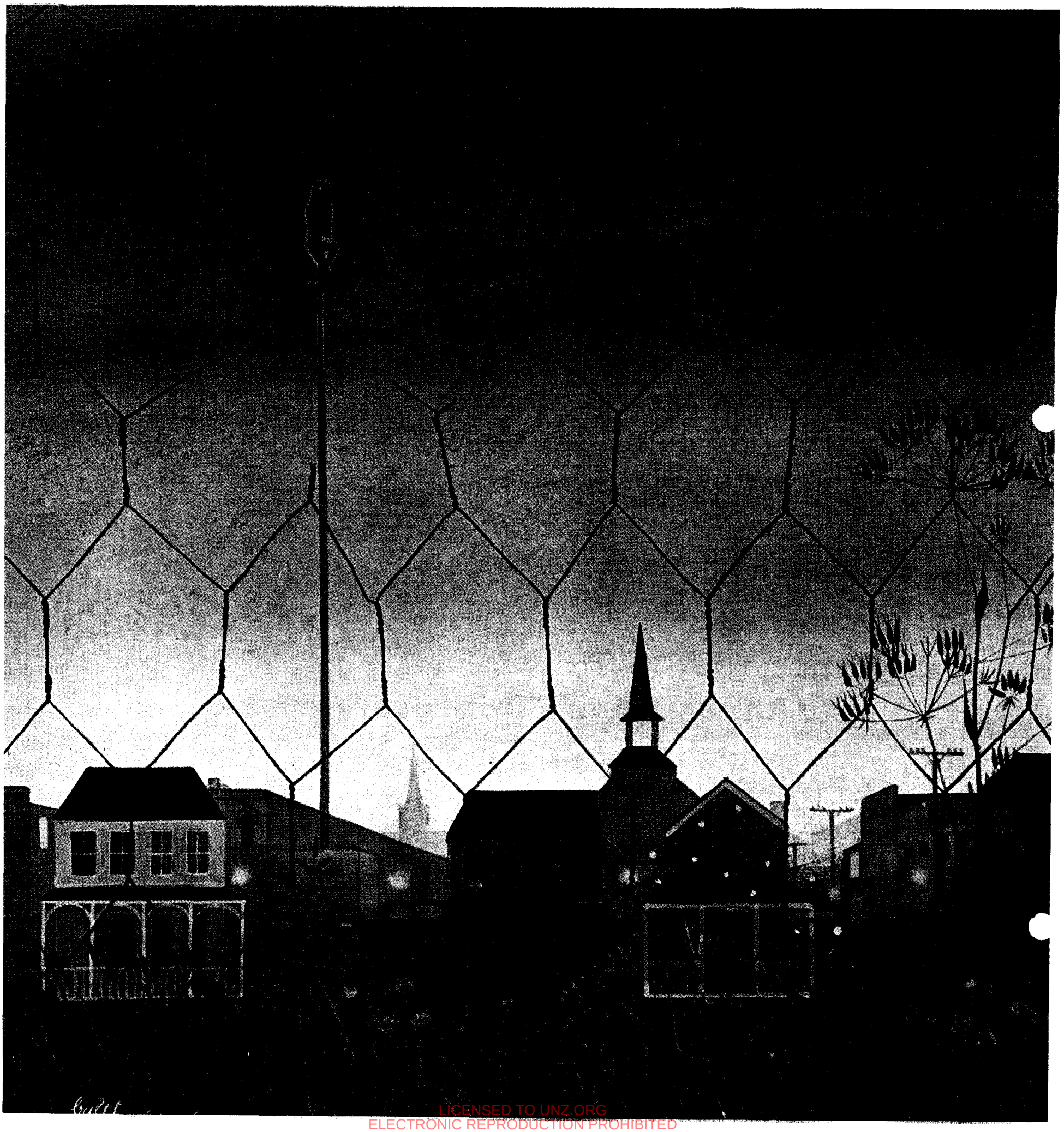
Day after day, he watched us, and we wondered why he



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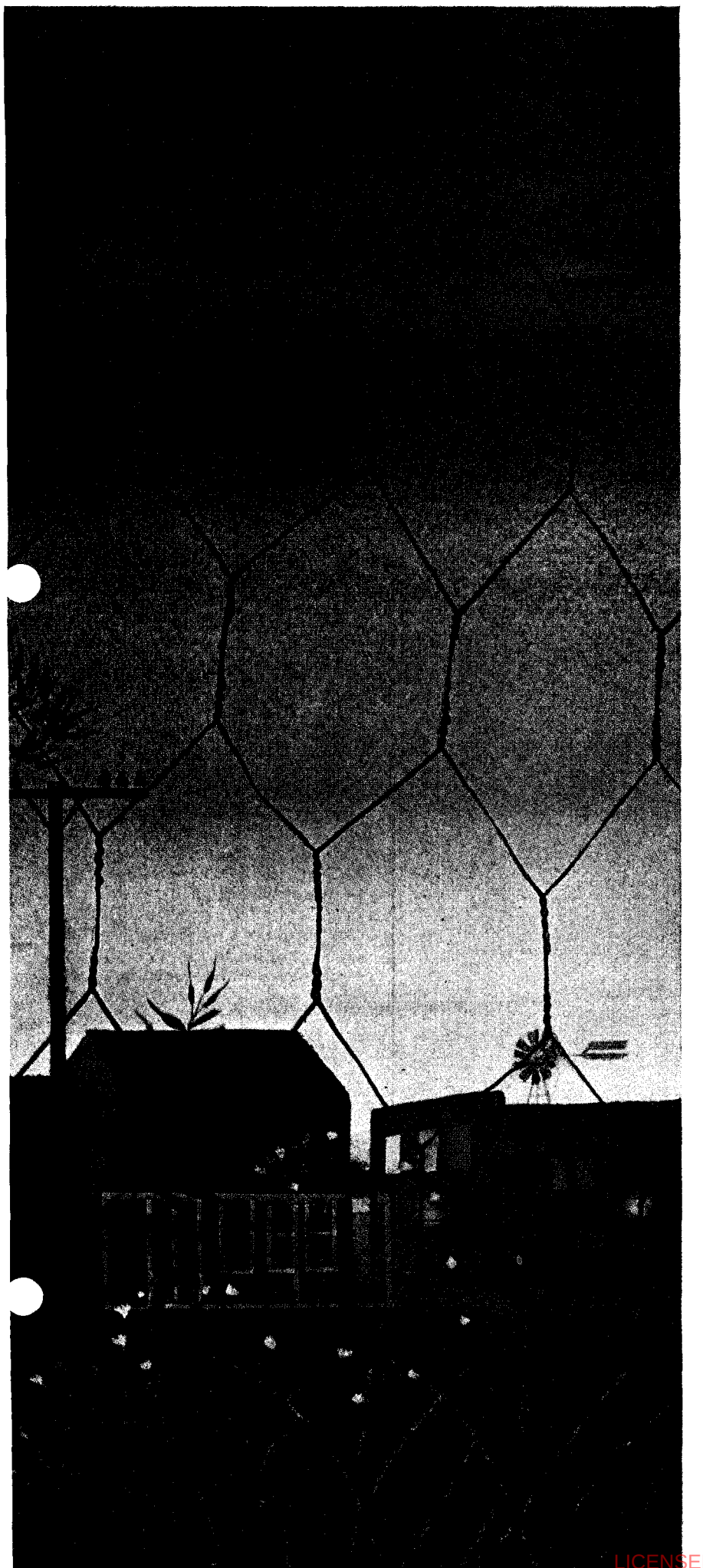
had come and why we were afraid

FIGURE OVER THE TOWN

by William Goyen



In the town of my beginning I saw this masked figure sitting aloft. It was never explained to me by my elders, who were thrilled and disturbed by the figure too, who it was, except that he was called Flagpole Moody. The days and nights he sat aloft were counted on calendars in the kitchens of small houses and in troubled minds, for Flagpole Moody fed the fancy of an isolated small town of practical folk whose day's work was hard and real.

Since the night he was pointed out to me from the roof of the little shed where my father sheltered grain and plowing and planting implements, his shape has never left me; in many critical experiences of my life it has suddenly appeared before me, so that I have come to see that it is a dominating emblem of my life, as often a lost lover is, or the figure of a parent, or the symbol of a faith, as the scallop shell was for so many at one time, or the Cross.

It was in the time of a war I could not understand, being so very young, that my father came to me at darkening, in the beginning wintertime, and said, "Come with me to the Patch, Son, for I want to show you something."

The Patch, which I often dream about, was a mysterious fenced-in plot of ground, about half an acre, where I never intruded. I often stood at the gate or fence and looked in through the hexagonal lenses of the chicken wire and saw how strange this little territory was, and wondered what it was for. There was the shed in it where implements and grain were stored, but nothing was ever planted nor any animal pastured here; nothing, not even grass or weed, grew here; it was just plain common ground.

This late afternoon my father took me into the Patch and led me to the shed and hoisted me up to the roof. He waited a moment while I looked around at all the world we lived in and had forgotten was so wide and housed so many in dwellings quite like ours. (Later, when my grandfather, my father's father, took me across the road and railroad tracks into a large pasture—so great I had thought it, from a window of our house, the whole world—where a little circus had been set up as if by magic the night before, and raised me to the broad back of a sleepy elephant, I saw the same sight and recalled not only the night I stood on the roof of the shed, but also what I had seen from there, that haunting image, and thought I saw it again, this time on the lightning rod of our house . . . but no, it was, as always, the crowing cock that stood there, eternally strutting out his breast and at the break of crowing.)

My father waited, and when he saw that I had steadied myself, he said, "Well, Son, what is that you see over there, by the Methodist church?"

I was speechless and could only gaze; and then I finally said to him, not moving, "Something is sitting on the flagpole on top of a building."

"It is just a man," my father said, "and his name is Flagpole Moody. He is going to sit up there for as long as he can stand it."

When we came into the house, I heard my father say to my mother, lightly, "I showed Son Flagpole Moody and I think it scared him a little." And I heard my mother say, "It seems a foolish stunt, and I think maybe children shouldn't see it."

All that night Flagpole Moody was on my mind. When it began raining, in the very deepest night, I worried about him in the rain, and I went to my window and looked out to see if I could see him. When it lightninged, I saw that he was safe and dry under a little tent he had raised over himself. Later I had a terrible dream about him, that he was falling, falling, and when I called out in my nightmare, my parents came to me and patted me back to sleep, never knowing that I would dream of him again.

He stayed and stayed up there, the flagpole sitter, hooded (why would he not show his face?), and when we were in town and walked under him, I would not look up as they told me to; but once, when we stood across the street from the building where he was perched, I looked up and saw how high he was in the air, and he waved down at me with his cap in his hand.

Everywhere there was the talk of the war, but where it was or what it was I did not know. It seemed only some huge appetite that craved all our sugar and begged from the town its goods, so that people seemed paled and impoverished by it, and it made life gloomy—that was the word. One night we went into the town to watch them burn Old Man Gloom, a monstrous straw man with a sour, turned-down look on his face and dressed even to the point of having a hat—it was the Ku Klux Klan who lit him afire—and above, in the light of the flames, we saw Flagpole Moody waving his cap to us. He had been up eighteen days.

He kept staying up there. More and more the talk was about him, with the feeling of the war beneath all the talk.

Illustration by JAN BALET

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FIGURE OVER THE TOWN

People began to get restless about Flagpole Moody and to want him to come on down. "It seems morbid," I remember my mother saying. What at first had been a thrill and an excitement—the whole town was there every other day when the provisions basket was raised up to him, and the contributions were extravagant: fresh pies and cakes, milk, little presents, and so forth—became an everyday sight; then he seemed ignored and forgotten by the town except for me, who kept a constant, secret watch on him; then, finally, the town became disturbed by him, for he seemed to be going on and on; he seemed an intruder now. Who could feel unlooked at or unhovered over in his house with this figure over everything? (It was discovered that Flagpole was spying on the town through binoculars.) There was an agitation to bring him down, and the city council met to this end.

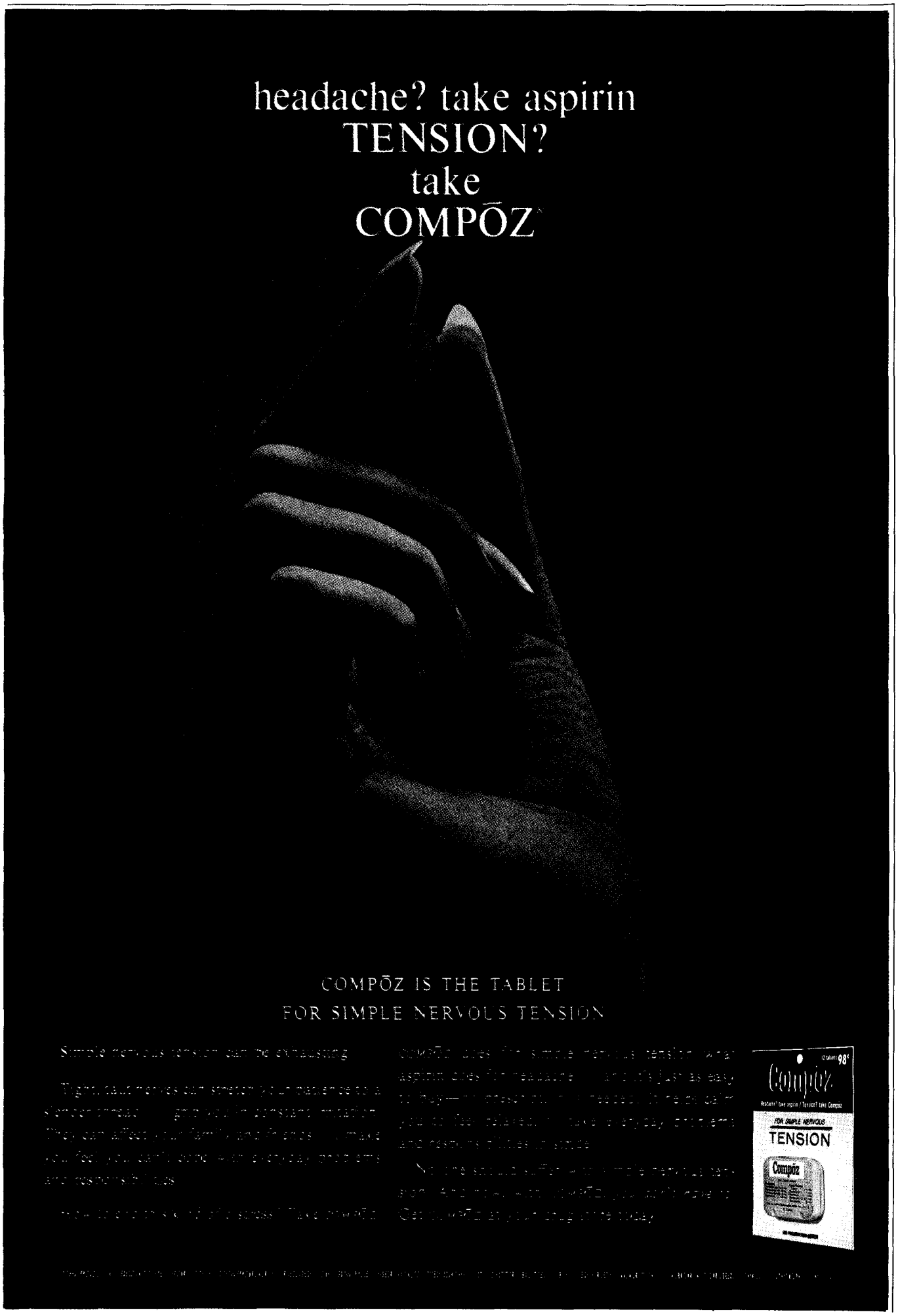
There had been some irregularity in the town which had been laid to the general lawlessness and demoralizing effect of the war: robberies; the disappearance of a beautiful young girl, Sarah Nichols (but it was said she ran away to find someone in the war); and one Negro shot in the woods, which could have been the work of the Ku Klux Klan. The question at the city-council meeting was, "Who gave Flagpole Moody permission to go up there?" No one seemed to know; the merchants said it was not for advertising, or at least no one of them had arranged it, though after he was up, many of them tried to use him to advertise their products—Egg Lay or Red Goose shoes or Have a Coke at Robbins Pharmacy—and why not? The Chamber of Commerce had not brought him, nor the Women's Club; maybe the Ku Klux had, to warn and tame the Negroes, who were especially in awe of Flagpole Moody; but the Klan was as innocent as all the others, it said. The pastor was reminded of the time a bird had built a nest on the church steeple, a huge foreign bird that had delighted all the congregation as well as given him subject matter for several sermons; he told how the congregation came out on the grounds to adore the bird, which in time became suddenly savage and swooped to pluck the feathers from women's Sunday hats and was finally brought down by the fire department, which found the nest full of rats and mice, half devoured, and no eggs at all—this last fact the subject of another series of sermons by the pastor, drawing as he did his topics from real life.

As the flagpole sitter had come to be regarded as a defacement of the landscape, an unsightly object, a tramp, it was suggested that the Ku Klux Klan build a fire in the square and ride round it on their horses and in their sheets, firing their guns into the air, as they did in their public demonstrations against immorality, to force Flagpole down. If this failed, it was suggested someone should be sent up on a fireman's ladder to reason with Flagpole. He was regarded now as a *danger* to the town, and more, as a kind of criminal. (At first he had been admired and respected for his courage, and desired, even: Many women had been intoxicated by him, sending up, in the provisions basket, love notes and photographs of themselves, which Flagpole had read and then sailed down for anyone to pick up and read, to the embarrassment of this woman and that. There had been a number of local exposures.)

The town was ready for any kind of miracle or sensation, obviously. A fanatical religious group took Flagpole Moody for the Second Coming. The old man called Old Man Nay, who lived on the edge of the town in a boarded-up house and sat at the one open window with his shotgun in his lap, watching for the Devil, unnailed his door and appeared in the square to announce that he had seen a light playing around Flagpole at night and that Flagpole was some phantom representative of the Devil and should be banished by a raising of the Cross; but others explained that what Old Man Nay saw was St. Elmo's Fire, a natural phenomenon. Whatever was given a fantastical meaning by some was explained away by others as of natural cause. What was right? Who was to believe what?

An evangelist who called himself "The Christian Jew" had, at the beginning, requested of Flagpole Moody, by a letter in the basket, the dropping of leaflets. A sample was pinned to the letter. The leaflet, printed in red ink, said in huge letters across the top: WARNING! YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER! Below was a long message to sinners. If Flagpole would drop these messages upon the town, he would be aiding in the salvation of the wicked. "The Judgments of God are soon to be poured upon the Earth! Prepare to meet God before it is too late! Where will you spend Eternity? What can you do to be saved? How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation! (Heb. 2:3)."

But there was no reply from Flagpole, which was evidence enough for the Christian Jew to know that Flagpole was on



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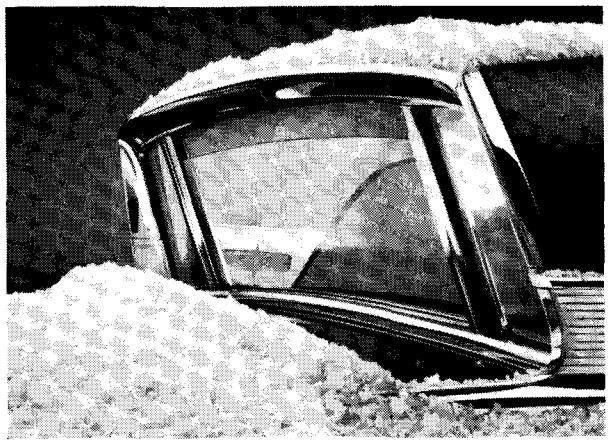
Neither rain...

snow...



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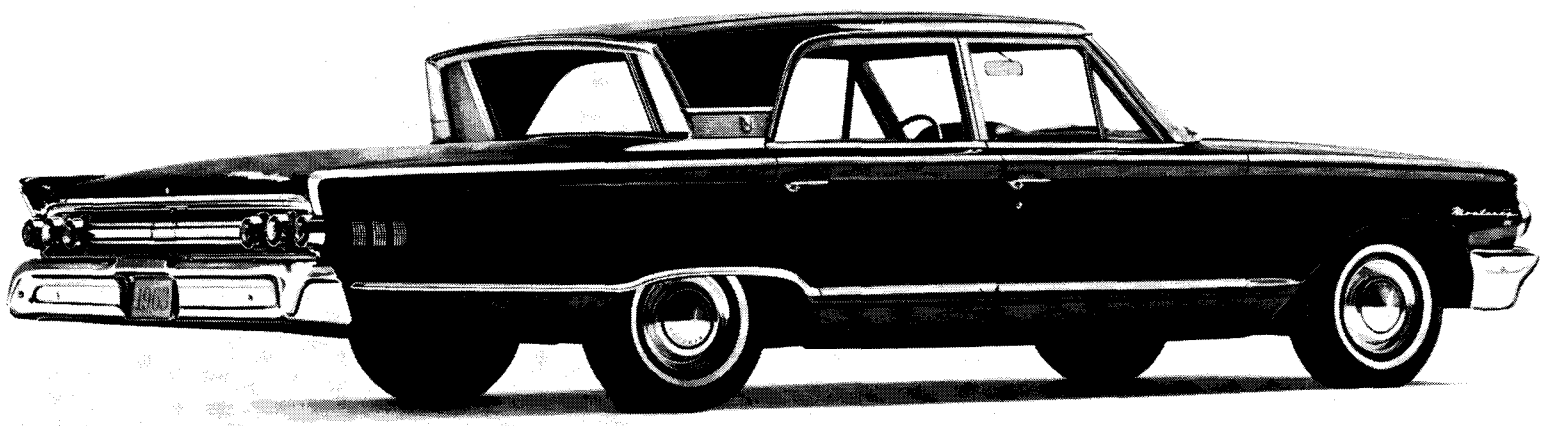

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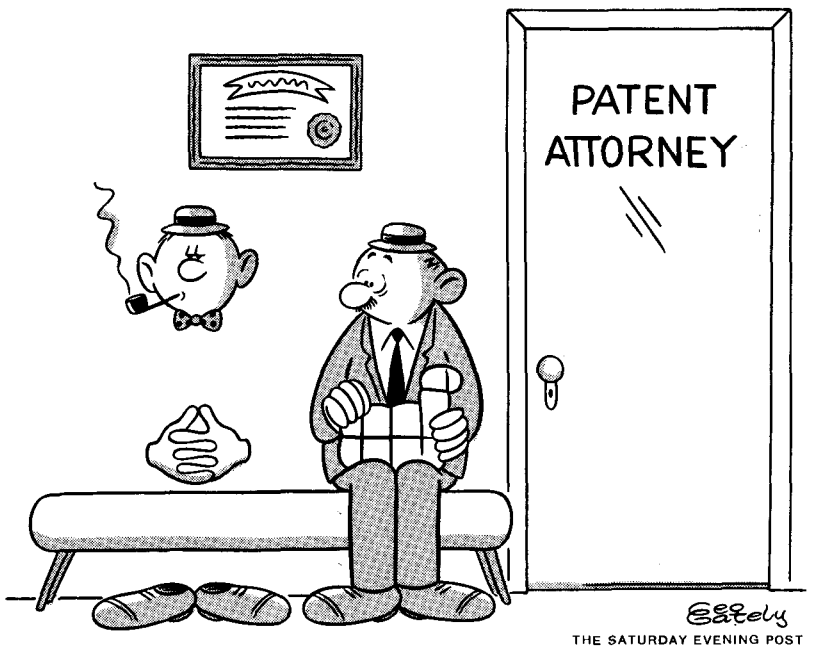
the Devil's side. He held meetings at night in the square, with his little group of followers passing out the leaflets.

"Lower Cain!" he bellowed. "You sinners standing on the street corner running a long tongue about your neighbors; you show-going, card-playing, jazz-dancing brothers—God love your soul—you are a tribe of sinners and you know it and God knows it, but He loves you and wants you to come into His tabernacle and give up your hearts that are laden with wickedness. If you look in the Bible, if you will turn to the chapter of Isaiah, you will find there about the fallen angel, Lucifer was his name, and how his clothing was sewn of emeralds and sapphires, for he was very beautiful; but friends, my sin-loving friends, that didn't make any difference. 'How are thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!' the Bible reads. And it says there that the Devil will walk amongst us and that the Devil will sit on the rooftops; and I tell you we must unite together to drive Satan from the top of the world. Listen to me and read my message, for I was the rottenest man in this world until I heard the voice of God. I drank, I ran with women, I sought after the thrills of the flesh . . . and I admonish you that the past scenes of earth *shall be remembered in Hell.*"

The old maid, Miss Hazel Bright, who had had one lover long ago, a cowboy named Rolfe Sanderson who had gone away and never returned, told that Flagpole was Rolfe come back, and she wrote notes of poetic longing to put in the provisions basket. Everybody used Flagpole Moody for his own purpose, and so he, sitting away from it all, apparently serene in his own dream and idea of



himself, became the lost lover to the lovelorn, the saint to the seekers of salvation, the scapegoat of the guilty, the damned to those who were lost.

The town went on tormenting him; they could not let him alone. They wished him to be their own dream or hope or lost illusion, or they wished him to be what destroyed hope and illusion. They wanted something they could get their hands on; they wanted someone to ease the dark misgiving in themselves, to take to their deepest bosom, into the farthest cave of themselves where they would take no other if he would come and be for them alone. They plagued him with love letters, and when he would not acknowledge these professions of love, they wrote him messages of hate. They told him their secrets, and when he would not show himself to be overwhelmed, they accused him of keeping secrets of his own. They professed to be willing to follow him, leaving everything behind, but when he would not answer "Come," they told him how they wished he would fall and knock his brains out. They could not make up their minds and they tried to destroy him because he had made up his, whatever it was he had made his mind up to.

Merchants tormented him with proposals and offers—would he wear a Stetson hat all one day, tip and wave it to the people below? Would he hold, just for fifteen minutes every hour, a streamer with words on it proclaiming the goodness of their bread, or allow balloons, spelling out the name of something that ought to be bought, to be floated from the flagpole? Would he throw down Life Savers? Many a man, and most, would have done it, would have supplied an understandable reason for his behavior, pacifying the general observer, and in the general observer's own terms (or the general observer would not have it), and so send him away undisturbed, with the feeling that all the world was really just as he was, cheating a little here, disguising a little there. (Everybody was, after all, alike, so where the pain, and why?)

But Flagpole Moody gave no answer. Apparently he had nothing to sell, wanted to make no fortune, to play no jokes or tricks; apparently he wanted just to be let alone to do his job. But because he was so different, they would not let him alone until they could, by whatever means, make him quite like themselves, or cause him, at least, to recognize them and pay *them* some attention. Was he camping up there for the fun of it? If so, why would he not let them all share in it? Maybe he was there for the pure devilment of it, like a cat calm on a chimney top. Or for some very crazy and not-to-be-tolerated reason of his own (which everyone tried to make out, hating secrets as people do who want everything in the clear, where they can attack it and feel moral dudgeon against it).

Was it Cray McCreery up there? Had somebody made him another bet? One time Cray had walked barefooted to the next town, eighteen miles, because of a lost bet. But no, Cray McCreery was found, as usual, in the Domino Parlor. Had any crazy people escaped from the asylum? They were counted and found to

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be all in. The mind reader, Madame Fritzie, was importuned: There seemed, she said, to be a dark woman in the picture; that was all she contributed: "I see a dark woman. . . ." And as she had admonished so many in the town with her recurring vision of a dark woman, there was either an army of dark women tormenting the minds of men and women in the world, or only one, which was Madame Fritzie herself. She could have made a fortune out of the whole affair if she had had her wits about her. More than one Ouija board was put questions to, but the answers were either indistinguishable or not to the point.

Dogs howled and bayed at night and sometimes in the afternoons; hens crowed; the sudden death of children was laid to the evil power of Flagpole Moody over the town.

A masked buffoon came to a party dressed as Flagpole Moody and caused increasing uneasiness among the guests until three of the men at the party, deciding to take subtle action rather than force the stranger to unmask, reported to the police by telephone. The police told them to unmask him by force and they were coming. When the police arrived they found the stranger was Marcus Peters, a past president of the Lions Club and a practical joker with the biggest belly laugh in town, and everybody would have known all along who the imposter was if he had only laughed.

A new language evolved in the town: "You're crazy as Moody," "cold as a flagpole sitter's ——", "go sit on a flagpole" and other phrases of that sort.

In that day and time there flourished, even in that little town, a group of sensitive and intellectual people, poets and artists and whatnot, who thought themselves quite mad and gay—and quite lost, too, though they would turn their lostness to a good thing. These advanced people needed an object upon which to hinge their | loose and floating cause, and they chose Flagpole Moody to draw attention, which they so craved, to themselves. They exalted him with some high, esoteric meaning that they alone understood, and they developed a whole style of poetry, music and painting, the echoes of which are still heard, around the symbol of Flagpole Moody. They wrote, and read aloud to meetings, critical explanations of the Theory of Aloftness.

Only Mrs. T. Trevor Sanderson was bored with it all, shambling restlessly about the hospital in her Japanese kimono, her spotted hands (liver trouble, the doctors said) spread like fat lizards on the knolls of her hips. She was there again for one of her rest cures, because her oil-money worries were wearing her to death, and now the Catholic Church was pursuing her with zeal to convert her—for her money, so she said. Still, there was something to the Catholic Church; you couldn't get around that, she said, turning her spotted hands to show them yellow underneath, like a lizard's belly; and she gave a golden windowpane illustrating *The Temptation of St. Anthony* to St. Mary's Church, but would do no more than that.

There were many little felonies and even big offenses of undetermined origin in the police records of the town, and Flagpole was a stimulus to the fresh inspection of unsolved crimes. He drew suspicions up to him and absorbed them like a filter, as though he might purify the town of wickedness. If only he would send down some response to what had gone up to him. But he would not budge; and now he no longer even waved to the people below as he had during the first good days. Flagpole Moody had utterly withdrawn from everybody. What the town finally decided was to put a searchlight on him at night, to keep watch on him.

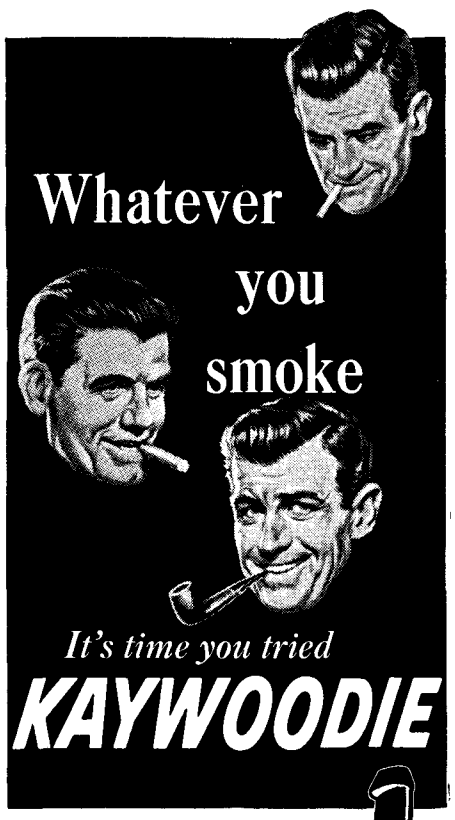
With the searchlight on the flagpole sitter, the whole thing took a turn, became an excuse for a ribald attitude. When a little wartime carnival came to the town, it was invited to install itself in the square, and a bazaar was added to it by the town. The spirit of Flagpole had to be admired, it was admitted; for after a day and night of shunning the gaiety and the mockery of it all, he showed his good nature and good sportsmanship—even his daring—by participating! He began to do what looked like acrobatic stunts, as though he were an attraction of the carnival.

And what did the people do, after a while, but turn against him again and say he was, as they had said at first, a sensationalist? Still, I loved it that he had become active; that it was not a static, fastidious, precious and Olympian show, that Flagpole did not take on a self-righteous or pompous or persecuted air, although my secret conception of him was still a tragic one. I was proud that my idea fought back—otherwise he was like Old Man Gloom, a shape of straw and sawdust in man's clothing, and let them burn him, if only gloom stood among the executioners, watching its own effigy and blowing on the flames. I know now that what I saw was the conflict of an idea with a society; and I am sure that the idea was bred by the society—raised up there, even, by the society—in short, society was in the flagpole sitter and he was in the society of the town.

There was, at the little carnival, one concession called "Ring Flagpole's Bell." It invited customers to try to strike a bell at the top of a tall pole resembling his—and with a replica of him on top—by hitting a little platform with a rubber-headed sledgehammer; this would drive a metal disk up toward the bell. There was another concession where people could throw darts at a target resembling a figure on a pole. The Ferris wheel was put so close to Flagpole that when its passengers reached the top they could almost, for a magical instant, reach over and touch his body. Going round and round, it was as if one were soaring up to him only to fall away, down, from him; to have him and to lose him; and it was all felt in a marvelous whirling sensation in the stomach that made this experience the most vaunted of the show.

This must have tantalized Flagpole, and perhaps it seemed to him that all the beautiful and desirable people in the world rose and fell around him, offering themselves to him only to withdraw untaken and ungiven, a flashing wheel of faces, eyes, lips and sometimes tongues stuck out at him and sometimes a thigh shown, offering sex, and then burning away. His sky at night was filled with voluptuous images, and often he must have imagined the faces of those he had once loved and possessed, turning round and round his head to torment him. But there were men on the wheel who made profane signs to him, and women who thumbed their noses.

Soon Flagpole raised his tent again and hid himself from his tormentors. What specifically caused his withdrawal was the attempt of a drunken young man to shoot him. This young man, named Maury, rode a motorcycle around the town at all hours and loved the meaner streets and the women who gave him ease, especially the fat ones, his mania. One night he stood at the hotel window and watched the figure on the pole, who seemed to flash on and off, real and then unreal, with the light of the electric sign beneath the window. He took deep drags of his cigarette and blew the smoke out toward Flagpole; then he blew smoke rings as if to lasso Flagpole with them,



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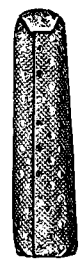

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or as if his figure were a pin he could hoop with the rings of smoke. "You silly bastard, do you like what you see?" he had muttered, and, "Where have I seen you before?" between his half-clenched teeth, and then he had fired the pistol. Flagpole turned away then, once and for all.

But he had not turned away from me. The silent observer, watching from my window or from any high place I could secretly climb to, witnessed all this conflict and the tumult of the town. One night in my dreaming of Flagpole Moody—it happened every night, this dream, and in the afternoons when I took my nap, and the dreaming had gone on so long that it seemed, finally, as if he and I were friends, that he came down secretly to a rendezvous with me in the little pasture, and it was only years later that I would know what all our conversations had been about—that night in my dream the people of the town came to me and said, "Son, we have chosen you to go up the flagpole to Flagpole Moody and tell him to come down."

In my dream they led me, with cheers and honors, to the top of the building and stood below while I shinnied up the pole. A great black bird was circling over Flagpole's tent. As I went up the pole I noticed crowded avenues of ants coming and going along the pole. And when I went into the tent, I found Flagpole gone. The tent was as if a tornado had swept through the whole inside of it. There were piles of rotten food; shreds of letters torn and retorn, as small as flakes of snow; photographs pinned to the walls of the tent were marked and scrawled over so that they looked like photographs of fiends and monsters; corpses and drifts of feathers of dead birds that had flown at night into the tent and gone so wild with fright that they had beaten themselves to death against the sides. And over it all was the vicious traffic of insects that had found the remains, in the way insects sense what human beings have left, and come from miles away.

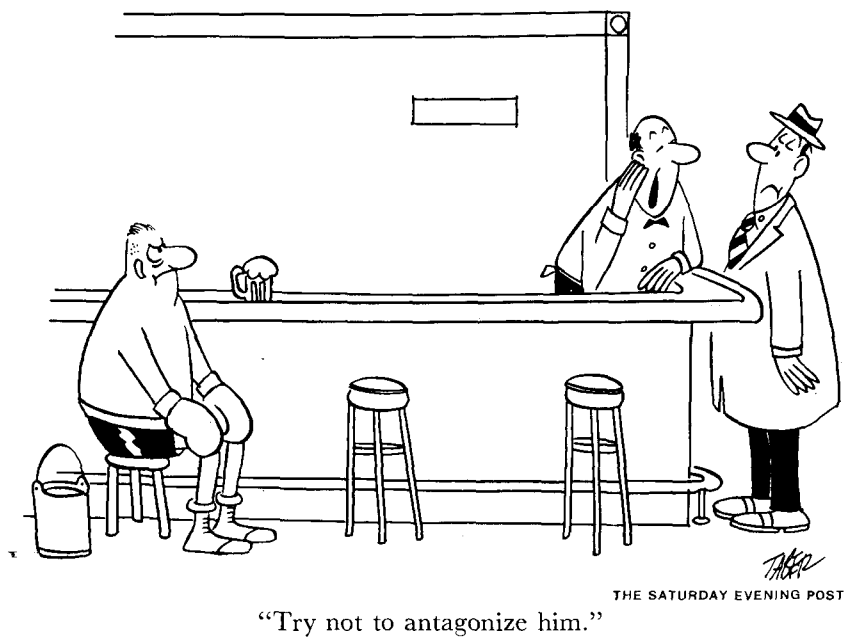
What would I tell them below, those who were now crying up to me, "What does he say, what does Flagpole Moody say?" And there were whistles and an increasingly thunderous chant of "Bring him down! Bring him down! Bring him down!" What would I tell them? I was glad he had gone; but I would not tell them that—yet. In the tent I found one little thing that had not been touched or changed by Flagpole; a piece of paper with printed words, and across the top the huge red words: WARNING! YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER!

Then, in my dream, I went to the flap of the tent and stuck out my head. There was a searchlight upon me through which fell a delicate curtain of light rain; and through the lighted curtain of rain that made the people seem far, far below, under shimmering and jeweled veils, I shouted down to the multitude, which was dead quiet now, "He is not here! Flagpole Moody is not here!"

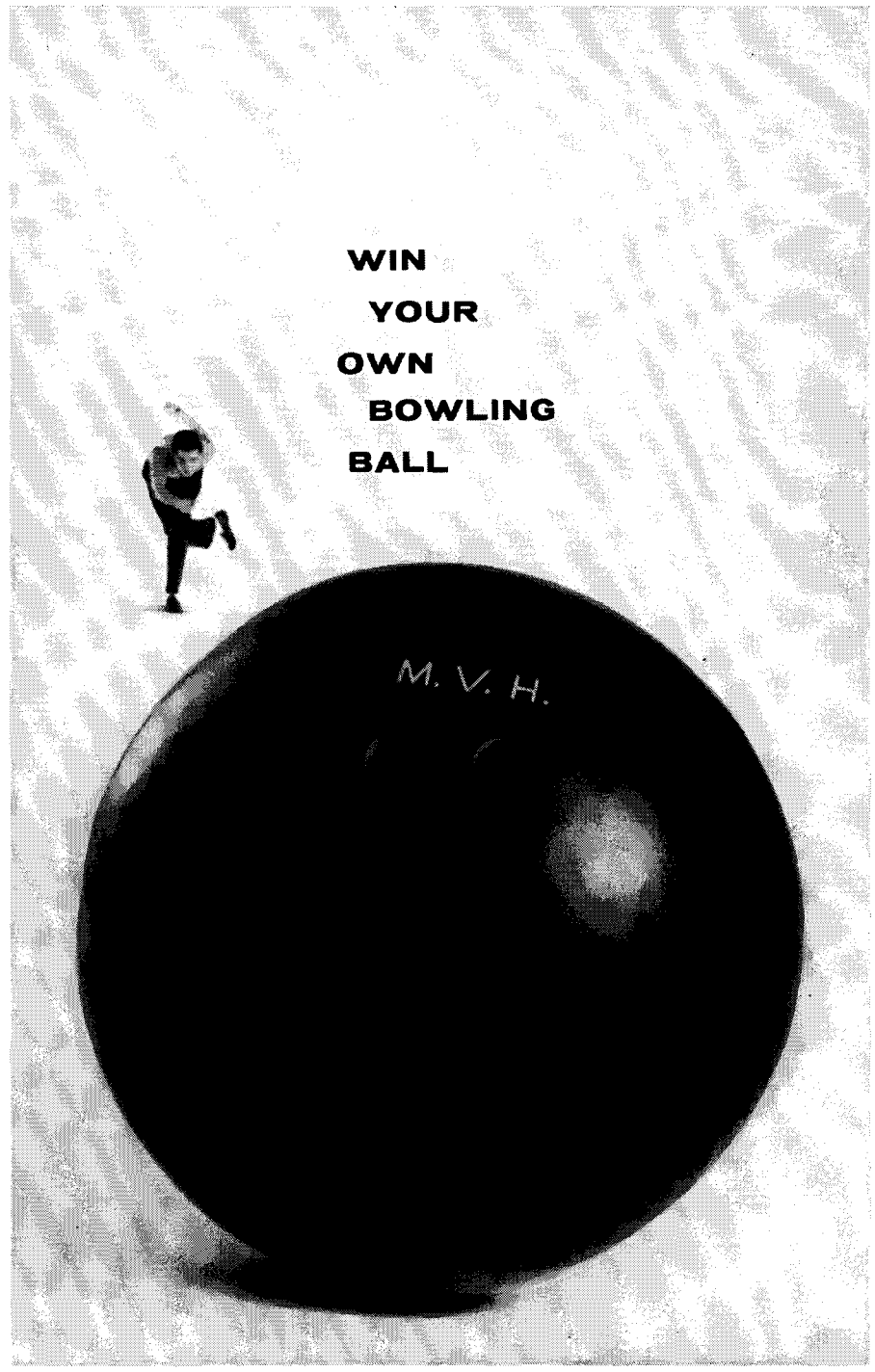
There was no sound from the crowd, which had not, at first, heard what I said. They waited; then one voice bellowed up, "Tell him to come down!" And others joined this voice until, again, the crowd was roaring, "Tell him that we will not harm him; only tell him he has to come down!" Then I waved down at them to be quiet, in Flagpole Moody's gesture of salute, as he had waved down at people on the sidewalks and streets. Again they hushed to hear me. Again I said, this time in a voice that was not mine, but large and round and resounding, "Flagpole Moody is not here. His place is empty."

And then, in my magnificent dream, I closed the flap of the tent and settled down to make Flagpole Moody's place my own, to drive out the insects, to erase the marks on the photographs, and to piece together, with infinite and patient care, the fragments of the letters to see what they told. It would take me a very long time, this putting together again what had been torn into pieces, but I would have a very long time to give to it, and I was at the source of the mystery, removed and secure from the chaos of the world below that could not make up its mind and tried to keep me from making up my own.

My dream ended here, or was broken, by the hand of my mother shaking me to morning; and when I went to eat breakfast I heard them saying in the kitchen that Flagpole Moody had signaled early, at dawn, around six o'clock, that he wanted to come down; that he had come down in his own time, and that he had come down very, very tired, after forty days and nights, the length of the Flood. I did not tell my dream, for I had no power of telling then, but I knew that I had a story to one day shape around the marvel and mystery that ended in a dream and began in the world that was to be mine. THE END



"Try not to antagonize him."



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by Gerald Kersh

A bargain

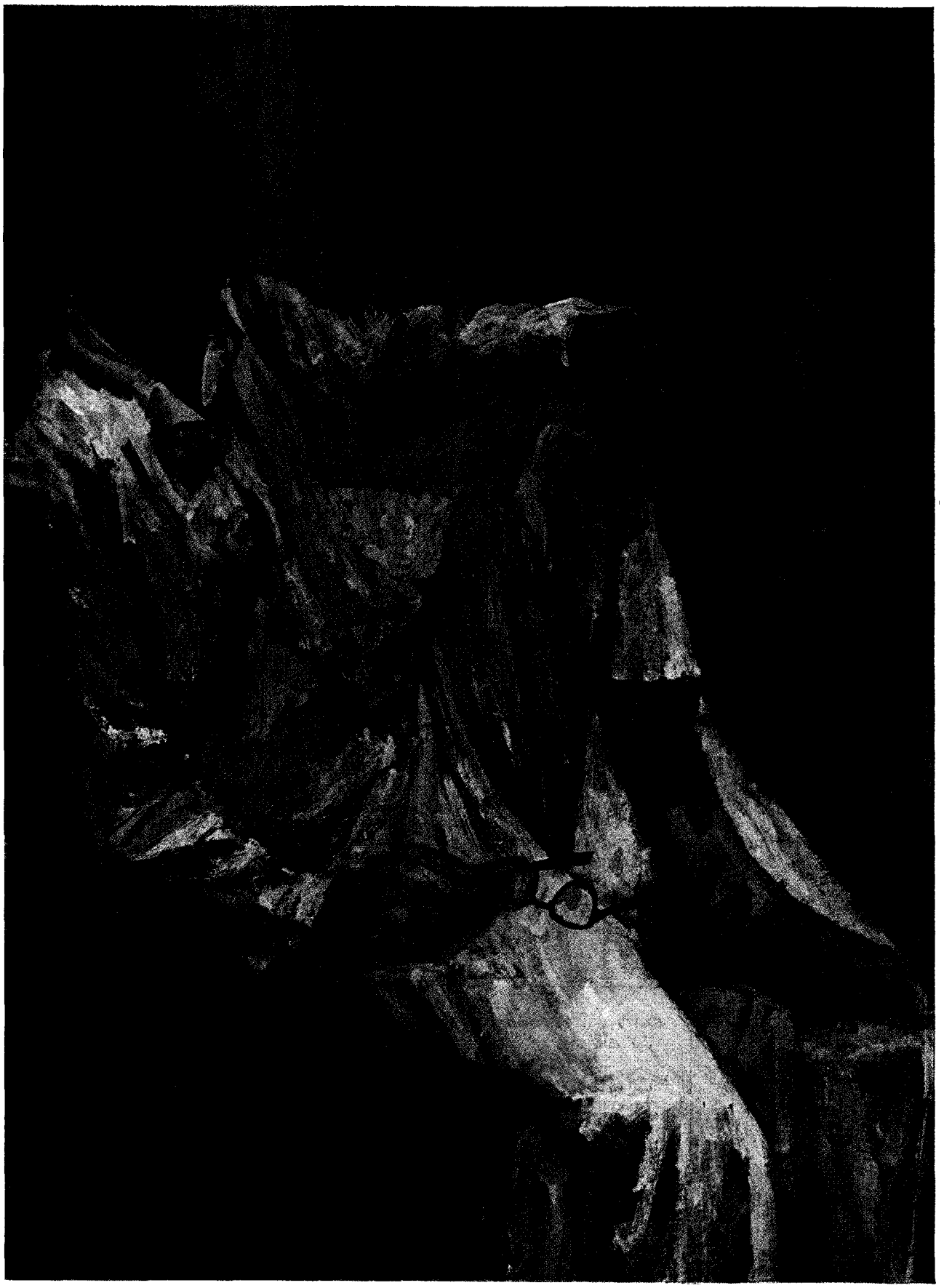

Illustration by Robert Shore

If this is a hangover—and if it is not, the joke is on me, with a vengeance—the devil take the vintage! I am no stranger to that sense of half-belonging which comes with the morning after a heavy night. But I never felt so odd as this. "Odd" is the word, like three gloves or half a haircut.

I woke as usual, clambering from a miry sleep joint by joint like a dinosaur coming out of the mud. A smudged lithograph of consciousness came back in a swirl of little black dots. I remembered having drunk champagne with friends and—most remarkable—having paid the check for all of us.

I sat up then and groped for my glasses. The room sprang into focus. It was mine—there was no doubt about that—but, while I was familiar with every dusty corner of it, I felt as a ghost might feel if it returned to haunt a place where it had lived. There should be some revaluation of dimensions—that place would seem ghostly; only the ghost would think itself solid. *And that might be an idea for a story to sell Cashel*, I thought.

There was nothing unmaterial about my bare foot, or the chair I stubbed it against. No, no, I was myself, the reprehensible Ira Noxon and none other; and I was at home. There lay my Afghan rug, and there stood my divan and writing desk, and there was the "room divider" made of unpainted bookshelves, beyond which I kept my little stove and my icebox. And there was no getting away from the throbbing of machinery in the cloak-and-suiter's loft on the floor below. I liked living in a house supposed to be strictly non-residential, down in the garment district; the quiet of the streets by night; the naughtiness of making neat packages of my garbage—mostly coffee grounds and bottles—and dropping them in strange doorways. Squalor and solitude suit me.

The place pleased me, generally. But not this morning. A subtle, indefinable atmosphere of uneasiness prevailed. Something was lost. Or was something here that ought not to be? Could it be that I had brought home a guest last night, who had left behind some unfamiliar scent, some aura, some memory? Had I made some scandalous fool of myself in the course of the night?

No, not I. A clown, perhaps; yes. But a fool, never—drunk or sober.

My clothes hung over the chair where I had thrown them. I turned out the pockets and discovered to my astonishment that I had $55 in bills and $4.50 in change. Yesterday's newspaper was dated April 27. Between this date and the first of the following month, when my aunt's check was due, I could not possibly have had more than a dollar or two—unless I had borrowed money somewhere. *In that case I must have met a rich stranger*, I thought; *nobody I know would lend me this much money, even if he had it.*

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Years for sale. His years.
It was risky but
he had nothing else to sell.

with Cashel

I filled my percolator and set it to heat, and went to my tiny bathroom, where I switched on the light and had a long, close look at myself. I was relieved to see my own image in the mirror. I like the way I look, and go to some pains to look that way. It takes more muscles to frown than to smile, they say. They ought to practice the Gothic-arched fixed grin I offer the world. I have a way of never meeting your gaze—I offer my colorless gray eyes for inspection beneath strong lenses in a manner which seems to say, *In these apparently clear drops of stagnant water curious creatures creep and crawl.* It is said that somewhere in the ruined labyrinth of my mind there wanders the ghost of a lost genius, but that some small, necessary bit of me is missing. Either it was knocked out when I was young or it never grew at all. As I am, like a boy who has lost a front tooth, I have what others have not—a perfect space to spit through—and I use it. I am a master of the studied insult.

I had no fault to find with my appearance, then, as I turned from the mirror. But black coffee was slow in settling my mind. There was some brandy in the cupboard. That helped. Then I found myself feeling in the handkerchief pocket of my coat and sighing with relief as I found and lit a long, thin cigar.

I had never smoked a cigar in my life before.

Could it be perhaps that last night, under the influence of whatever I was drinking, I had smoked a cigar and liked it? This was an expensive cigar. Perhaps the rich man who lent me all that money gave me cigars as well?

And then I remembered that Mourne Cashel had given me the money. That was the most astounding thing of all. Cashel is proprietor and editor of a pulpy little magazine devoted to tenth-rate science fiction. Since storytelling is a dying art and conjecture is its last gasp, little Cashel's back is bowed from stooping to scrape the bottom of an oft-rinsed barrel. He has to adulterate the aqueous solution of strained imagination that he dispenses, with syrupy editorial introductions. Only people who read such stuff are bemused enough to write it, so Cashel's shabby book is subscribed to mainly by part-time hacks who get their livings teaching school or monitoring I.B.M. installations. At less than 50 cents a copy, having a circulation of 20,000 and carrying no advertisements, the magazine is a dead loss, says Cashel. He will pay a few paltry dollars for a 6,000-word story, the month *after* publication. He never lent anybody a penny. "I haven't got it," he says, almost in physical agony. I believe he really does suffer when he has to say no to a request for a small loan.

This was one of the reasons why, having little else to do, I went out to annoy Mourne Cashel yesterday morning. For, as some men dread cats, so he seemed to dread me. And since some men are fascinated by what they most abhor, Cashel appeared to be attracted to me.

It all came back with vivid clarity while I smoked that inexplicable cigar.

For Cashel's sake I had made an especially careful toilet. Now some men dress to kill. I dress to wound. My contempt for appearances is real and deep. My best suit is black alpaca, carefully made by a theatrical tailor not to fit, skillfully padded and draped to hang just wrong enough to irritate those who notice such things. The left sleeve is a shade longer than the right; the right lapel is a trifle wider than the left; the trousers are too low in the waist, and their legs are of different lengths and widths; the waistcoat is too high at the neck and appears to be buttoned up askew. My shoes are made to give me the appearance of having two left feet. I am perfectly comfortable, however: You are the one who is ill-at-ease, and it serves you right for taking stock of such trivia!

So dressed and, in a manner of speaking, armed, I walked uptown with only 85 cents left of my allowance and ran poor Cashel to earth just as he was going out to lunch. Now, while thumbscrews could not get money from him, Cashel was always good for a lunch. Yesterday, with a stifled sigh, he took me to the Crepuscule, the darkest restaurant in New York. It has a domed ceiling, lit only by tiny inset bulbs widely spaced in the designs of the better-known constellations.

Cashel had a cocktail made with vodka because it does not smell. I had one made with rum, because it does smell. "Are you writing anything these days, Ira?" he asked.

"I am more than halfway through my novel," I told him.

"I'd love to read it, my dear fellow."

I said to him, "You don't know how to read, little man, any more than you know how to edit. Having skimmed, you give marks. Once a schoolteacher, always a schoolteacher. You can read my book when it's out, if you've got the price of a copy. Touching that matter, Cashel, I find myself somewhat short of housekeeping money. Lend me fifty."

"I haven't got it!" he said, in a kind of wail.

I laughed. I had known exactly what he would say, of course. I said, "I didn't really mean a loan. I meant an advance. I'll write a story for you, Cashel—there now. And knowing, as you do, what I think of your horrible little magazine, you'll realize that when I offer to write you a story I've touched rock bottom. Well?"

He called for more drinks. "I can't advance! I haven't got it. The accountants ——" He half stifled a sigh. "You have so much talent," he said. "Why do you use it to torment people?"

"Can one go through life without treading on worms?" I asked. "But my story. Listen. The title is *Dreadful Little Brat.* Now it seems there is a child of the ash cans who has an utterly evil character. The things she does are something shocking. But she has a face like a flower. Freelance photographers are always snapping her sitting on doorsteps, looking up to the sky, because she looks so like an angel. Actually she's scheming how to blackmail the candy-store man out of a dollar to buy lipstick. She is a truly dreadful little brat. Now one morning she is loitering by a lamppost, having forged a letter saying she's too sick to go to school, reading a theatrical magazine she has stolen from the drugstore. Her attention is caught by a photograph of a sublimely beautiful actress curtsying within a circle of bouquets on a stage. 'What wouldn't I give to be her!' she says aloud. 'Your soul, for example?' says a voice, and there stands a man with a black box. She nods. 'Step inside, please,' says the man. She does so, and he presses a button."

Cashel said, "Oh, dear; oh, dear!" and ordered more cocktails.

I went on, "Now somewhere in Palm Springs a loathsome old harridan, almost destroyed by her frightful debaucheries, flips through an old album. She finds a picture of a flower-faced little angel sitting on a doorstep. 'What wouldn't I give to be her!' she cries. 'Your soul?' says a voice, and there stands a man with a black box. She nods. 'Step inside, please,' says the man. She does so, and he presses a button."

"I don't want to interrupt ——" Cashel began.

"Then be quiet. Now that old harridan and that flower-faced child are one and the same person, with fifty years of time between them. The sublime creature on the stage is the harridan as she was thirty years ago and the child as she will be twenty years hence. As the one rushes forward, the other rushes back; the two parts of the same self meet in the person of the curtsying actress at the peak of her triumph. But that actress is in intolerable agony. Not only has she an appalling Charley horse; she knows that the moment she rises something unthinkably embarrassing is going to happen. And she is doomed so to remain forever."

"It won't do; it won't do at all," said Mourne Cashel with vehemence. "It's irrational. It's unworkable. Things simply aren't done like that!"

"Oh, come off it! It's as rational as all your goo about galaxies and space-time continua and passionate robots and whatnot. Time is only imaginary, anyway," I said. "Fifty dollars, please!"

"Even if I liked the story, I couldn't. Won't you order?"

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CASHEL

"Tripe," I said. "Tripe a la mode."

He ordered an omelet glumly. I was enjoying myself.

"Order a bottle of wine," I said, "and you may advance me a mere twenty-five."

"Wine, by all means," said he, beckoning. "But money, no. You know you're only teasing me. Why do you do it? It upsets me; you know it does. And time is not imaginary, if you know how to use it, Ira. With your youth —— How old are you, by the way?"

"Thirty-three."

"With your youth and your talent. . . . What—time imaginary? Oh, far, far from it—ever so far from imaginary!"

"Imaginary," I said. "But let's assume otherwise, if you like. There's a story in it. You can let me have something on ——"

"Ira, please, not again!"

"For example," I said. "You say to an office boy loafing at the water cooler, 'Don't loaf on my time.' For *x* dollars a year you are actually buying that boy's time. He wants to use that time otherwise. He wants to see people playing baseball. But that time is yours. If you fire him he couldn't say to you, 'Here's your money back, Mr. Cashel; please give me back eighteen months.'"

Cashel said solemnly—for there is no more inveterate enterer-into-the-spirit-of-things than your science fantasist—"No, of course not. It would be *used-up* time. It wouldn't be any good to him any more; don't you see?"

I pretended to be grave in turn. "One thing I'd like to know," I said, "is, where do people like you get all their time? Because they evidently use up far more than they've got. You know the soapy little biographical bits you slip into your blotted little pulp: 'Lucy Lockett is the author of 16 novels and more than 1,100 short stories. She is married to an archaeologist, whom she accompanies on most of his expeditions. Mrs. Lockett keeps house for her husband and six children. She lectures three times a week on ceramics at the Home for Wayward Wives. In her spare time she practices psychiatry.'

"How can she? I repeat, where does she find the time?"

"Well ——" Cashel began.

I went on: "'Brass Williams is 34, happily married, and father of 11 sons and a daughter (Peewee). He is Professor of astrophysics at East-Western University and has been a gas fitter, a theatrical-costume designer, a heavyweight boxer, a test pilot, a puddler in a steel mill and an optometrist. His published works include three encyclopedias, seven textbooks, nine novels, 10 plays, 16 film-scripts, and he conducts a daily syndicated column. Under three noms de plume he has written 1,600 short stories and novellas. In his spare time he makes bent-iron gates. His hobby is watchmaking.'

"How? Above all, when? There's your story, Cashel; there's your story! These people go about picking up loafers. 'Have you a little time to spare?' they ask. 'All the time in the world, bud!' A bottle of Sneaky Pete changes hands ——"

"No, no, no!" Cashel almost squeaked in his excitement. "That couldn't be the way of it. Time, per se, wouldn't be of any use at all unless it were connected with a certain human potential. Your born loafer, your irreclaimable skid-row wino, would have destroyed his potential. His time wouldn't be of any value! The only time worth buying would be that of a man who had disciplined himself to the *use* of time."

I said, "Jargon, little man, jargon! But I love the way you creatures of the scientific fairy-tale clique take yourselves seriously. If you care to purchase a little of my time, by the bye, a small advance will secure ——"

"No, please, Ira! I concede we fantasy fellows do form a clique. We have to. Who else talks our language? We make it our business to say 'Let us assume' in such a manner as to stimulate the technologists to think, *Why not?* We rationalize the *if*. We ——"

"You do nothing of the sort. You fill a blunderbuss with nightmares and fire it into a crowd. If one slug grazes anything, you call yourselves prophets. But we were talking about time—as a commodity. Here's an idea for you. Assume that you are a man who needs time."

"I am; I do," sighed Cashel.

"Ah, but assume you aren't Mourne Cashel, who whimpers 'I haven't got it' when a gentleman mentions a lousy fifty dollars. Imagine yourself to be Mr. X, solvent and in the market for time."

"Hadn't you better have a brandy?" Cashel almost begged.

"Certainly I had better. To continue: Being such a man, you look around for somebody with what you call potential. As you say, an idiot's time isn't worth having. And as luck will have it, you meet Ira Noxon."

Cashel said, "Ah, your time would certainly be worth having. You are a hard worker, Ira."

"Are you trying to be funny?" I asked.

"Not at all. You have a stupendous potential. Just the energy you have put into doing nothing would supply current for a small town."

"Be less familiar, little man," I said. "Now you have met me. You ask, 'How much do you want for some of your time?' Words to that effect. I reply, naturally, 'I am no huckster. This is a buyer's market. How much are you paying per unit of time? How much an hour, or day, or month?'"

Cashel, engrossed in the spirit of the thing, cried, "No, no, no! Years—it must be a term of years."

"Hold hard," I said. "Would that imply a term of servitude? I couldn't go for that, you know."

"Certainly not. Just your time, pure and simple. You wouldn't even miss it, necessarily," said Cashel.

"This being the case, I say to Mr. X, 'I can let you have five years.'"

"But not of your past, as in the analogy of the boss and the office boy," said Cashel. "That couldn't possibly suit, you know."

"I know," I said. "Future."

Cashel said owlishly, after calling for more brandy, "But they'd have to be consecutive years."

"Oh, yes, by all means," I said, "as consecutive as you please. So Mr. X says, 'How about ten thousand a year?'"

"Too much, too much—can't run to it!" cried Cashel.

"Shut up. I say to Mr. X, 'You are talking like an inky little plagiarist I know called Mourne Cashel. I wouldn't consider a penny less than fifteen thousand a year. Think of all the potential!' Mr. X thinks and thinks."

"I can see by your face you have something naughty up your sleeve," said Cashel.

"Wait. I go on to say, 'Naturally, I have read about deals with the devil, and so forth; how deadly it can be to sell even a second of one's time, in which one may utter a fateful word or pull a trigger. I stipulate, none of that! The time I sell may not be used in any way to hurt me or—to be on the safe side—to hurt anyone else. You get into trouble on your own time, not on the valuable time you buy from me.'"

"He'd have to agree to that," said Cashel. "But he'd say, 'Fifteen thousand dollars a year is too much.'"

"My Mr. X is no such cheapjack higgler," I said. "But let us assume that I let myself be beaten down to twelve thousand five hundred a year."

"Very well," said Cashel grudgingly—he was careful with money even in fantasy. "But the five years of time would have to be handed over on the spot."

"Just what I was coming to. Mr. X and I reach an agreement. The whole five years' pay is to be in advance—and on the nail, you know?"

"Of course," said Cashel.

"Tax-free," I said.

"Ye-es, yes. Tax-free."

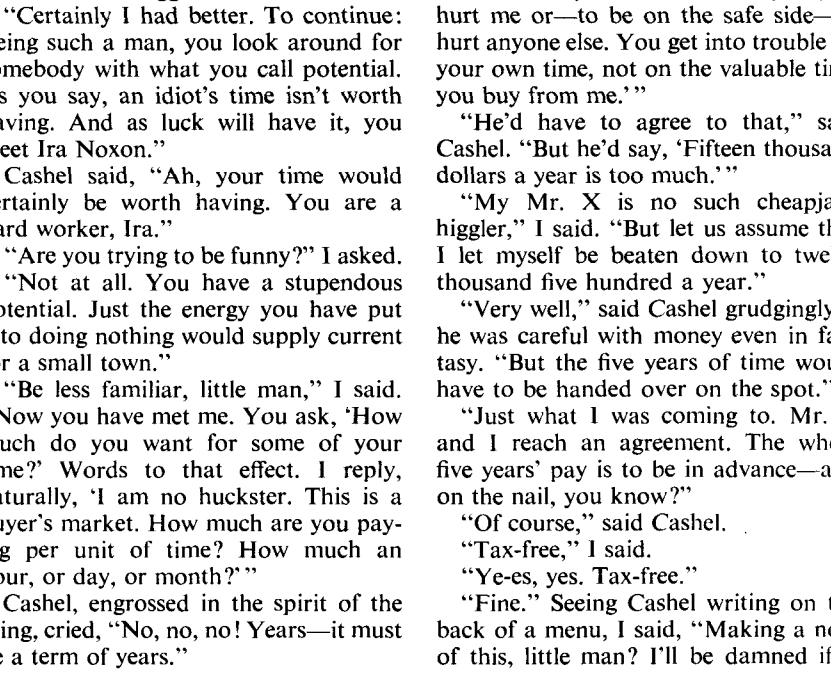
"Fine." Seeing Cashel writing on the back of a menu, I said, "Making a note of this, little man? I'll be damned if it doesn't cost you!"

"I was doing figures," he said. "Five years at twelve and a half makes sixty-two thousand, five hundred."

"I daresay it does. And this sum of money I secure before I deliver. Very well. Then I say to my Mr. X, 'Thank you, sir, and good day to you. It has been a pleasure doing business with you. I hope you enjoyed the time I sold you.' Mr. X says, 'What do you mean?' I reply, 'You purchased five consecutive years of my time. *I have sold you exactly two and a half years forward and two and a half years back!*' So saying, I walk out with my satchel of money."

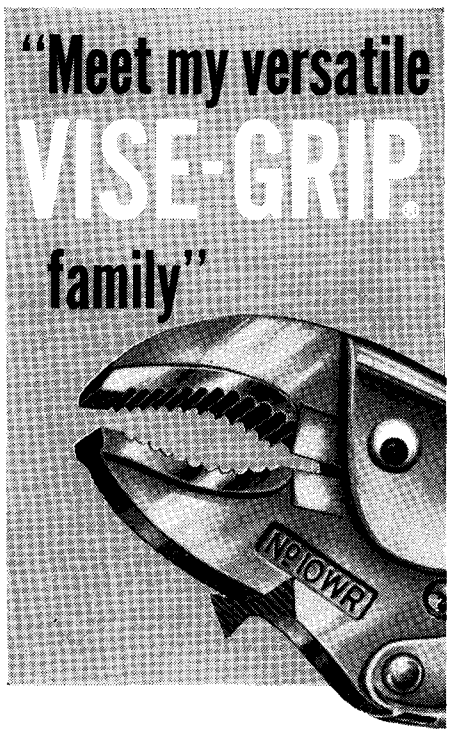
Cashel blinked and said, "Coffee?"

"Yes, and another brandy. A neat story, I flatter myself?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You, of all people, Miss Parker, should realize it's useless to fight chemistry!"



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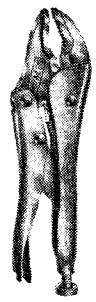

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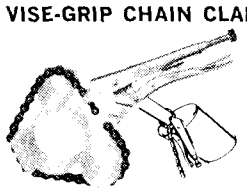

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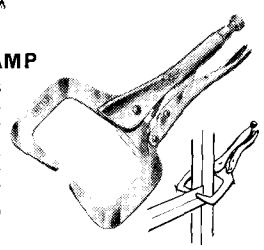

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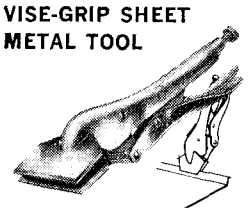

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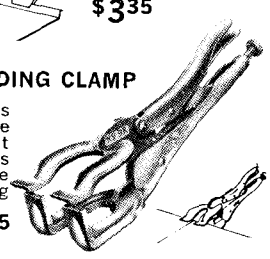

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"It couldn't work quite like that," said Cashel. "Two and a half years forward and two and a half years back wouldn't leave you in exactly the same place at the same time of day."

"Why not?"

"Because time bends, the same way light does. There's no such thing as 'instantaneous'—as yet. Also, the universe moves, as you must know. There'd have to be a few hours and a few miles of difference. As for the gimmick about time forward and time back, it isn't as clever as you might think. Consider: Your Mr. X would be richer by two and a half years of foresight and two and a half years of hindsight—to say nothing of the time itself. He'd get a good sixty-two thousand dollars' worth."

"Sixty-two thousand, five hundred," I said.

"All right."

"Now do I get fifty dollars on account of this fine story?"

"I can't, Ira," said Cashel, "but I wish you'd drink this brandy for me. It makes me sleepy. . . . No, on policy, I can't advance on a story." He sounded slightly tipsy. "But I certainly would like to buy five years of the time a man with a brain like yours fritters away."

"Right!" I said, bored now that I had had my fun. "Sixty-two thousand, five hundred dollars on the nail, and it's yours—two and a half forward, two and a half back."

"You really would sell it, I think," Cashel murmured. He was making calculations on the menu, and looking at his watch—one of those complicated stopwatches studded with incomprehensible winders, such as artillerymen use.

"Like a shot!" I replied, helping myself to his brandy.

"It's fascinating, really," said Cashel. He took out a little ivory slide rule and made further calculations. "As it would turn out," he said brightly, "there'd actually be a discrepancy of about twenty-one hours, in going from here to June, 1965, and back. So you wouldn't be able to get the money until about noon tomorrow."

"Free of tax, mind," I said, playing the owl like Cashel, but making a grotesquerie of it. "Of course, this mustn't shorten my life in any way, you understand."

"Of course not, Ira. It's simply a matter of your unused time—you don't even miss it."

"Do I sign a contract?" I asked.

"No, we just shake hands on it."

"Before we do, let's go back to the question of money," I said. "Sixty-odd thousand tomorrow is very nice to contemplate. How about something on account?"

His face fell. Then he sighed and said, "There you go! But assuming that I make this deal with you, I can't talk thousands, Ira—you know that. I think you said it was fifty you wanted?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked. "For five years of the time a man of talent fritters away? Fifty dollars?" I pretended to be indignant. "Why, I'd want five hundred at least, and spot cash. Two and a half years forward, two and a half years back—and I couldn't be on the same spot, since a pendulum doesn't swing exactly along the same line, or however it is you work it out. You don't catch me with an offer like that, little man. Give me five hundred and another brandy, and it's a deal."

"I haven't got it," he said.

"Come on," I said, like a pushcart peddler. "Four hundred."

"I tell you I haven't got it!"

The game was about worn out. "How much have you got? A hundred and fifty?" I asked, waiting for the inevitable "I never carry more than I can afford to lose, so I haven't got anything."

To my surprise he looked in his wallet and said, "All the ready cash I have in the world is a hundred and twenty dollars, Ira."

"I'm sorry," I said firmly. "I can't possibly sell time like mine at less than thirty dollars a year, you know. Give me the hundred and twenty, then, but you can only have two years forward and two years back. One has one's pride, damn it all!"

Cashel amazed me by saying, "Oh, very well." He gave me the $120, and we shook hands. "You've got more in your wallet," I said, bending forward to look.

"Only a few dollars I need for expenses," he said.

"What a skinflint you are!" I cried. "I offer you over sixty-two thousand dollars' worth of my precious time for a hundred and fifty, and you beat me down another thirty!" But I put the money in my pocket, thinking, *This is the easiest bit of cash I ever bullied anybody out of.* "And what about that brandy?" I demanded.

"If you're sure you haven't had enough already."

"And you've got to have one too."

"Yes, we must seal the bargain."

So we drank for the last time, and he signed the bill and darted away. I remained and had more brandy, until the bartender said if I didn't mind he'd rather not serve me again just now.

I must have left then and made my zigzag way down to the Village from the Crepuscule, but I could not recall how. I recollected vaguely the smoky interior of the Café Verlaine, an old haunt of mine, and my penetrating voice crying, "Drinks are on me! The impossible is achieved! I have put the bite on Mourne Cashel!"

And so to my distasteful awakening this morning, and my confusion.

The coffeepot was empty now, and the brandy was gone. I decided to visit the Café Verlaine again for a late breakfast.

"Well, well, well!" said Lonergan, the bartender. "Look who's here! Champagne Charlie!"

"I can't get the taste of the vile stuff out of my mouth," I said. "Give me a double cognac and a cup of coffee."

"Oh, come," said Lonergan. "It wasn't Veuve Cliquot, but it couldn't have been as bad as all that."

"How many bottles did I buy, may I ask?"

"Let me see," he said, scratching his head. "It was six or seven bottles, I believe. 'I have put the bite on Mourne Cashel!' says you. And, man, you made an evening of it! Here, have this one on the house, Mr. Noxon. Mourne Cashel, and you'd put the bite on him, you said. Ah, that was a sad business, a sad business, with Mourne Cashel!" He shook his big Irish head. "What do you think of it all?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"Why, don't you read the papers?"

"Occasionally. What's this sad business with little Cashel?"

"Why, the fortune he made with his publishing empire and his television programs and all. But that's the way of it—the bigger they are the harder they fall, and what with the taxes and the overheads it's a case of rob Peter to pay Paul. And there's many's the big shot that, if he was called on to lay down all his cards this very minute, it would be seen that all was paper and credit. It's always a little playing for time here and a bank renewal there. Poor Mr. Cashel, I served him at this very bar more than once. And to jump out of a thirtieth-story window! A man must be desperate indeed to do such a terrible thing!"

"When was this?" I asked.

"This very morning. He was down by twenty million, and an inquiry pending. But if they had not pushed him to the wall, the Madison Avenue and the Wall Street men, why, given another three months he'd have doubled the money and nobody would have been the wiser or the worse."

"Thirty dollars would have got the cheapskate six months more," I said. "But I never heard anything of Cashel's publishing empire and television programs and whatnot."

Lonergan said, "I don't get the gag."

"Never mind. Since when was Cashel a magnate, for heaven's sake?"

Lonergan stared at me. "Why," he said, "everybody in this whole world knew about Mourne Cashel. Where on God's earth have you been these past two years, Mr. Noxon?" **THE END**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"As you all probably know, your late uncle was very fond of Bobo."

HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL, Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

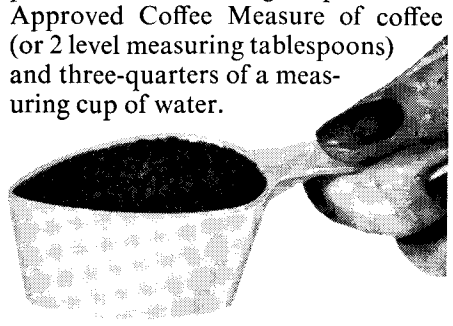
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

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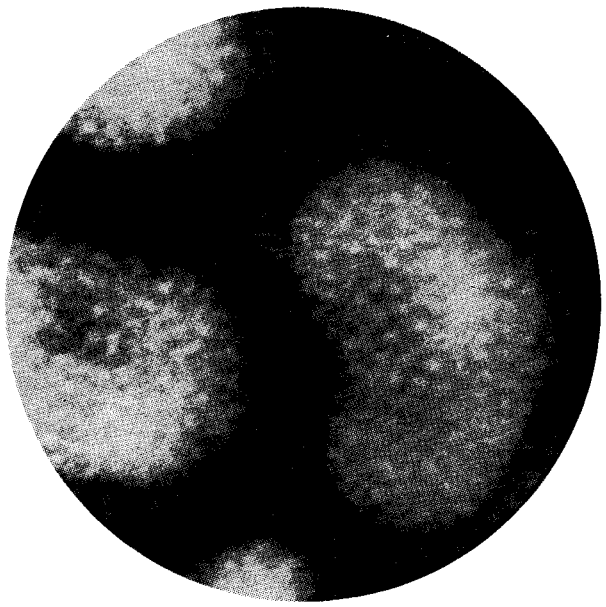

A-2 virus, magnified 287,000 times

● The indestructible virus that may kill as many as 30,000 Americans this year has struck many times before and will inevitably strike again—and no one can stop it.

The Great Asian Flu Mystery

By Bill Davidson

One day last January an eight-year-old girl whom we'll call Gladys Collins became ill and was sent home from her third-grade class at the Pembroke grade school in rural Robeson County in southeastern North Carolina. The child had a fever of about 102, a dry cough, body aches and a general washed-out feeling. The next day Gladys was visited by the county medical director, Dr. E. R. Hardin, who had driven over from the county seat, Lumberton, because he had become disturbed about similar cases in the same school.

Doctor Hardin examined Gladys, then made a telephone call to the North Carolina State Board of Health in Raleigh, which, in turn, called the Federal Government's Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta. A few hours later a young U.S. Public Health Service doctor named Carl G. Silverman flew in from Atlanta. Doctor Silverman carefully swabbed the child's throat and dropped the cotton swab into a test tube containing a special broth. He quick-froze the tube in Dry Ice and flew it back to the Communicable Disease Center.

The following day the laboratory specialists came up with the first positive identification of the virus which had felled Gladys and her schoolmates—and which has since gone on to infect millions of other Americans, with a possible death toll this year, either directly or indirectly, of more than 30,000. It was a form of the dread A-2, the Asian-flu virus.

Young Gladys recovered in less than a week—as have most of the victims of the present epidemic—but the questions about this recurrent scourge remain. Why is the influenza virus largely untamed, while much more potent viruses, such as smallpox and polio, have been brought under control by vaccination? Why, with all the forewarning and knowledge of the 1957 and 1960 outbreaks, were we so helpless to prevent the spread of the disease? And what have our medical scientists learned that might enable us to curb future outbreaks?

The answers to these questions are not simple. Dr. Maurice R. Hilleman, who first isolated and identified the Asian-flu virus at the U.S. Army's Walter Reed Hospital in 1957, likens the struggle between man and influenza to a horse race. The flu virus has the unique capacity—unlike other viruses—to change itself. "When it does," says Doctor Hilleman, "it spurts ahead in the race and millions of humans get sick. Then the population develops an immunity against the virus in that particular form and it holds the bug even for a while. Sooner or later the bug changes radically and spurts ahead once more, until the immunity catches up with it. The latest major change took place with A-2, the Asian-flu virus, in 1957, and we still haven't caught up."

Dr. James E. Maynard, chief of the Influenza Surveillance Unit at the Communicable Disease Center, explains that the pursuit is complicated by the fact that there are several such horse races going on simultaneously. "There are four groups of flu viruses," he says, "the A's, the B's, the C's and the D's. The D's are so mild that we don't even consider them influenza-causing agents anymore. The C viruses are not a factor in this country, and the B's—though they were the cause of the epidemic of the winter before last—are not considered dangerous.

"The *real* villains are the A's. They have the greatest capacity of all to change their form in order to frustrate our vaccines against them, and they are the ones that have caused the great worldwide pandemics, as we call the superepidemics, with widespread suffering and death. Although we didn't even know what viruses were before the 1930's, there is strong evidence that the great influenza epidemic of 1889 was caused by an A flu virus, and we're reasonably sure that the 1918 pandemic, which killed upward of a million people in the United States alone, was an A. We *know* that the epidemics of 1934, 1947, 1957, 1960 and 1963 were all caused by A's."

Since the early 1930's, four different major categories of dangerous A viruses have been identified. But are they *really* different? The U.S. Government's top disease detective, Dr. Alexander D. Langmuir, says, "The epidemics of the 1930's were caused by a virus we named A-PR8. Then A-PR8 disappeared and a new form, A-Prime, came along in the 1940's. It, too, disappeared and it could not be found anywhere when A-2, the Asian Flu virus, popped up in the 1950's. Where did the others go?

"Might it be that the virus doesn't really change form at all but simply goes underground when the population has developed immunity to it, only to re-emerge when a new generation comes along? No one really knows. But it does add up to one of the most intriguing mysteries of medical science."

There is, however, little mystery about the man-vs.-flu race that got underway in 1957. The current killer-virus, A-2, left the starting gate in Communist China early that year and by spring it had spread to Hong Kong, where 250,000 cases of influenza were reported by the local correspondent of *The New York Times* on April 17. At Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., Dr. Maurice Hilleman read this dispatch and sent to the Orient for specimens of the virus from the throats of its victims. It was he who, just 36 days later, identified A-2 as a new major strain against which mankind had little or no immunity.

The epidemic raged into Japan and Southeast Asia, spread to Australia and New Zealand, and circled the globe.

The first known cases in the United States were brought in by sailors of both the Atlantic and Pacific fleets in early June. Throughout the summer months, "seeding" occurred in children's camps, at international youth festivals, and, specifically, by the ship *Arosa Sky* which docked in New York, after leaving flu-ridden Istanbul.

The epidemic overwhelmed the United States in October and lasted until late March, 1958. During that period, the U.S. Public Health Service reports that 80 million Americans were bedridden with respiratory disease. There were 19,000 statistically abnormal deaths attributed directly to influenza or complicating pneumonia, and 62,000 related deaths from other causes, such as those of cardiac patients weakened by the Asian flu. In January, 1960, A-2 struck again, causing some 39,000 deaths.

Last January, when the throat swab from little Gladys Collins definitely established that A-2 was making its third assault on the United States, our Public Health officials were better prepared for the onslaught than ever before. Having expected another outbreak, U.S. Surgeon General Luther Terry had licensed several drug companies to produce a vaccine which had been developed during the 1957 epidemic, and by late fall some 350,000,000 doses of anti-Asian-flu vaccine had been distributed.

But this, apparently, was not enough. From Robeson County, North Carolina, the epidemic leapfrogged to Baltimore, overwhelmed that city, and then backtracked to Washington, D. C. It spread north and south along the Atlantic Seaboard, and in February it began a slow march westward. By early March it had reached Montana and Arizona and seemed to stop. But on March 29 it cropped up in California. This may mean that the West Coast will have an unprecedented summer epidemic.

How does the flu virus infect humans? The Communicable Disease Center's Doctor Maynard says, "We don't know the exact mechanism, but we know that the virus is airborne and is breathed in by a potential victim who comes in close contact with a person already suffering from the disease. That's why epidemics occur in fall and winter in this country, not because of the cold weather but because of the crowding in schools and other public places."

How does a flu epidemic spread geographically? Doctor Maynard says, "Here again we don't really know. On the other hand, the current epidemic has provided us with a rare specific case of the spread of infection. A man from Iowa visited Baltimore at the height of the epidemic there. He returned home, came down with the disease, infected his whole family, and we can trace the spread of the disease in the area from that focal point."

How effective is the new flu vaccine? Reports Doctor Maynard: "We think that it slowed down the course of this year's epidemic considerably. A good case in point is the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. There was a severe outbreak of Asian flu among recruits reporting there in February. But the disease did *not* spread to the rest of the personnel on the base, all of whom had been vaccinated in mid-January."

All experts agree that charting and reporting techniques were improved so substantially this year that it is becoming increasingly easy to predict future epidemics. Ordinarily they would not expect A-2 to hit again until 1964, but the late-blooming California outbreak may cross them up. If the West Coast epidemic hangs on until fall, the virus might re-cross the country and break out almost anywhere next winter.

The experts also agree that the American people were not sufficiently immunized through vaccination last fall. They feel that when the next epidemic is predicted, all school children and older people, particularly, should be vaccinated or given a booster shot. This, combined with natural immunity acquired by victims of previous outbreaks, could stop an epidemic before it gets started.

"That is," says Doctor Hilleman, "until the next A-virus shows up in the man-vs.-influenza sweepstakes." THE END

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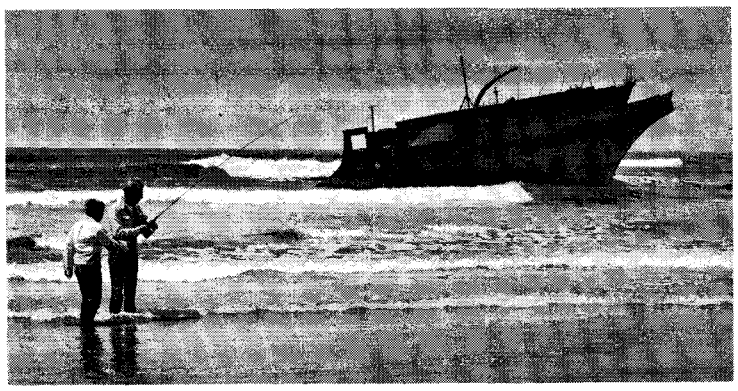
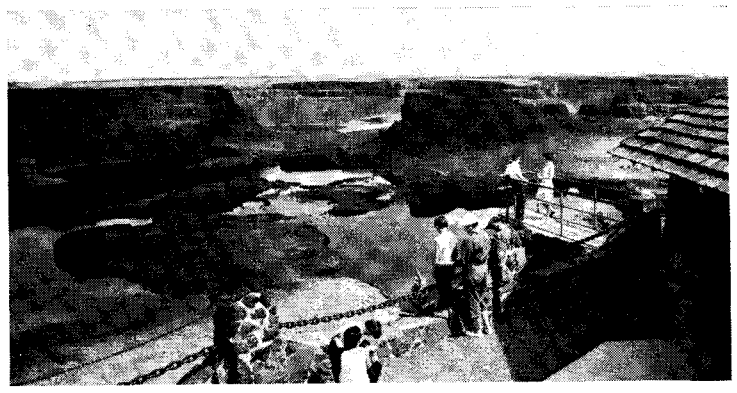
A big ship's grave and an Ice-Age wonder

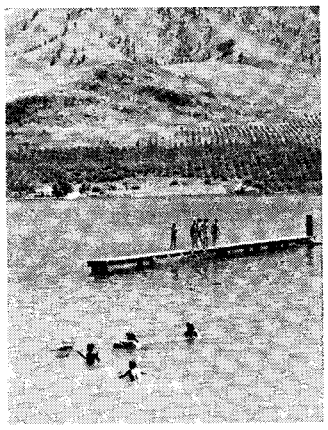


VOYAGE'S END — spectacular sights greet you when you tour Washington's ocean beaches. Sheltered harbors, miles of sandy beaches, giant caves and lonely lighthouses intrigue the visitor. Fishing, clam digging, horseback riding, beachcombing and swimming are just a few of the activities that provide fun for every member of the family.

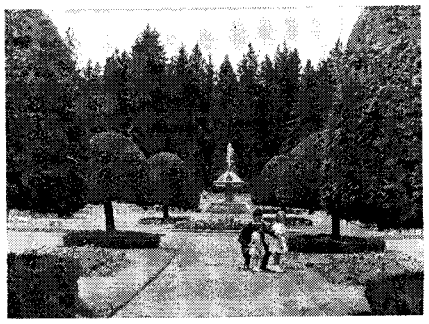
...only hours apart!



PREHISTORIC THUNDER — *volume of these Ice Age falls equalled 40 Niagaras.* The glacial torrent, 3 miles wide, plunged over 400 feet, continuing on to the Pacific to form the course of the mighty Columbia. Dry Falls is one of many scenic wonders in Sun Lakes State Park, and the park is a favorite of swimmers, boaters and fishermen.



GLACIER'S OFFSPRING — ancient glaciers bottled up this mountain valley to form Lake Chelan, on the eastern Cascade slope. 55 miles long, the lake is fringed by fine resorts, guest ranches, motels, and state park. To reach it, you'll travel through world-famous apple county.



EVERGREEN BEAUTY — formal loveliness of Spokane's famed Duncan Gardens reflects Nature's kindness in providing Washington with year 'round mild climate. Thousands of acres of city and state parks and 76 lakes within a 50 mile radius of Spokane allure the visitor to Eastern Washington.

IDYLLIC ISLES — the lovely San Juan Islands — 172 of them — draw visitors from all over the world. Fast, comfortable Washington State Ferries provide service from Anacortes to the four largest islands, where resorts, motels and state parks afford eye-filling and comfortable bases for your island exploration.

We've heard it thousands and thousands of times – at our information centers, on our Washington State Ferries, at service stations, hotels and motels, restaurants and resorts – *"It's more thrilling than your great World's Fair!"* ■ What these visitors refer to is Washington itself – the magnificent natural beauty, the massive man-made wonders – and above all, the startling contrasts which are the state's trademark. ■ Ocean beaches, great mountain chains, vast ranchlands, virgin forests, intriguing islands, rivers, lakes and streams galore, purple sage desert – you'll find all these in Washington, and more! ■ It's "roaming" country, both exciting and enchanting, but the greatest part of all is that you don't have to spend days and days traveling from one spot to another – you're never more than "hours apart" from seacoast to desert, from wilderness to metropolis. ■ And wherever you are, you're not far from fine accommodations and hospitality that add pleasure and comfort to your trip. Plan to capture Washington's contrasts in your camera, or the folks back home will never believe you!

MOUNTAIN MAJESTY — you'll never forget your visit to Mt. Rainier National Park. Millions of words have been written about the unbelievable beauty of the mountain — alpine meadows — great fields of wildflowers — lakes and streams — virgin forests reaching as far as the eye can see.

where but in

Washington STATE

...can you enjoy such exciting contrasts?

FRIENDLY DINING — if you incline toward the gourmet, you'll be delighted when you dine out in Washington. Fine restaurants throughout the state expertly cater to your taste buds. Savory sea foods fresh from icy waters, choice locally-raised meats and poultry, are temptingly prepared and served.

COWBOYS & INDIANS — yes, there are still lots of both to be seen in Washington. Fairs, rodeos, festivals and concerts are held throughout the state, giving you interesting glimpses of pioneer days along with the West of today. You're never far from where something's going on in this great land of contrasts!

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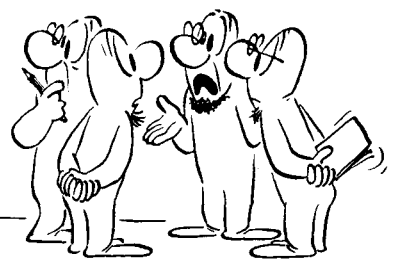
post scripts

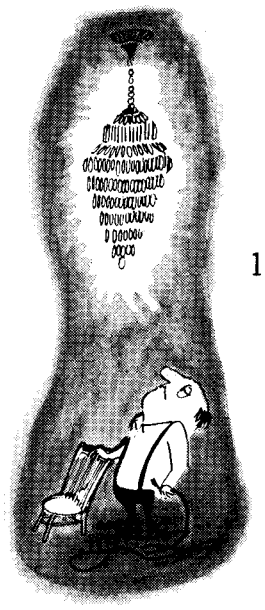


FRUSTRATION

Sing a song of six pens
In a P.O. lobby:
The only ones not occupied
Are either dry or blobby.

S. Omar Barker

"Are you the guy that sold my wife this chihuahua?"



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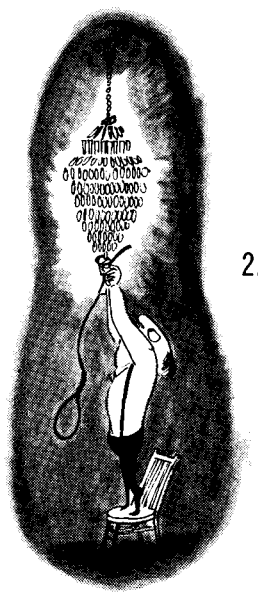

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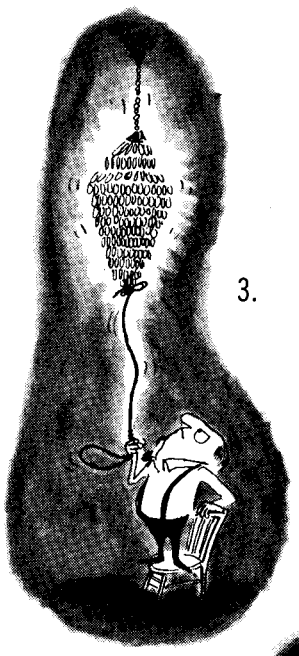

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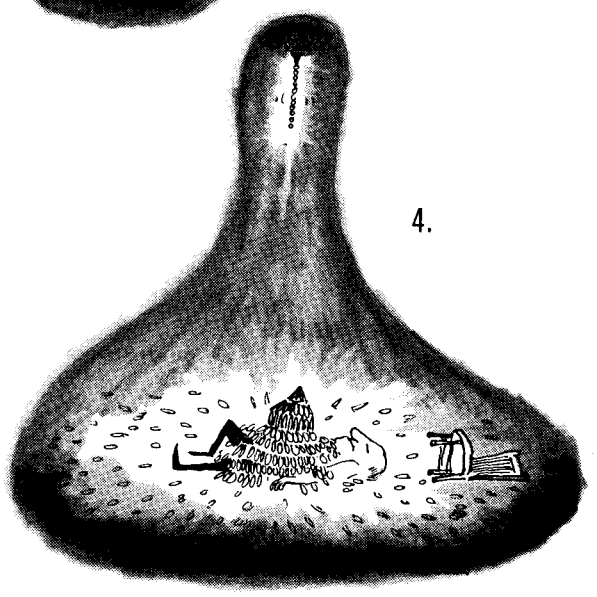

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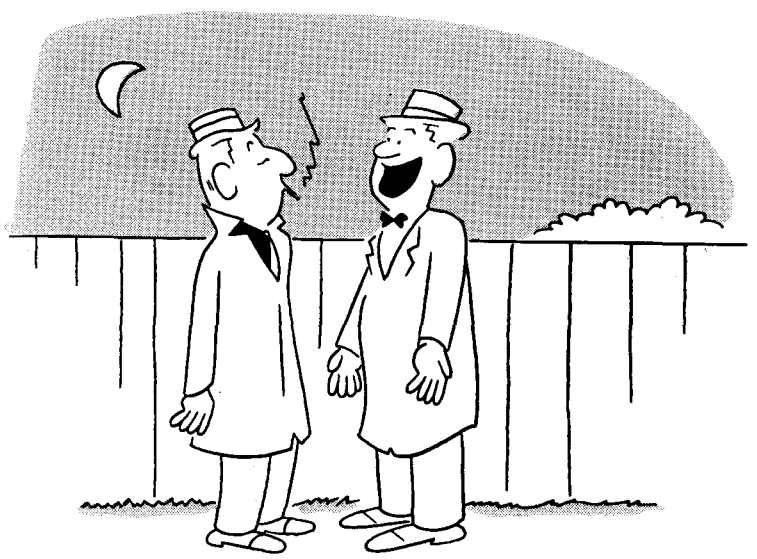
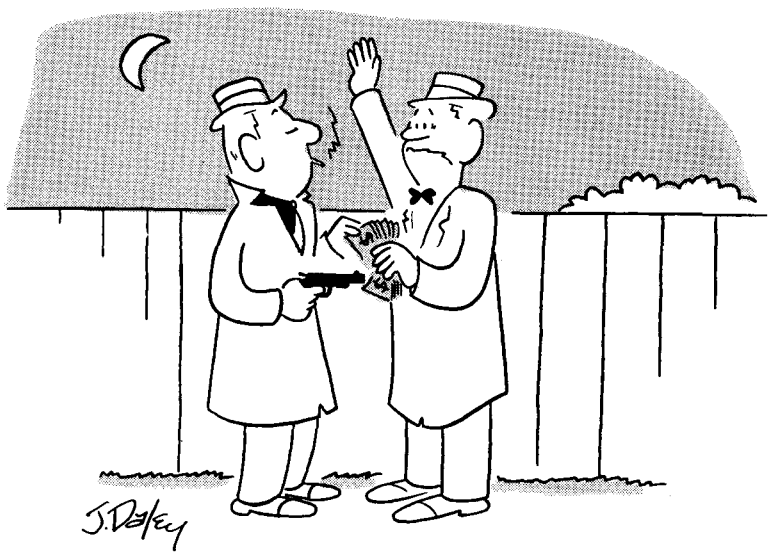


"Al! What have you been doing all these years?"



"You shouldn't inhale."

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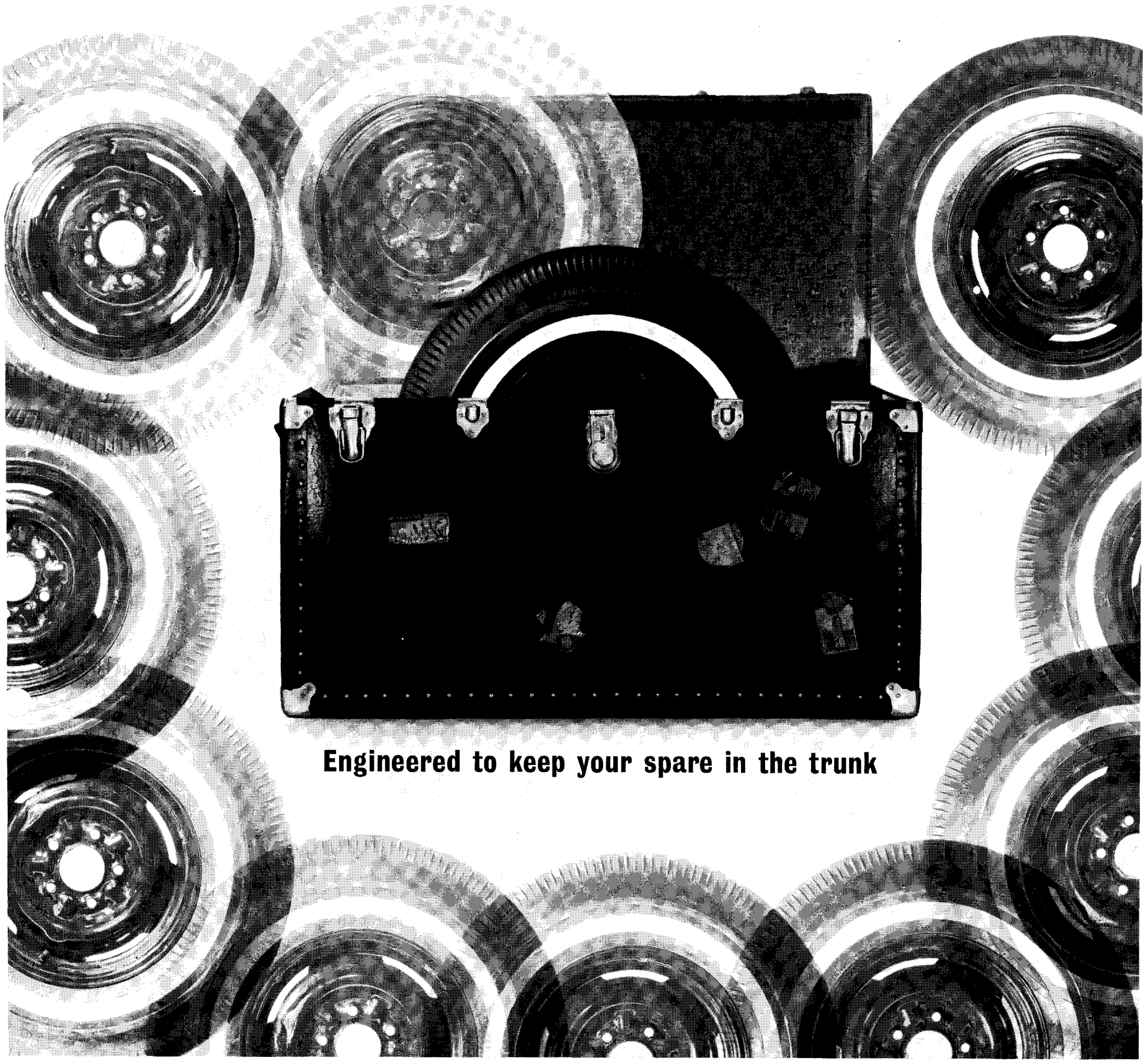

Engineered to keep your spare in the trunk

Rotate your New U.S. Royals...or you may never use your spare

It makes sense to spread mileage over five tires rather than four. That's why you should rotate your tires regularly—using the spare—even though they are new U.S. Royals. But it's good to know that with new U.S. Royals you probably won't have to use your spare. They are engineered to keep your spare in the trunk. New U.S. Royals are made with a patented new bonding agent—called CVC™—which acts as an invisible lock to hold the important parts of the tire in a single, almost inseparable unit. Put a set of U.S. Royals on your car. And if you want to be sure to use your spare, rotate the tires.

U. S. ROYAL® TIRES US RUBBER

IN CANADA, DOMINION ROYAL TIRES

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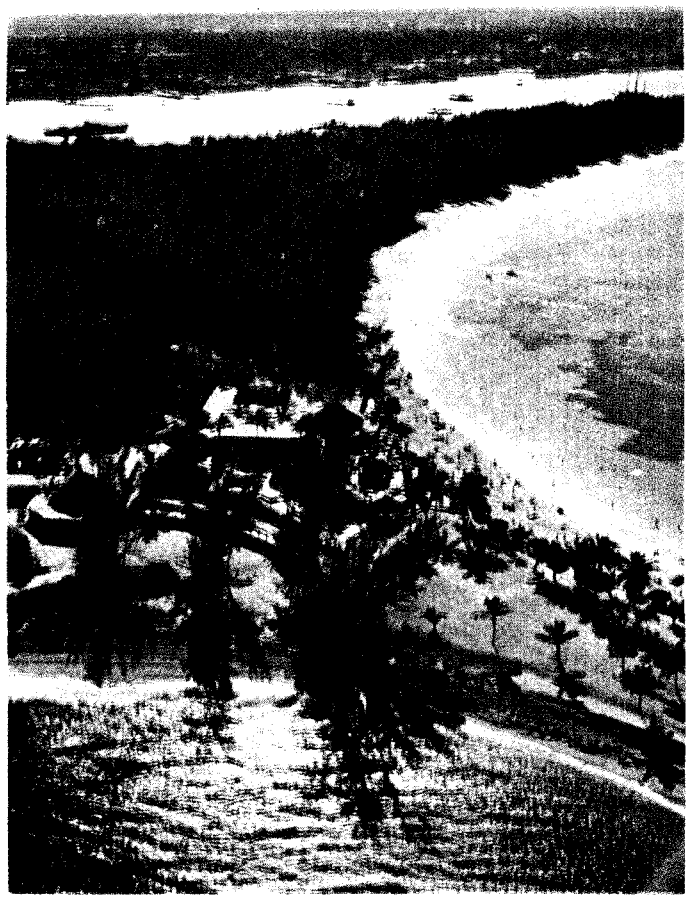
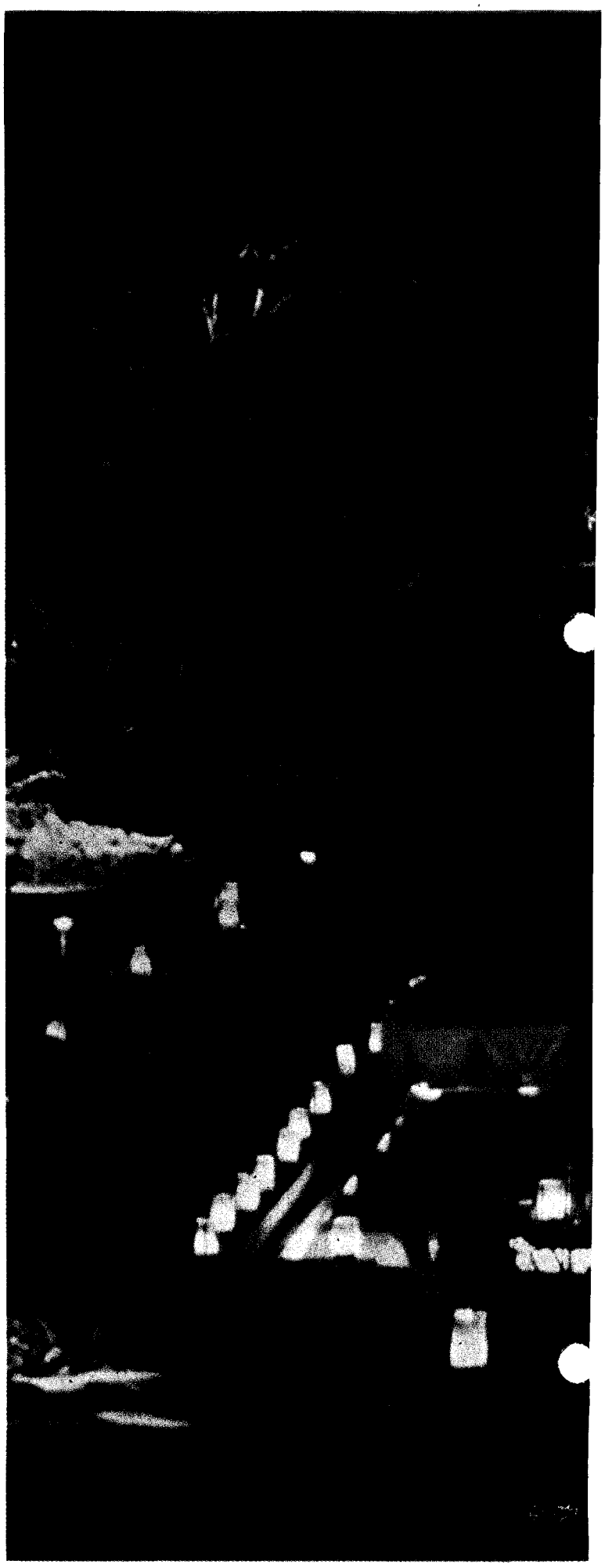
Earthly Delights in Paradise



On the western end of what was once Hog Island, two prongs of Paradise Beach stab into the Atlantic Ocean. Nassau in the Bahamas slumbers in the background. A flotilla of 11 boats is maintained to shuttle guests between the resorts.



Two typical examples of the scenic wonders of Paradise clown on sands, backed by cruise ships in roadstead. Paradise owner Huntington Hartford changed name from Hog Island because: "Hog didn't fit what we're trying to do here.

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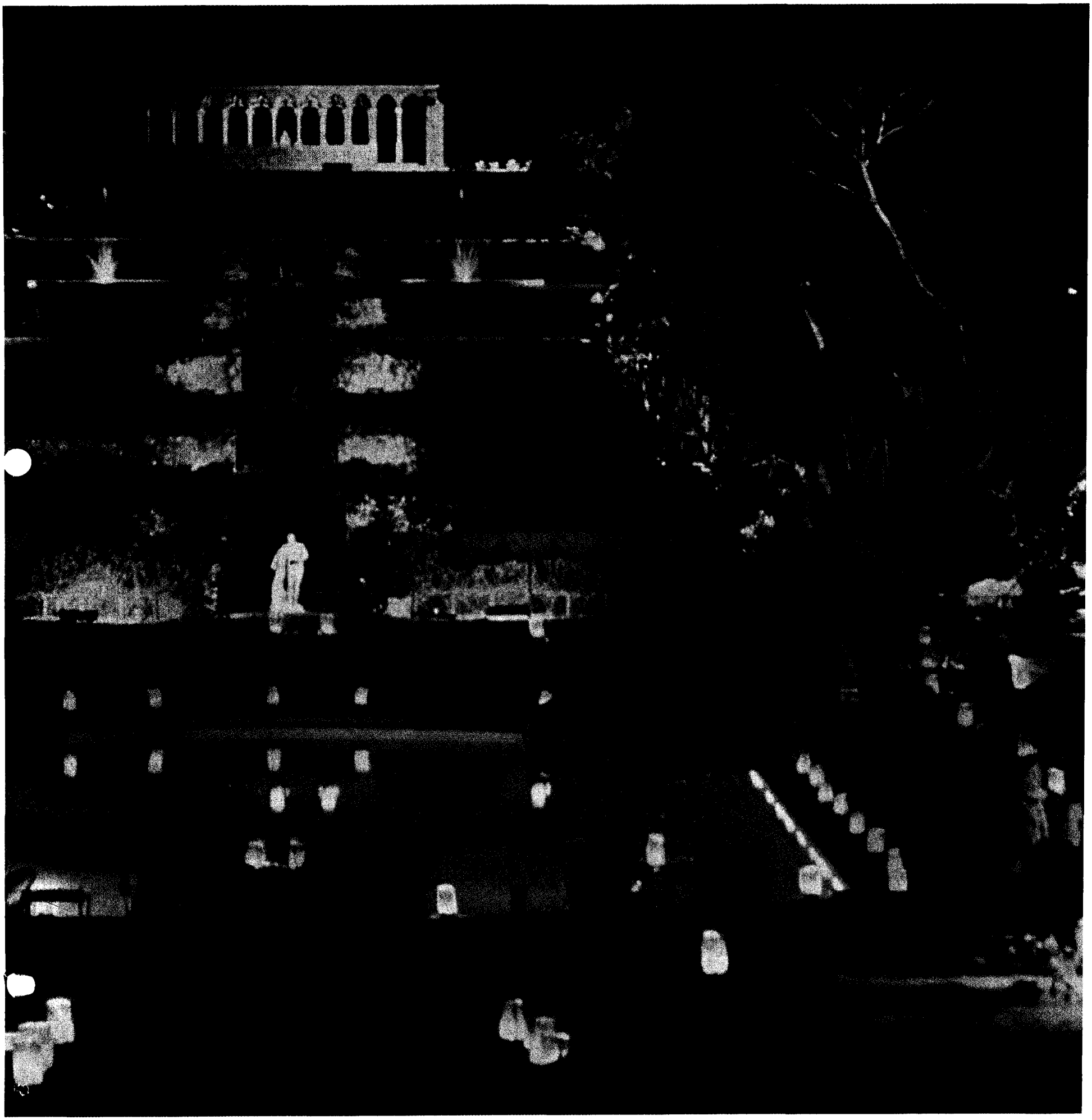
A Yankee millionaire's silk purse turns a Hog into a swank resort.

Photographs by John Zimmerman



Guests gaze out past swimming pool to series of lighted terraces that lead up to Spanish cloister bought from estate of William Randolph Hearst and transplanted to Paradise by Hartford.

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Mary Hurowitz twists to calypso music of Jon Kemp band.

The Near Side of Paradise

The island haven offers a 52-room hotel, 18-hole golf course and a chic French restaurant where grapefruit costs $1.50.

In the spring of 1959, almost five centuries after Columbus, a restless explorer named George Huntington Hartford II set sail from Palm Beach, Florida, with a yo-ho-ho and a bag of cash. His ship was the 100-foot Diesel-powered JOSEPH CONRAD II, and his destination was Hog Island, a four-mile-by-one-half-mile sliver opposite Nassau in the Bahamas.

Hartford not only made it, he went the whole hog—and bought it. The price was $14 million, which is roughly 583,000 times the amount Peter Minuit paid for Manhattan. A & P heir Hartford rechristened his sandy bauble Paradise Island and then transformed it into a resort for well-heeled vacationers ($55 per day). The island offers not only such standard paradisiacal equipment as bread and wine but also a 52-room hotel, a quarter mile of formal gardens, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, an 18-hole golf course, a marina, a beauty shop, and a French restaurant where the hors d'oeuvres cost five dollars and the ladies' room features gold faucets. The island's tennis pro is Pancho Gonzales, its golf pro is Gary Player and thus far, Paradise has sheltered such guests as Kathryn and Arthur Murray, Green Bay Packer coach Vince Lombardi, Mamie Van Doren, socialites Edna and Lillian Winston, Richard Nixon and Jack Paar.

Unfortunately, the venture is losing money. "The place is still in the infancy stage," explains Hartford. To attract more customers, Hartford now is hatching plans to sell homesites to 200 selected friends and build a hotel where rooms will range in price from $9 to $15. This may lower the tone, but it figures to up the take.

Led by Joan Carroll, guests gallop along Ocean Beach. Owner Hartford once contemplated purchase of chariots used in "Ben Hur" to stage races on island, but eventually abandoned project.

Gwen Jackson, snug in flippers and Bikini, swims with Stuart Connor in limpid Paradise Island waters. ▶

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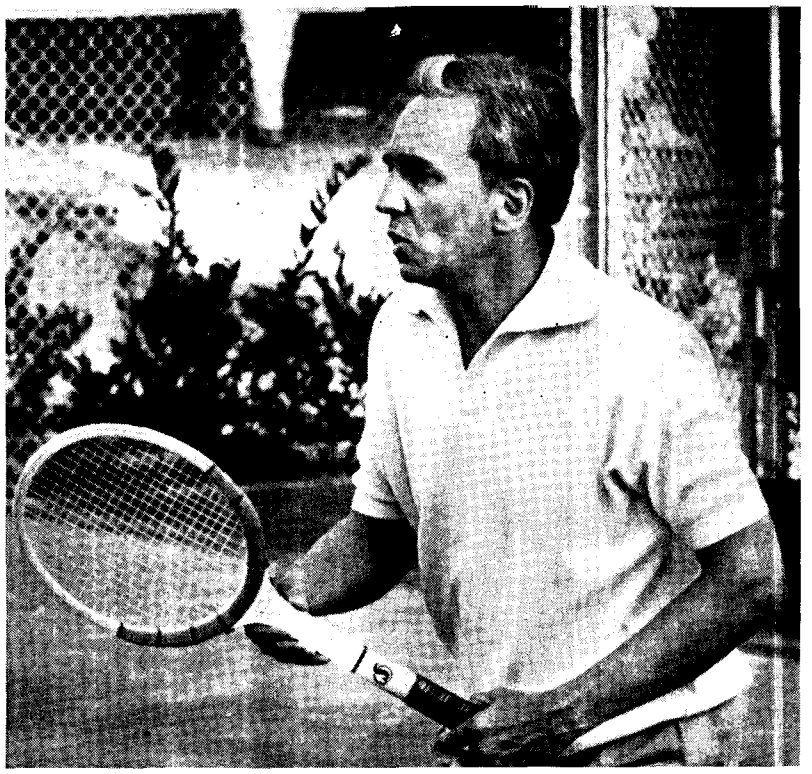
Huntington Hartford's hunt for realty and reality.

The man who owns Paradise

By Richard Gehman



Southpaw Hartford squares off for tennis match on Paradise Island.

Paradise Island, a pearl among pleasure resorts, also ranks as the crown jewel of the Huntington Hartford empire. Eventually, hopes Hartford, it will become a peace center. The matchbooks of the island's hotel have the word "Peace" on their covers; the glass doors to a cocktail lounge say "Peace." And last November Hartford offered to turn the island's facilities over to President Kennedy and Prime Minister Macmillan for their Bahamas meeting, an offer which was declined.

In many ways Paradise Island typifies the nature of much of Hartford's business life—it is grandiose in concept, a bit offbeat and just a trifle vague in its aim. This vagueness reflects the nature of Hartford himself.

Raised by no-nonsense nannies and a martinet mother, Hartford is a polite man, soft of speech and reserved of manner. He is also shy, a condition which may stem from a fearfully bad memory.

Hartford's butler, John, has been with him 31 years, but Hartford is hard pressed to mention John's last name, which is Leslie. One day when I asked him to spell the name of another veteran retainer, his cook, Ellen Larsen, he said, "You can get the spelling from John." There is a story that Hartford even managed to forget the name of his first wife when he bumped into her at a party.

He is similarly vague on the subject of how much money he has, which is the first thing most people would like to know. He has been called one of the 10 richest men in America, sharing this classification with Howard Hughes, John Hay Whitney, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, various Morgans, Rockefellers and Murchisons and the eccentric expatriate Jean Paul Getty. But he denies that he is that. He will only smile when he is reminded that *The New York Times* once estimated his wealth at $500 million. "I know exactly how much I have, but I don't know the details," Hartford says.

The details are these: Hartford has about 750,000 shares of A. & P. stock and the stock's value is around $34 million. Originally Hartford had twice this amount. Around 1914 his grandfather, George Huntington Hartford, put family ownership of the grocery empire into a trust for his three sons and two daughters. Hartford's own father did not go behind the counters; he went into his study and invented the Hartford shock absorber, which made him his own fortune. Hartford inherited part of his father's estate plus the 10 percent of A. & P. left by his grandfather. After Hartford's mother died he got half of her stock (his older sister got the other half). A reasonable guess is that in 1957 he could have written a check for $90 million if he had liquidated everything. "I've never lacked the means to do anything I was interested in," he says.

In 1954 Hartford sold off half of his A. & P. shares, or 750,000, and the returns from that sale, plus the money that had been coming in previously, enabled him to set aside $9 million in a trust. This now supports three institutions in which he is interested:

1. *The Handwriting Institute* in New York City, which is studying graphology as a possible tool for analyzing character and capability. Hartford, who has been interested in handwriting for 20 years, believes that it not only reveals a person's essence but also can disclose if he is susceptible to cancer. Executives who want to work for him are asked to write out the sentence, "I am walking down the street to get the horse and buggy out of the old garage," which Hartford then examines under a microscope. He is particularly interested in finding "figure-eight" *g*'s ("they show an intelligence that emphasizes sensitivity rather than mere alertness"). He wants to know how the prospective candidate crosses his *t*'s ("those who halfway cross are time-wasters"). Hartford believes that graphology may someday supplement, perhaps even replace, such analytical tests as the Rorschach. Most practicing psychologists do not agree.

2. *The Huntington Hartford Foundation*, a colony located in the Los Angeles suburb of Pacific Palisades. After their projects have been approved by a four-man committee, artists, writers, sculptors and composers can live at the colony for periods up to six months. They are given furnished studios well-isolated from their 17 or 18 fellows, basket lunches are delivered to their rooms and they bask in pleasant surroundings. "The directors have created the ideal climate for the creative worker," says one former fellow, novelist Martin Dibner. "Every necessity is provided—every lure, snare, distraction is removed." Not all colonists have reacted with such enthusiasm. Seymour Krim, another writer, says, "For younger guys transplanted from New York, the colony is a strange, Nathanael Westish experience. We were penned in. We had to wait for the house station wagon to take us to town. Too much was done for us. We felt like children." Nevertheless some significant work has been done there. Ernst Toch composed his Pulitzer Prize-winning third symphony, and Roy Harris his ninth, while fellows Van Wyck Brooks, Charles Neider and Max Eastman all wrote books. Horace Gregory, the poet, and Edward Hopper, the painter, also are among 400-odd people who have lived on the grounds.

3. *The Gallery of Modern Art*, designed by the celebrated Edward D. Stone, a 10-story structure in Columbus Circle in New York. Hartford hopes to open this $7 million institution next October. It will be a shrine to his ideas on art, which may be summed up sketchily as follows: Representational art alone is worthwhile; abstract and nonobjective art are worthless because they do not communicate to the masses. Because his views are regarded by many modern art experts and critics as shallow, Hartford has been having trouble locating a curator for the museum which will house his own collection and new works which he approves. "I'll go on looking until I can find somebody who goes along with my thinking," he says.

Park-your-car cause

Hartford has several other interests of a less philanthropic nature. As a result of a meeting with a Romanian engineer, Mihai Alimanestiu, he has invested "maybe a million" in Speed-Park, an automatic parking facility in New York. It is a giant elevator-conveyor that picks up cars and tucks them away in slots. "It requires only one attendant," says Hartford, who wants to erect replicas all over the country. "It can handle one car every three minutes and could revolutionize big-city parking."

There is an even greater potential for profit, he says, in the Oil Shale Corporation, dedicated to extracting crude oil from shale. Studies made by his friend Rulon K. Neilson indicate that shale deposits in northwestern Colorado and northeastern Utah contain more than 40 billion barrels of petroleum reserves. (Neilson, an oil-company president, says that Hartford owns 15 percent of the stock in Oil Shale Corporation.) Oilmen in bigger companies, less optimistic, say there is a big question as to whether oil can be taken from shale economically.

Show magazine, now approaching its second birthday, is still another of his ventures. Thus far he has dropped about $3 million on the magazine he hopes may become "America's first journal of the arts." It has a circulation of around 300,000. All of its key editors were required to take handwriting tests. According to Hartford, he leaves the direction of *Show* in the hands of its editorial staff. Nevertheless Hartford has killed stories and has urged that the editors print pieces about people he believes to be great creative talents: Margaret Mitchell, author of *Gone With the Wind;* Franz Lehár, the Viennese apostle of schmaltz, and Adela Florence Cory, a Victorian poet who composed such deathless lines as "Oh, that my blood were water, thou athirst." "Do you realize she's not even in the Encyclopaedia Britannica?" Hartford once demanded in outraged tones. To Hartford this encyclopedia is the final authority on almost everything. He owns seven sets.

Although he sometimes has trouble keeping the names of employees fixed in his mind, Hartford pays and looks after them very well. A cook at the Huntington Hartford Foundation lost his legs; Hartford paid for the hospitalization and still sends money. The grandson of a caretaker at a Hartford estate in California was run over by an automobile; Hartford sent a check and also provides for treatment of the caretaker's wife, who has Parkinson's disease. He has donated "large sums," says his West Coast lawyer, to research in cancer and heart disease.

Hartford dismisses these sums with a wave of the hand. He also contends that his present financial position is far from secure. "I owe about $20 million to Guaranty Trust," he says. "I also have a mortgage of about $8 million which I took out a couple of months ago and which saved me, practically, from going broke."

Everyone should be so close to going broke. Hartford's property holdings are staggering. His California estate—which once belonged to singer John McCormack—consists of 140 acres of land at 2000 North Fuller Avenue in the Hollywood Hills. Hartford bought it for less than $200,000 in 1946; a real-estate man recently said he could get $5 million today. The 1,050-seat Huntington Hartford

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Theater, a few blocks away on Vine Street, was bought in 1953 for around $225,000, and Hartford spent another $750,000 redecorating. He hoped to produce new plays and eventually to make it the home of a repertory company, one star of which was to have been his second wife. "But big Hollywood stars would not act there—they seemed to prefer smaller theaters," Hartford says. "In the nine years I've had the house I only made money one year."

His other properties include a 13-room duplex on swank Beekman Place in New York, worth more than $300,000, and a 40-acre estate in Bergen County, New Jersey, valued at another $300,000-odd. There is a modest little mews house in London: around $50,000. There is a Palm Beach place: $250,000. And finally there is a villa in the south of France, near Cannes, which he bought because his second wife liked skin-diving: another $250,000. These various structures contain his painting-and-sculpture collection, which is valued at more than $1.5 million.

Hartford looks upon himself as a canny collector. "I have about eighty pictures and forty pieces of sculpture, which I bought at prices of anywhere from three or four thousand to a hundred thousand," he says. Last year he spent $70,000 in London when W. Somerset Maugham disposed of his collection, buying a Pisarro and a Toulouse-Lautrec. But when the Knoedler galleries in New York put a price tag of $60,000 on an Andrew Wyeth, Hartford said he would pay only $20,000. Consequently he does not own a Wyeth, which causes him to fret because he regards Wyeth and Salvador Dali as the two greatest living painters. One report has it that he paid $270,000 for a Dali which depicts the discovery of America by Columbus. It will occupy a room to itself in the Hartford gallery.

While flinging around these vast sums, Hartford is fairly frugal in his personal life. He once bought only tailor-made clothes but now buys suits off the rack, saying it is less trouble than standing for fittings. His accounts are kept carefully by Agnes Hardecker, who once worked for his mother. "He uses very little of his personal money for himself," says Miss Hardecker. "I don't think he carries around more than fifty or a hundred dollars."

Hartford's marital bills, however, have been high. In 1939, when he was divorced by his first wife, the former Mary Lee Epling, who later married Douglas Fairbanks Jr., there was a settlement, Hartford says, of "around a million and a half." In February, 1961, when he was divorced by second wife Marjorie Steele, he settled around $385,000 in cash on her in an out-of-court agreement. He also set up a trust for their children, Catherine, now 12, and John, 8. The children live most of the time with Hartford and his third wife, formerly Diane Brown, whom he married last October.

One of Hartford's principal concerns, when he can get his mind on it, is making sure that the children remain unpampered. His behavior with them is not that of an indulgent millionaire. One day at lunch I overheard his daughter ask him for an increase in her allowance.

"How much do you get now?" Hartford asked.

"A dollar and a half," she said. "And every time I get my allowance it's somebody's birthday, and I have to buy a present."

"Me too," chimed in Hartford's little boy. "I haven't spent one cent on myself for a long time."

"We'll have to discuss this," Hartford said with a mock frown. "Maybe an increase is called for."

Hartford permitted a reporter to witness this scene, I believe, because he wishes to be observed as he thinks he really is. He feels misunderstood. He says his handwriting shows him to be "somewhat of an introvert, definitely a perfectionist, not too well adjusted emotionally."

Hartford always has been a little withdrawn. "I wasn't well liked in school," he says. "He was a snob," says a prep-school classmate. Some acquaintances believe his seeming hauteur is in reality just a façade erected by Hartford to conceal his inner uncertainty.

Perhaps the only statement that can be made about Hartford with finality is that he is the personification of the grand old American adage which declares that wealth does not necessarily bring happiness. When he was born, on April 18, 1911, there was much joy in the household of grandfather George Huntington Hartford, for whom he was named (he dropped his first name and final number, II, when he went to Harvard). The grandfather had come from Augusta, Maine, worked briefly for a leather-goods store in Boston, and then opened a small grocery in New York. He had three sons and two daughters. The two older sons, George and John, went into his grocery business, which eventually expanded to 4500 links. Unlike the youngest son, Edward Hartford, neither John nor George had male heirs.

Edward Hartford was as shy as his son was to become. "He was always in his study," says Hartford's sister, who is 11 years older than he. "We never saw a great deal of father. He taught me to play the piano, and he and I used to play piano-and-violin sonatas together, but Hunt never really got to know him well. I never got to know Hunt well. We had different nurses." Hartford's impressions of him are blurred. "One of the few clear memories I have of him," he says, "is that one day he gave me this magnificent balloon. He was proud of having brought it home. Later it burst, and I worried for weeks that he might find out." His father died in 1923, when Hartford was 12.

The principal influence in the boy's life was his mother, the former Henrietta Guerard Pollitzer, a vivacious, domineering gentlewoman from Charleston, South Carolina. She was determined that her son should have the best. She was also overly protective. When he entered St. Paul's, the exclusive prep school in Concord, New Hampshire, she rented a house near Concord. Later when he went to Harvard she took a house in Cambridge. Hartford's sister says, "Hunt never had a chance. She protected him from everything. I feel that any mistakes he has made may have been due to that." The sister herself may bear some scars. She has been married four times.

At St. Paul's, where his marks were "below average," Hartford had shown some aptitude for writing, and accordingly he majored in English at Harvard. He spent most of his time in his rooms, reading Dickens, Scott and Thackeray (leather-bound volumes of these writers are in his living room today). But the desire to get out of his mother's house was uncontrollable, and at 20 he married Mary Lee Epling, daughter of a Bluefield, West Virginia, dental surgeon.

When mother Hartford found out about the secret wedding she was furious. "She had hoped that her baby boy would marry someone from the Newport set," says a friend of the family. The elder Mrs. Hartford proceeded to make the younger one's life miserable. "I look back on the experience with distaste," Mary Lee Epling Hartford Fairbanks now says.

Graduating with the Harvard class of 1934, Hartford decided to go into the A. & P. Neither Uncle John nor Uncle George was pleased, nor was his mother. The uncles were afraid of new blood, Hartford says, and the thought of commerce made his mother shudder. Nevertheless Hartford went into the statistical department for one year. "It was boring," he said later. "If only there had been some encouragement; if they'd said once in a while, 'Let's go down to lunch.' But they leaned over backwards not to do that, and finally I had to leave."

For a year he tried unsuccessfully to write for magazines. Then he bought a square-rigger, fitted it out for an estimated $250,000, and sailed to the Caribbean on a vain treasure hunt. Out of that came his one published article, apart from two pieces he put into *Show*. Published in *Esquire*, it said at one point, "Mother came down to see us off . . . [She] went and confided to the captain that I was to have a special milk shipped by plane."

Employed on tabloid

Henrietta Hartford further complicated her lad's life by marrying the Italian prince, Guido Pignatelli, in 1937. "There was a definite rivalry between Hunt and Guido for mother's affection," his sister remembers. Shortly after, Hartford invested $100,000 in the now-defunct *PM*, a New York tabloid, on the condition that he could go to work as a reporter. Croswell Bowen, of the staff, remembers that he would report for work on the newspaper in a Rolls-Royce. "I never had a Rolls," Hartford recently said indignantly. "Was it a limousine?" he was asked. "Well, yes, it was. But I used the subways when I was covering the Murder Inc. trials." After a year Hartford left the newspaper.

Meanwhile he and his wife drifted apart and were divorced. It was then Hartford discovered girls. A four-year stretch in the Coast Guard was punctuated by attempts to make up for all he had missed in female companionship. During the years 1940–46 the legend of the playboy A. & P. heir took shape. He went in as an ensign, became a lieutenant, j.g., and commanded a freighter in the Pacific. The freighter ran aground twice. On his watches he kept a diary, when he could find it, and also worked haphazardly on an autobiographical novel. Most important, according to a shipmate named Norman Manning, he decided upon his discharge that he would devote his life to doing something culturally constructive.

When he found Marjorie Steele in Ciro's, a Hollywood nightclub, he thought he had met the ideal partner for this high-minded purpose. Miss Steele, 19 and from San Francisco, was selling cigarettes to pay for her tuition at acting school. They married in 1949. Hartford and his wife settled into domesticity—if moving from Hollywood to Cannes to Palm Beach to New York to London can be called that. Miss Steele bore him two children and acted occasionally. Critics termed her work good.

After five years of marriage Hartford and Marjorie Steele began having matrimonial difficulties. One friend says that these were due to Hartford's having founded Plaza Five, a model agency. Some models in New York say today that he revolutionized the business by making prompt payments and insisting on good working conditions. Others say his interest in the agency stemmed from his liking for pretty girls. His unrest may have been prompted by the fact that his wife was out of the house much of the time, making the theatrical rounds. He tried to encourage her painting (he maintains that she is the greatest female painter since Mary Cassatt), but she was more interested in the theater. "We got along well in many ways," she said recently, "but we broke up because my husband had quite an eye for the girls. We are still friendly." Says Hartford: "Too bad she was associated with so many neurotics in the theater."

Having spent around $4 million on his two marriages, Hartford could well have decided that the habit was too costly. But two years ago he met Diane Brown, a lovely, fragile-featured girl of 19 who was a Plaza Five model (Hartford no longer owns the agency).

Hartford waited so long to marry Miss Brown, one friend believes, because he wanted to be sure that she was not interested in his money. It often seems to him that nearly everybody he meets is interested in his money. A good part of each day is spent turning down propositions; people are always after him with schemes for bottling mint juleps or building a tower in Florida to rival the Eiffel. He is badgered with requests for handouts, usually from total strangers or people who claim to have known his parents (his mother died of leukemia in 1951).

Hartford fends off these demands on his time and fortune from the redoubt of his Beekman Place apartment. The new Mrs. Hartford is redecorating it, but her efforts never will achieve order. Hartford is constitutionally untidy, possibly because people always have been picking up after him. Piles of books and records and manuscripts are everywhere, along with stacks of unopened mail and quantities of paintings leaning against walls. The apartment has a magnificent view of the U.N. building and the East River that seems to be enjoyed mainly by two mourning doves and a parrot in cages, as well as a huge mongrel that often sits by Hartford's knee and growls at callers. Hartford himself seldom looks out the windows. He does not seem to like the outside. "Why don't you come over here?" he pleads on the telephone.

Three years ago Hartford, in a burst of civic generosity, announced that it was a shame that people in New York had no sidewalk cafés such as they have in Europe and that he was planning to build one for the city. A site on the east side of Central Park, facing Fifth Avenue, was picked. Taxpayers promptly protested and took him to court, and the suit is still kicking around. It seems impossible for him to give away the $1.5 million he wanted to donate.

Indeed, nearly everything seems impossible. Nothing seems to go according to plan. Yet he is hopeful. "It would be nice if your article didn't come out for several months," he said to me at the close of our last interview. "Maybe by then," he added, "some of my things will have materialized." THE END

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GENERAL PERSHING & I

For $250 a month he was a one-man Pentagon, doing jobs that now take legions of brass hats.

Pershing (right) and all-purpose aide on balcony outside War Dept. office.

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by Col. J. Thomas Schneider, AUS (Ret.)

Once upon a time in pre-Pentagon days, before today's army of specialists was attending to the care and feeding of our military, the country's national defense had to muddle through with the likes of me. Fortunately, no Personnel-Utilization Branch was around to write up my job description, for I confess that I had the gall to take on assignments which now require legions on the Defense Department payroll, from public relations and social relations to menu management and interior decorating. And every bit of it had to be done without training manuals or interoffice directives.

It all began in 1919, when I was a mere 23 and a country boy from Tennessee at that. The World War had ended and I was a first lieutenant in the Army assigned to general headquarters in Chaumont, France. One fateful morning our chief of staff presented me with a staggering problem. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals wanted an official statement on the contribution of horses and mules to winning the war. Others before me and above me had somehow failed to find the right words which would adequately dramatize this awesome achievement.

I leaped at the chance. Virtually reared on the backs of animals, I felt that I had an inner appreciation for the achievements of our four-footed friends. Mere praise, however, was not enough. This required an attention-drawing approach. A scramble for promotions and decorations was then under way by those who had seen action in the war. So I wrote that these poor, patient animals had sloshed through mud behind enemy lines under dangerous gunfire but, *unlike* officers and soldiers, they had no hope of higher rank or medals for their bravery.

Shortly after, I was summoned to the office of none other than Gen. John J. Pershing, respectfully known to all as "Black Jack." It was the first time I had been brought before this iron soldier whose "no foolishness" severity was legend along the battle lines. My stomach was turning cartwheels.

"Schneider, did you write this?" he demanded, fingering my masterpiece.

"Yes, sir," I answered, readying myself for a severe dressing down. Instead, a flick of amusement creased his face.

"Schneider," he said, "I'm glad there's someone around here willing to speak his mind. It's a fine tribute. You've got a real feeling for animals."

It was thus that I first came to be introduced to this incredible soldier who has been almost forgotten in the tumult of three decades of violent history. Yet when I met him he was the towering military figure of the age, an international hero exalted in Europe and glorified by citizens at home. As leader of the American Expeditionary Force he was the confident, unrelenting commander who finally brought that bloody trench war to a merciful, successful end—a Douglas

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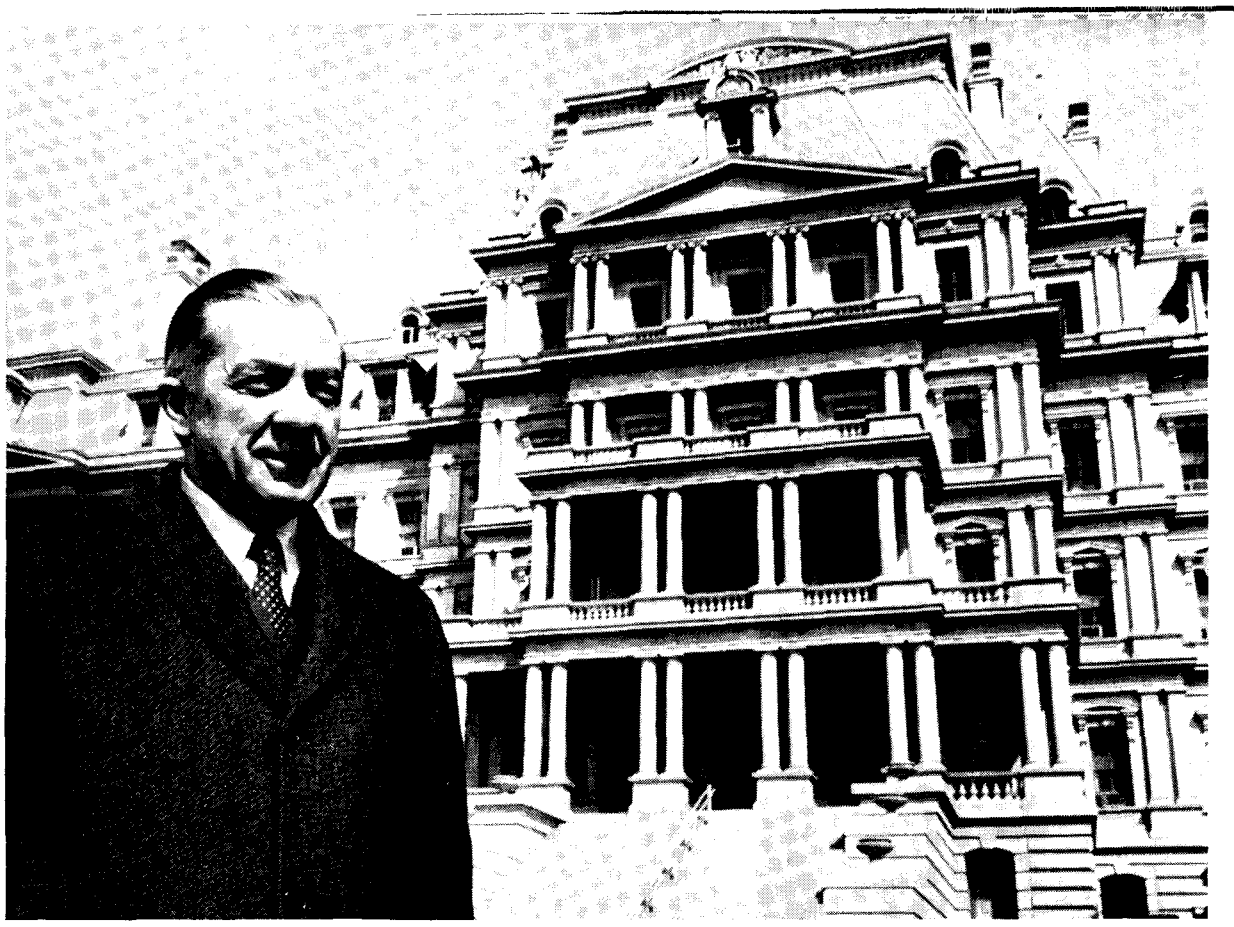
"WHAT'S SO TOUGH ABOUT RUNNING AN ARMY?"



Schneider, now a government lawyer, before building that once housed State, War and Navy departments.

PERSHING & I

MacArthur and a Dwight Eisenhower all wrapped in one.

When he returned to the States, citizens swarmed out to give him a welcome such as no one had ever before received. He marched up Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue with the blare of victory music and cheers thundering in his ears. Yet the accolades that continued to be piled upon him never puffed up his ego. And quickly he buckled down to the anticlimactic but important postwar task of running the nation's huge new Army.

His first major task was a 20,000-mile trip around the country to inspect all military installations and defense plants. My obvious flair for expressions of gratitude immediately qualified me for a choice assignment.

"Schneider," said Pershing, "after we leave every city I want you to write thank-you letters to all those responsible for the banquets, receptions and luncheons. And have them ready for me the next morning."

So while others slept, I stayed up steadfastly carrying out my mission as chief thank-you-note writer. Near the end of the journey, as our train clattered back to the capital, the general motioned me aside.

"Schneider," he said, "I've rented a house outside Washington in Chevy Chase. How would you like to live out there as my junior aide?"

I was flabbergasted. Pershing's judgment must have been softened by all the creamed chicken we had eaten. Nevertheless, I accepted and immediately moved into the house, an imposing colonial mansion set on 10 acres of handsomely terraced lawns.

The minute I arrived, Pershing briefed me in his brisk, efficient manner: "Schneider, as you know, I'm going to be very busy, so there are a few minor things I don't want to worry about. If you'll be so kind as to deal with the press, handle congressional matters and arrange appointments, I'd be most grateful. Of course, that will leave you plenty of time to prepare staff reports and look after administrative details."

"Of course," I agreed eagerly. After all, I thought, what's so difficult about running an army?

"By the way," added Pershing—a widower—just as I was beginning to breathe normally, "you'll also be responsible for operating the household."

"Yes, sir," I snapped, and the last of my adrenalin drained away. Executive leadership and thank-you notes were one thing, but my knowledge of attending to the needs of a 20-room house was considerably below zero. Worse yet, I had heard of Pershing's uncanny ability to eagle-eye a missing button from 50 yards away, a trait that caused Secretary of War Newton D. Baker to wonder once how one general could think so much about buttons yet have such great vision. With this in mind, I fell back on the simple strategy of absolute neatness.

"Men," I told my 10-man detachment of alert soldiers, "this place must be immaculate, inside and out. And you can begin by getting rid of all the messy leaves around here."

I was determined to show Pershing that I could keep the estate spotless. As it turned out, I nearly removed it. The leaves were burned all right, but 150 feet of hedge also went up in the blaze before we got the fire under control. Only after much tactful negotiation did I mollify the owner, a wealthy widow and close friend of Pershing from whom he had rented the estate.

Although the bush burning was a minor irritation graciously overlooked, it was impossible to ignore my menu planning. Why? I had never planned a menu. And creamed chicken was out. Joyfully, however, I discovered that Pershing loved lamb chops as much as I did. So our grocery expeditions invariably returned weighted down with lamb chops. The butcher didn't even have to be instructed. It got to be habit.

One evening as we were eating lamb chops for the third time that week, Pershing realized what a dominant role they were playing in his life.

"Schneider," he said drily, "I would appreciate it if you could diversify the meat course a little more."

"General," I replied, groping for guidance, "are there any suggestions you'd like to make?"

Several moments of deep thought followed, then he gazed at me quizzically. "Well, why don't we have pork chops once in a while?"

Pershing also entrusted me with protecting the estate from trespassers, a duty I performed with notable success as long as there were no intruders. Late one night, however, a soldier burst into my room and shook me awake. "Someone's trying to break in downstairs," he said.

"Get the others up quietly and we'll take the thief by surprise," I ordered. "And don't bother the general."

In minutes a five-man pajama-clad posse was poised at the top of the stairs, prepared to descend.

"Where are the guns?"

"This is it," I whispered, and with a wave of my arm professionally deployed part of my forces to advance down the back stairs while three of us braced ourselves for a frontal attack under cover of the main banisters.

"How about guns?" someone asked.

"Guns?" I said.

"Yes, guns. We need guns," murmured my troops.

"OK," I answered, "get the guns."

"Well, where are they?" came another hushed voice.

Then the awful truth dawned. I had overlooked a minor detail. We did not have a single weapon in the resident headquarters of the world's largest military power. "Who needs guns?" I gulped, tripping over a chair which hit the floor with a shattering crack.

"What in hell's going on out there?" thundered a voice. It was Pershing.

"Don't worry, general. It's a burglar," I replied and headed into the dark.

"Hey, wait for me," he scolded. "I'm in charge around here, and if anything goes wrong I want to be in on it."

Unfortunately, the prowler sensed our approach and we failed to nab him.

"Schneider, isn't it about time we had at least one gun around here?" Pershing barked and went back to bed.

Security arrangements were but a trifling part of my expanding duties. Pershing soon called upon me to help him prepare rough drafts of speeches. Today that would classify me as a speech writer with an impressive title such as "informational media specialist" to disguise the fact that I wrote speeches. But it should be made clear that my small efforts can't possibly be compared to the Herculean accomplishments of teams of ghost-writers who now grind out speeches for our defense officials.

Moreover, I must make another confession: I was not hampered by having to check out all statements with a special Pentagon clearance staff. More amazing still, we didn't have to get an OK from the White House. If you can imagine it, when we had something to speak about, we simply spoke.

I was also saddled with what they now call public relations. And as everybody knows, there's nothing like a little PR to keep the old military machine running.

"Now, see here, Schneider," the general explained, looking out the window of his enormous office directly across to the White House. "Keep these newspapermen out of my hair. I have more to do than sit around answering questions. We waste entirely too much time with them as it is."

So I plunged into PR whenever I had a spare moment, but to be honest, I did not crank out piles of press releases. Once in a while a newspaperman would wander in looking for a story or a poker game, but that was about all. We didn't even have a press room, only a small office I shared in the old State, War and Navy Building, which housed practically all of the nation's military and diplomatic officials. Now it is crammed with Budget Bureau personnel and overflow from the White House, while Defense and State have long since spread out all over Washington in a conglomeration of structures.

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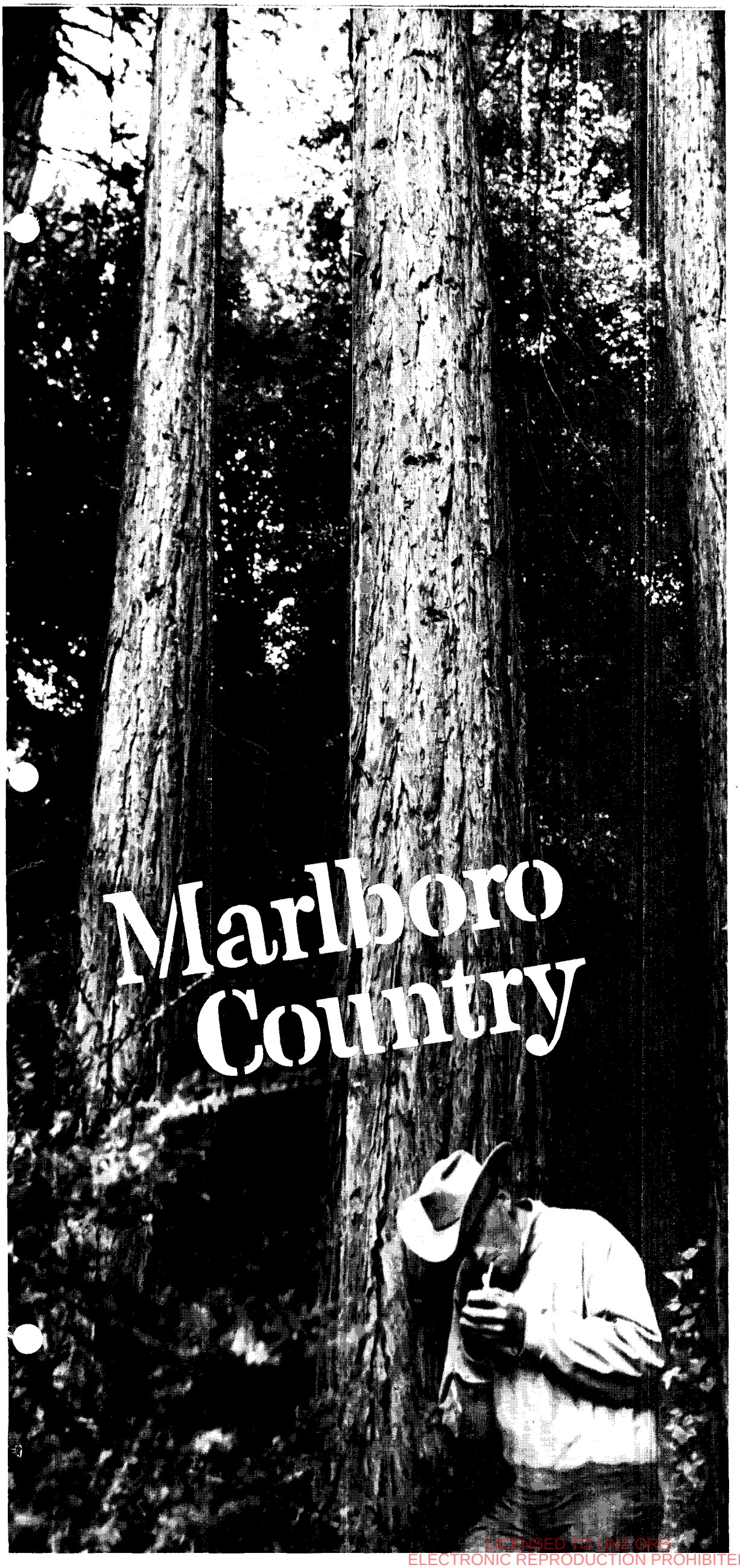

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PERSHING & I

Often I have been tempted to visit whoever's filling my old PR job, but there are at least 130 full-time PR people now at the Pentagon and I do not have the stamina. All the same, my flea-sized PR setup held its own when it came to putting my boss's name on the front page. For example, early in my PR career I pulled off one superb coup by the simple process of letting my social and PR talents overlap.

It was the late spring of 1920, shortly before the presidential conventions. Pershing was in the spotlight as a possible nominee, and a Washington *Post* reporter came to the house one foggy night to ask the general if the Nebraska delegation planned to put his name up as a candidate. Pershing would say nothing, but the suspicious newspaperman waited outside in his car to see if the general were going anywhere. About that time the general's huge khaki-colored Locomobile rumbled down the driveway and headed in town for the home of Sen. Gilbert Hitchcock of Nebraska. Although I wasn't allowed to use this Army car for my personal affairs, I was in a hurry to keep a date with the senator's daughter, who was waiting for me in her father's car. In the dim light I hopped out of Pershing's limousine into the other auto and sped away to the theater.

The next morning my breakfast was greeted by big black headlines on the front page of the paper: PERSHING MEETS WITH DEMOCRATIC CHIEFS, PLANS POLITICAL STRATEGY. I was trapped by a horrible case of mistaken identity. I knew my days were numbered.

Pershing appeared wearing an unusually glum face. And he didn't say a word as we drove to the office.

"General," I croaked, unable to take the suspense any longer, "did you see the paper this morning?"

"Schneider," he replied, throwing me a fierce look, "I understand you had a date last night with Miss Hitchcock." Then he roared with laughter.

Nothing more was ever said, although the incident was acutely embarrassing to Pershing. He had every right to throw the book at me for such careless use of his car. Instead he even allowed me to carry on with another of my tasks, congressional relations. Today CR and PR are compartmented with bevies of brass to look after both, but we operated on the theory that what was good enough for PR was good enough for CR. So why not let Schneider unleash his talents on both of them?

The last of my three R's was SR—social relations. This was my forte, and Pershing couldn't have been more helpful. I reached the zenith of success when a friend asked me to arrange for the general to meet his daughter, a student at a private school.

"Schneider, how many young ladies attend this school?" he asked when I broached the delicate subject. "About fifty," I told him. He frowned, then a grin broke. "Let's invite them all," he said. "We'll serve tea and bring out the Army band. We could use some young female voices to pep up this place."

The girls nearly collapsed with excitement over being entertained by Pershing, the national idol of the day. He was both gallant and charming in a fatherly manner that I later came to understand because of a strange burglary.

Pershing had taken off on a long out-of-town trip and left me in complete charge of the estate. At last I was *really* running things, but before I could even savor my enormous power I was faced with a major flop. Pershing's personal sergeant came to me with the alarming news that a priceless watch was missing, one of countless gifts given to the general by an adoring public.

When a detailed search failed to turn up anything, I called in the Secret Service. Finally, in an unused room, hidden far back in a drawer, the watch was found, its crystal and hands broken, and covered with telltale specks of lint from an Army shirt. In the course of our search, shattered bits of the crystal were dug out of the sergeant's carpet. Presented with this evidence, he confessed to having borrowed the watch to impress a girl friend. When it was accidentally broken, he hid it. I put the man under house arrest.

When Pershing returned, I reported the incident to him. He stiffened with anger, walked away for a moment, then swung around. "Schneider, release the sergeant and forget this ever happened."

I couldn't believe it. Pershing was a man of stern West Point discipline. Why let the sergeant off? Soon after, I found out. Six years before, in 1915, while he was serving on the Mexican border, Pershing received a telegram informing him that his wife and their three little girls had been suffocated by a fire at their home in San Francisco. Sole survivor of the horrible tragedy was his son Warren. And it was that sergeant who had gone through the flames and saved the boy.

And only then did I comprehend the general's tender treatment of those schoolgirls. For any of them could have been his own daughter.

Yet Pershing was not a soft man; he was a leather-tough dirt soldier who had worked his way up the cavalry ranks. He had the kind of gristle that war and grief weave into a man, and when he stepped into a room, he was unavoidably the dominant person. Because of his prestige and appearance, each day I found myself sifting through a flood of invitations that beckoned him into every fashionable parlor in town, every embassy reception, dress ball and banquet. The general was a demon on the dance floor. His demand for young partners with a quick step and endurance to keep up the pace became legend. Late into the evening, long after his contemporaries had dropped out and departed, he swirled across the dance floor as the band blared out those wicked tunes of the '20's, from *Oh, What a Pal Was Mary* to *Three O'Clock in the Morning*.

Yet many more nights I returned home late to find him hunched over a desk in his study completing work that had overlapped from the day. His self-discipline was phenomenal. And at times he absolutely refused to get in the social swim. Once, after a long siege of work we slipped away to Atlantic City for a vacation but had no more than arrived when the telephone started ringing. Among the callers were several ladies of renowned social reputation and wealth. Pershing saw his needed rest vanishing in a round of receptions and parties.

"Schneider," he said, "I'm clearing out of here. Get Washington on the phone and tell them to prepare for a three-day pack trip into Virginia."

Born in Indian territory, Pershing was a superb horseman, and he loved to ride more than anything else in the world. Nearly every evening we went to a nearby stable and made the six-mile jaunt to Chevy Chase by horseback, mainly along the bridle paths of Rock Creek. This was cocktail-hour time, but the stimulus of the out-of-doors was all Pershing needed to relax after a grueling day at his office.

Poker provided another escape from the general hubbub. As for me, it only meant the usual trouble: an assignment I was not in the least qualified to tackle. Near the end of my years with Pershing, he moved into a large apartment. Before we had even unpacked our bags, his turn unexpectedly came up to host a small poker party. And one of the players was President Harding.

"Schneider, I want you to get this place completely decorated in ten days," said Pershing. "Can you do it?"

"Certainly," I replied. What I knew about interior decorating didn't go beyond making my bed. Worse yet, the general had nothing but a few pieces of shabby furniture beaten up by years of moving from post to post.

To my dismay I couldn't find any decorator who would help me out on such short notice. In desperation I went to the owner of a large department store and put all my cards on the table. He agreed to come to the aid of the poker party. Chairs, couches, tables and rugs arrived. I hung draperies and arranged pictures. My vital military mission was finished easily 15 minutes before Harding arrived. The President, unaware of my gallant—if menial—efforts, asked me to join the game.

"Mr. President, I can't afford it on my pay," I replied, "but if you can raise Army wages I'll be delighted."

Harding laughed, but today I shudder at my brazenness. Frankly, I was lucky to be paid at all, despite my vast array of jobs. For it was while I was in the Army that I finally obtained what I so obviously lacked—specialized training. And it was Pershing's doing. When I went to him for advice about studying for a law degree, he didn't launch into a standard lecture about an Army career, as others had done.

"Schneider," he said, "whether or not you remain in the Army is not important compared to what you make of yourself as a man who can honestly contribute professional service to your country. You'd do well to get a law degree. I did the same thing myself as a young officer."

He encouraged me to attend law school at night, and later he insisted that I go full time during the day when he went to Europe for a long trip. Nevertheless, I had not finished my law studies when he was about to retire, and I was faced with an overdue assignment at Oklahoma's Fort Sill for field-artillery training. Once again Pershing summoned me, now five years since our first meeting.

"Schneider, we've been together quite a while now, and your learning has even managed to go beyond horses and mules," he said with a smile. "You've also been away from troops for a long time, but you're never going to get a law degree if you don't do it now. So I'm assigning you to Harvard University to complete your law studies."

Later I went into private practice, but not before I had a chance to teach law at West Point for several years. And my law training was the key step in my career that made it possible for me to undertake later government service.

Since those days so long ago, our defense establishment has grown to awesome proportions. And, looking back, I am reassured to know that the territory I spread myself over so thinly is now covered so thoroughly. I can only hope that some of those multitudes who are desperately attempting to fill my measly $250-a-month job will have a moment of amusement as they look back at the humble, sometimes hopeless beginnings of their great establishment. And perhaps it will be reassuring for them to realize that the U.S. Army is strong enough to survive anything. THE END

"Chilly out?"

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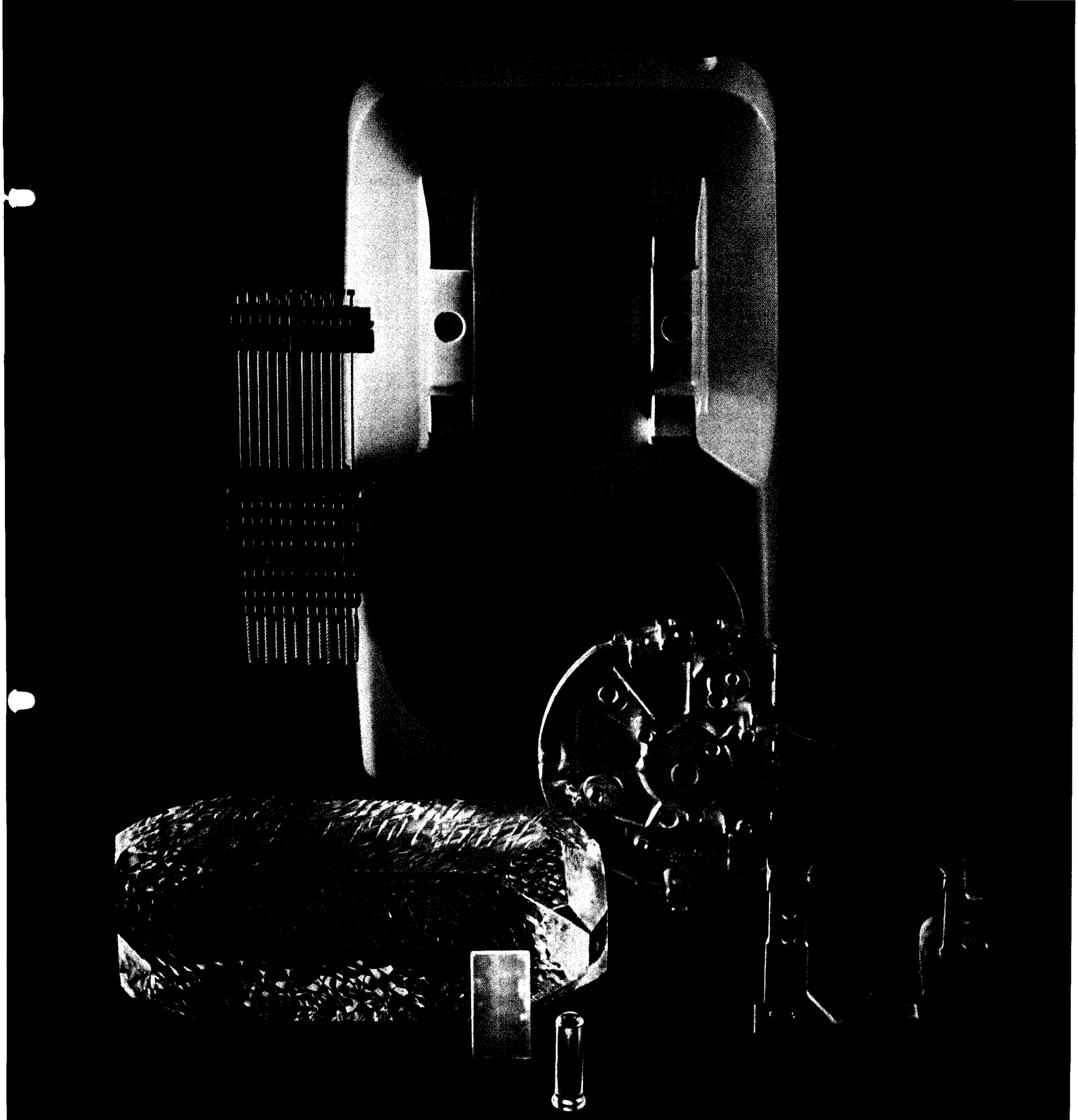

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My last SAFARI

A noted sportsman and writer describes his pursuit of the biggest, noblest and most fascinating animal in Africa.

By ROBERT RUARK

This was a very important trip for me. Although I didn't know it at the time, this was my last safari—in Kenya, anyhow, which to me was second home. In a very short time a certain amount of emerging-African-nationalist displeasure with my work would make me a "prohibited immigrant." I was having my last real look at the land I loved most.

The weather of the country was topsy turvied. It affected even the birds. There had always been birds at Maji Moto in the Masai country. Now there were no birds at Maji Moto. The extensive floods had wrecked their laying cycle or rotted their feed or something. And the elephant were acting most peculiarly, too, way up here on the Northern Frontier.

After the long rains, I had seen the elephant at Ngornit and on the plains well outside Illaut making Japanese hats for themselves out of bales of hay. It is quite a staggering sight to watch a herd of a couple of hundred African elephant scything great swatches of high grass with their trunks and clapping the hay on their heads to fend off the smiting sun, tugging and pulling at the straw bonnets like women primping in front of a mirror. Elephant, more than any of the other African animals, held a special fascination for me. This was the first time I had seen the haberdashery operation. The explanation finally was simple, because an elephant is a mysterious but intensely practical beast.

Mostly, elephant will come daily out of the dry riverbeds, where the water lurks below the surface of the sand, to forage on the plains, returning to the palm-shaded *lugas* when the heat of midday becomes unbearable. Contrary to general belief, an elephant's skin is quite sensitive to irritation. A fairly common sight is to see a whole congregation of Jumbos tearing off branches, clasping them in the fists of their trunks and swishing the leafy limbs over their shoulders and backs to drive off the flies. When the bugs are really very bad, and surface water is available, they will coat themselves completely with mud.

But it is a long walk to water—sometimes elephant have to graze an area of as much as 100 miles out from certain water, since they carry a reserve tank in their oddly constructed stomachs. Occasionally after rains a yellow, gourdish sort of fruit, the size of a squash, with blunt spikes, grows on rambling green vines over the high, lava-rocked plateaus of the Northern Kenya country. The pulpy gourds contain enough moisture to satisfy both food and thirst. So these Jumbos were merely saving wear and tear on their feet. The yellow gourds were providing the water; all the elephant had to solve was the sun. They solved the sun by making hats. Simple, when you think of it simply.

I had been fascinated for weeks, sitting on a high blue hill in the Samburu country, with powerful telescopes mounted on tripods, scanning the countryside and looking for a big bull with bigger tusks than any I'd ever shot before.

I had heard that elephant breed only at night. That isn't so. We saw several instances of breeding in broad daylight, with the bull mounting the cow in the approved barnyard fashion. We saw the tiny calves nursing, butting at their mothers. We also saw a whole fleet of the big beasts sitting on their backsides in order to slide down a steep hill.

We saw an elephant kindergarten, which is not too rare; one old dry cow baby-sitting a whole flock of youngsters of assorted sizes and whacking them irritably with her trunk when the play got too boisterous. We saw, as well, an elephant christening (this for the first time) in which the proud papa stands astride the new heir, shaking hands trunkwise with all the uncles and aunts and godparents and family friends, accepting congratulations freely and all but handing out cigars. There is much milling about and trumpeting, and the father stands athwart the body of his new baby for the most practical of reasons: He doesn't want Junior to get stomped by old Uncle Henry, who might be a little high on palm toddy.

I knew that elephant talked with each other, using a gentle prodding of trunks for emphasis and having a real conversation with a gurgling noise that is commonly mistaken for a belly-rumble. I knew that they would return sometimes to a dead relative and cover his body with brush, the while screeching the heavens down, and that they would do the same thing when they killed a person. I had seen elephant walking along the bottom of a river, using their uptilted

The prey. "I knew that elephant talked with each other, using a gentle prodding of trunks for emphasis, having a real conversation with a gurgling noise."

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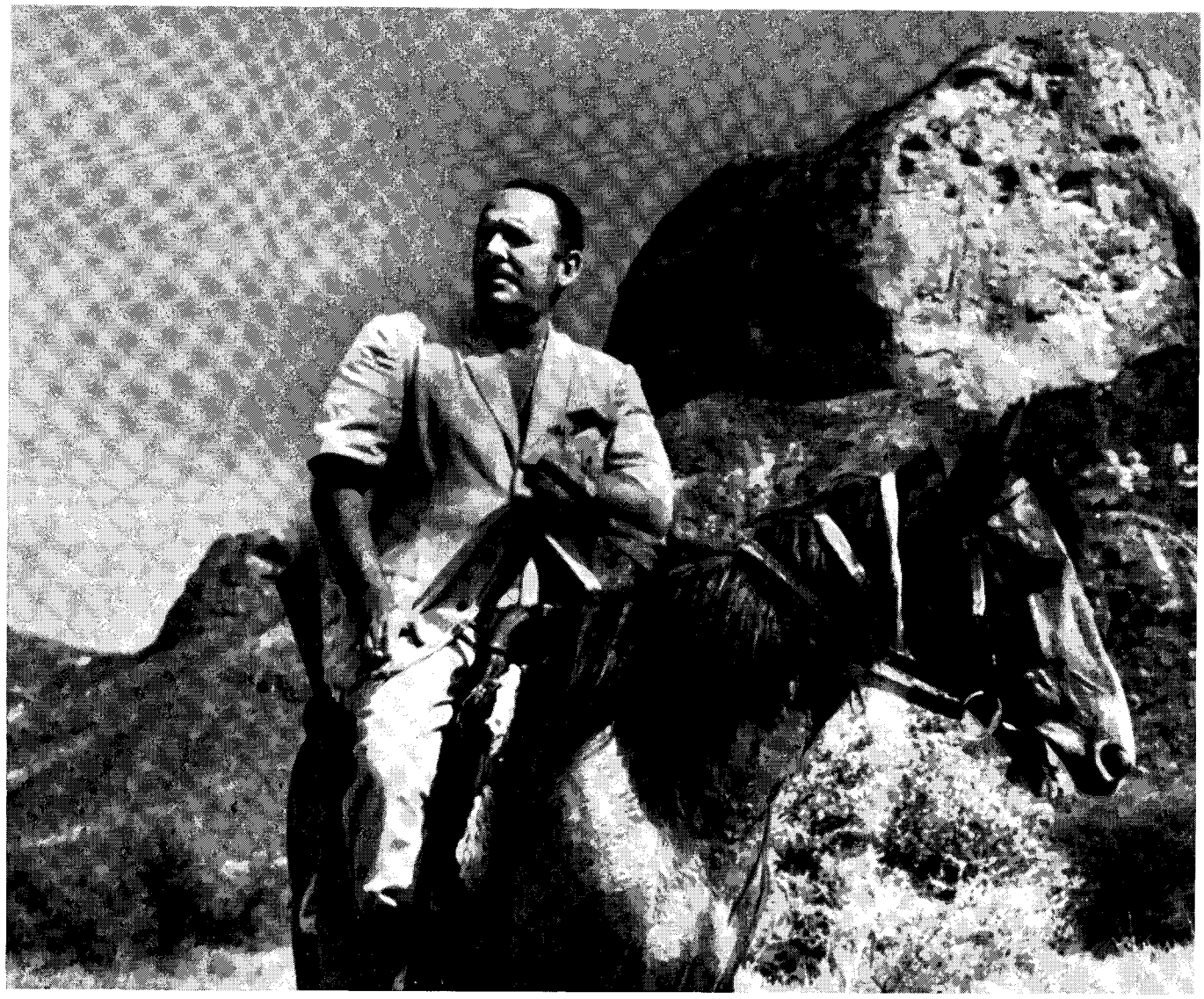
trunks as snorkels. And I had heard about this radar-communication business. But I hadn't seen it until now.

For two weeks we sat on hills and watched maybe 1,500 elephant, covering a space of perhaps fifty miles from horizon to horizon. We saw the same beasts again and again—the one-tusker young bull, the cow with the crooked teeth, the same biggish bulls of perhaps 85-90 pounds per tusk. They slid like great black slugs through the tall, yellowed grasses. There was no major exodus or ingress of elephant for those two weeks.

But one day a signal spread from Illaut to Ngornit. How it spread no man can say, because some elephant were as much as 50 miles from the others. But spread it did, and we had the unusual sight of seeing a mass logistical movement that would have shamed a crack army corps. Companies were formed, and within the companies, platoons. Sergeants fell out to march beside the squads, dropping back to whack a laggard across the backside with a trunk, used now like a baton. The columns merged and fell into route step, with the sergeants—old cows—cursing and batting at the irregulars



Ruark sets out. "I'm not afraid of elephant, but horses frighten me, and now I had to hunt on horseback."

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My last SAFARI

HE WAS TERRIBLY, AWFULLY OLD

Getting supplies. "I looked picturesque as hell in an Arab rag head-dress."

in the ranks and the older bulls forming companies of their own, to one side and usually ahead of the procession.

One day we had 1,500 elephants to watch. The next day we had nothing but fast-drying pyramids of droppings, deep footprints and pushed-over trees to indicate that there had ever been an elephant in the area. Don't ask me how the signal was made; Harry Selby, a white hunter who has studied elephant all his life, doesn't know either. And this was the first time Harry had ever seen elephant making straw hats.

Until recently no white man had ever hunted this Samburu country, which lies in northwestern Kenya with Mount Marsabit to the east and Lake Rudolf and Ol Kalou westering ahead.

The hunting blocks of the Samburu had just been opened—and opened only to foot, horse and camel safaris. The old ivory killers had never favored it; it was too tough a country to make it worth the foot-slogging pain. Your Karamojo Bells and similar freebooters pillaged the Lado Enclave or the outer lips of the Congo. That is soft country there, and easy to get the ivory out of. This Samburu was sheer murder, a vast wasteland of dry riverbeds and carelessly strewn mountains, as if God had got tired of packing and thrown away His excess baggage. This was the land of the migrant graziers, the Samburu, a Masai tribal offshoot which wandered north when the classic Masai were English-colonial-shifted south from the Laikipia plains of Central Kenya and resettled in the land that bears their name now. These were the people whose god sat on Mount Kenya—these were the people who spoke names like Ololokwe and Serarua and Seralippi and who frequently crossed a big, brown, twisty river named Uaso Nyero. These people know the lean, maneless desert lion and the rangy, hungry leopard. These people counted their wealth in the only kind of riches worth having in that country—spotted Boran cattle, high-humped and durable, and tawny camels untold—the only wealth that carries itself.

The Samburu are lovely people—Nilotic, Hamitic in origin, with carved hawk noses and gorgeous bodies. The men are more beautiful than the women, but they would sling a spear clean through you if you accused them of being effeminate just because they hold hands when they walk, paint their faces in thick red ocher and spend more time on their hairdos than the average affluent female New Yorker. They are happy people, robust on a diet of blood and milk curdled by wood ash and cow urine. They are unemerged. The uplifters would not know where to start with them, because they want nothing they do not own—space which includes blurred blue hills and angry red mountains and wicked, flood-slashed riverbeds, and the odd "Somali canary," the fawn-colored, striped-spined donkey, to carry their meager pots and the hides with which they roof their little wickiups of mud and cow dung and wattle ribs.

In years before, I had been close to this part of the country—by car around its edges, and over it in planes. But this was the first time that what had been called "national parks" had been opened to hunting. I'd known that the place was going to be legalized for hunting as part of a scheme to plow back some license money to the local tribes—a scheme to attempt to educate the African in game conservation.

So now I was here, one of the first white men to hunt legally in this area since God made the earth. The impact was shocking: Every time I did something even as simple as disappearing behind a bush, it was the first time it had ever been done by an *auslander*. Each thornbush and scrubby tree was as much mine as if I were Adam; each elephant, each rhino, my own personal pet. The enormity staggered me.

So did the horses. I am not afraid of elephant, rhino or lion, but horses frighten me, and all of a sudden I had to hunt wild elephant on horseback; dodge unsophisticated rhino on horseback.

We had moved from a camp on a dry riverbed called Keno, moving the whole safari afoot, ahorse and acamel 15 miles away to another dry riverbed called Ireri. We rode our steeds over the baked ground in the smiting heat—with me looking picturesque as all hell in an Arab rag head-dress—and made camp on the snow-white sand of Ireri. The *luga*—dry riverbed—was very narrow, and the bush alongside it was very sinisterly black and thick. The camels trudged placidly along with their shock-absorber ankles squishing up and down, and our noble nags managed almost to keep up with the parade. A dozen of our African safari hands walked, while the two white hunters rode these scraggly ponies.

It happened as swiftly as this—snap! There was a trumpeting screech, and where there had been only horses and men there was now a charging elephant, boiling full ahead from some greenery no more than 25 yards from our thoroughfare. Rather fortunately the elephant went for the pedestrian natives, who managed to scramble straight up the sheer wall of an escarpment almost as swiftly as we got off the horses and dragged them up the other side of the mountain. By the time the screaming elephant had lost a close view of the three Africans, the other visitors had made it up the hill on foot with the gee-gees reluctantly in tow. One thing I learned about horses on this trip is that a horse isn't worth a damn in an emergency. You have to carry *him*.

The noisy elephant had disappeared in dense bush, and it looked like an elephant who might have a couple of unannounced relatives. We went all the way up to the top of the frowning scarp and swept the bush with glasses. Before long a double dozen elephant appeared like brown anthills in the redundant verdure. And they were mostly cows with tiny calves—as close a synonym for suicide as anything I ever met in narrow corners. We spent the best part of the day on that mountain. Game Department restrictions allow only one elephant license for the entire party in the Samburu area, and it appeared to all of us that a testy sort named Rodney Elliot, warden for the outflung miles, would take unkindly to the idea that a dozen or more elephant had been slain in self-defense.

We had threshed the area relentlessly for weeks—Keno, Ireri, Ngornit—and now we were fine-combing Illaut. When Illaut was finished we were finished.

So when a streakily daubed Samburu warrior sauntered into camp with news of two enormous bull elephants still at the water at Illaut we struck the camp at Ngornit and whistled up the camels, which complained noisily and bitterly as usual. The Somali ponies just looked dispirited. We merely looked skeptical. Most native game reports are useless.

"It sounds like the bull."

But there *was* an elephant in the area of Illaut—not two, not 90, but one. He was a bull, and he was old, very old. His big fresh tracks were corrugated by age, and you could tell by the concentration of his waste that he foraged close by the scanty water in the blinding white sands of the *luga*.

So there was this elephant at Illaut, and Selby and I were drinking coffee in our tentless camp in the middle of the *luga* when Areng, the plum-black Turkana horse wrangler, marched up to the table pushing a scared 10-year-old Samburu-Rendille girl ahead of him.

"This *ndito*, this maiden, says she was off looking for strayed goats this morning, and she was charged by a very big elephant with very big teeth," said our one-eyed horse-wrangling genius, Areng. "It sounds like the bull of the local loose talk and of the big footprints."

Selby and I grunted. The longer one lives in Africa, the more one grunts. One grunts or one coos or one changes his voice from bass to falsetto to denote shadings of assent, dissent or skepticism—enthusiasm, despair, disbelief. We grunted skeptically. But you always run out your hits in Africa.

We jogged the nags to a little hill and climbed it just as the sun began to paint the stern blue mountains and the sere brown stretch of the scorched wasteland. Selby and Metheke had the glasses, and they began to search the terrain.

Metheke is a Wakamba gun bearer, and I have hunted with him for a dozen years. He is possibly the keenest sportsman I know, and above all he respects big elephants with big teeth. They scoured the land with the glasses, and suddenly both Africans—white Selby, black Metheke—began to coo.

They turned, beaming, twinlike despite the disparity of race and color, merged soulfully in true hunters' delight. They handed me the binoculars and pointed. Something filled the binoculars, and suddenly I began to coo too.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-*eeeee!*" I crooned, and almost fell off the boulder on which, apelike, I was perched in the crisp breeze of an early Kenya morning. Then we all slid down the hill and kicked the horses into a trot.

The old man was terribly, awfully old. He had lived too long—much too long. Quite possibly he had seen more than one century switch—the 18th change over to the 19th, the 19th to the 20th. Nobody will ever know accurately just how long a wild elephant lives. In zoos his life-length is an average man's three-score-and-10 span. Twenty-one to grow up, 21 to fight and breed, 21 to teach his wisdom to the young bulls, and 10 or 20 more to brood and die. In Africa you would have to follow him on his many thousand miles of aimless meanderings from Ethiopia to Rhodesia to check him, to watch him grow huge and fight and breed and finally become outcast, and you would still never know if it was the same elephant if you had a hundred years to follow his plod. From the look of him, our old gentleman was at least 150 years old.

For many, many years he had been prison-pent. He had lived on this dry-river *luga* named Illaut. As long as the oldest native around the water hole could remember, he had lived near Illaut. He came to drink daily at the water hole a few hundred yards away from the only crap game in town—the one-room Somali general store, called *dukah* in East Africa. He was so far gone in ignobility that he no longer minded drinking with goats and donkeys. He did not even try to murder people anymore, because people and goats and sheep were really all he had to associate with.

The old bull was decades past his last breeding. He was long exiled from the world of other elephants. Likely one of his own sons had kicked him out. In any case, his memory of women and palm toddy was dim and possibly exaggerated. The young bulls no longer came to him for counsel, although his accumulated wisdom was vast. He had long since run through his repertoire of jokes and no longer found listeners for the chest-rumbling, trunk-probing, nostalgic tales of the good old days before the white man came with guns—the quiet days before the iron birds ripped the heavens apart with rude noise on their way to Ethiopia. Somehow the skies had been bluer in those days, and you could count on the seasons. Now the weather, like everything else, had gone bloody well mad. Three straight years of drought, for instance—and then it rained until it fair washed the country away, the Tana pour-

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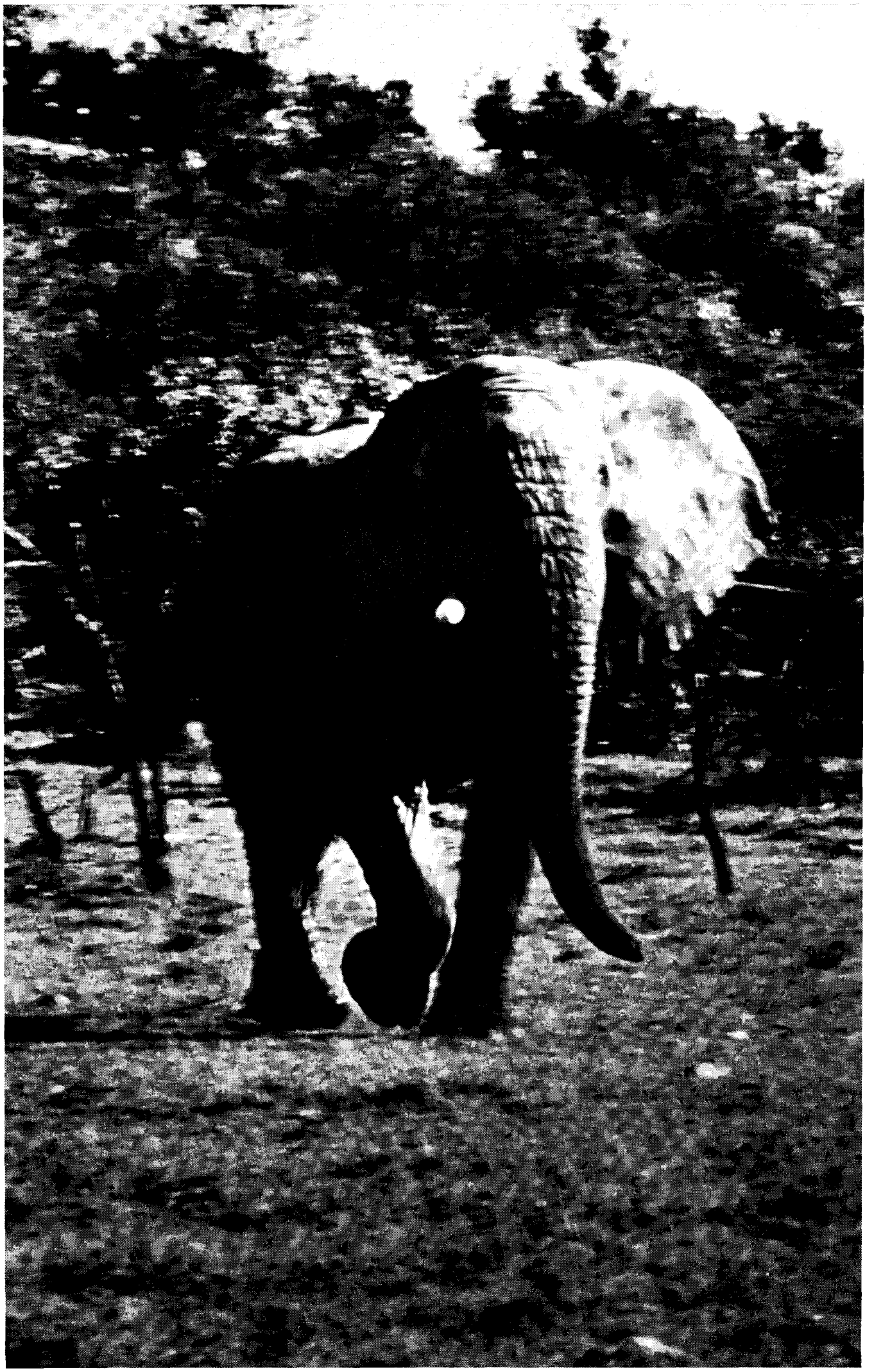
ing red with eroded earth as it swept Kenya's lifeblood 40 miles out into the Indian Ocean.

He was more than a little deaf, of course, and certainly his eyesight was clouded by the years. His great ears, which once clapped like giant hands as he shook them irritably at the little hold-me-close flies or smacked thunderously against his head in harsh anger as he lofted his trunk and screamed in a charge, now hung in pathetic tatters; now his ears swung limp and shredded and flapped only feebly as he waved them. Over his entire back a green, mossy excrescence had grown. He was as barnacled as an old turtle or an ancient saltwater piling. He was wrinkled excessively, and perhaps he had lost three tons of weight from his original seven. He carried his tusks awkwardly as if they were too ponderous for his head, too heavy to tote in comfort now that all the counterbalancing weight had left his behind. How he'd reached this great age without breaking one or both tusks in this harsh, stone-studded country, with the full 30 years of routine fights, was one of God's mysteries. But there they were, great ivory parentheses stretching low and out and upward from his pendulous nether lip. Age had made him visually ridiculous; he wore a warrior's heavy weapons on his front end, and no single hair survived on his obscenely naked tail.

There would be curious growths in his belly that old elephants frequently have, like the hair balls one finds in the stomach of a crocodile or big catfish. Ants would have trammeled the length of his trunk; certainly his feet would be cracked and wincing on the lava rocks of his self-imposed prison. You could tell this from the ridged tracks of his pad marks that covered 10 miles of country outside the water area. Old gentlemen's feet always hurt, and the pain is apt to make the owner tempery.

He swayed from side to side now and grumbled to himself, as old men will, and the burden of his complaint rode clear on the wind as we walked close—carelessly close—leaving the Somali ponies tethered to a thorn tree. The old bull had been a flashy traveling man in his time—all the way from the high blue hills of Ethiopia through Tanganyika and then into the Rhodesias, traversing the miles and miles of bloody Africa as he followed the dôm palms whose red nuts he adored—as he occasionally ravished a maize field, as he whimsically butted over a railway train or upended a water tank or, just for the hell of it, swung his trunk like a rubbery scythe to wreck a native village. Cows had touched him tentatively with their trunks in girlish admiration; he had smelled the blood of a close cousin as he took out his tusks from a gut-spilling belly. Sycophants had swarmed around him—young *askaris* eager for the knowledge he had amply to give; stooges to fetch and carry and always to heed his wit and wisdom.

But now he was very much all alone, chained by necessity to the creaking rocking chair of the limitations of old age. All the cows and calves and younger bulls were long gone. They had tolerated his presence in the area, even though he had become a bore with his stories of old slave



Target. "There he stood now, pathetically magnificent . . . a monument to himself and to the Africa that was . . ."

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caravans and regiments of spear-hunters. The country had played out. It had rained again on the other side of the mountain, and everybody had whistled off, following the fresh green that thrust upward under the rim of the escarpment. Everybody had gone but the old bull. He was too feeble to trek with them. His head was heavy, and his feet hurt.

Now he stood sadly alone, because he could not leave certain water for an uncertain excursion for food. And he was starving himself, because he had eaten the country clear. But he would not travel the usual two-day, 200-mile grazing distance of a younger bull. He had grazed his land rock-hard, and his tracks were imprinted atop each other. His dung abraded on itself in piles and was scattered by the passage of his own feet. He had made tracks enough for 200 elephant, and they were all his own.

Soon he would die. Unless the rains came almost immediately to green his prison yards he would die of senile decay and lack of nourishment—and, most of all, of purest boredom. The boredom was the worst of all the ills, and he would be glad to see the finish of it all.

There he stood now, pathetically magnificent on the slope of a sere brown rise, with the morning sun red behind him. There he stood against a cruel blue hill, his enormous curving tusks a monument to himself and to the Africa that was—the Africa that had changed, was changing, would forevermore change until nothing beloved of it was left.

"Poor old beggar," the white hunter Selby said. "Poor, poor old boy."

We had come there to shoot an elephant in an untouched, savage land, a land unmarked by tires, unseen by tourists. I did not weep when I shot the old bull twice through the heart and he crumpled to his creaking knees. In retrospect, yes, of course I would weep—but only as a respectful gesture to another age. When the old bull fell with a mighty crash, much of what I loved best of the old Africa died with him.

Now he lay stiff-legged in the bright morning sun, his age-blackened tusks looming huge in his oddly small dead face. Quite soon the chief skinner, wizened old Katunga, who is as ancient a man as the bull was an elephant, would come with his assistants carefully to hack the great teeth from the sunken old head.

Katunga would croon "Eeeeeeeh" in ecstatic, piping falsetto when he saw them and would take extra care in drawing them from the skull. For Katunga it may have been his thousandth, perhaps his two-thousandth, elephant, for he is older than Philip Percival, to whom he first came as 'prentice when both were boys in Africa, and Philip was nudging hard now on the 80's. Katunga was along when Philip took Hemingway on his first safari many, many years ago.

Katunga would be careful, because he knows that elephantine immortality dwells in the tusks and that the tusks are paper-thin inside the head, where the nerve cavity extends from head through tooth. A clumsy blow with the ax can shatter that delicate ivory, and one tusk was already split, for the old bull had fallen with an enormous crash. It split because it was soft and old and full of grainy fissures which had widened as age had dried the ivory.

Katunga would be very careful, because when he died, and his Wakamba family tossed him out to the hyenas, he would not want someone to split the tusks of his memory as the best skinner in the world—the best skinner, the best lover, the best drinker, the best talker and, in his bandy-legged way, the best man *he* ever met. At 80 Katunga still ran ahead of a camel caravan, singing; he finished a 20-mile walk in the smiting sun at a gallop and jeered at his younger colleagues, men half his age, whose tails were dragging at the end. Katunga is a man—I heard him once tell a congregation that he was the best man in camp and that he could defeat them all with words apart from blows. He has told me that when he dies and the safaris pass Machakos the white bwanas will say, "Here lived Kingi Katunga," and I know he is right. A man who thinks himself a king is often right.

Katunga is as much a part of the dead elephant as the vultures which are still sliding, circling slowly, on stiffened wings in the freshly laundered Kenya sky—as much a part as the jackals and hyenas which will contest with the vultures for the rights to the monarch's mortal remains. But there is more to it than Katunga. There is now the business of handing out the reward.

The reward of 100 shillings is always paid to the local native who first brings news of a big elephant, and this is a very big elephant, well over 100 pounds per tusk. And the reward in this case goes to a little prepubescent Samburu maid, the *ndito* who was off seeking strayed goats in the early dawn when she stumbled on the big elephant.

Mary and the jackals

Her name is Lukumai, the local equivalent of Mary, and her little brown face peeps from a huge mound of beads that covers her neck and shoulders like a cape. She goes bare to the waist, over a kirtle of skin, and her legs and arms are tightly wrapped in coils of copper wire. She is shy; she weeps before she smiles when she poses with me and the dead elephant for Selby's camera.

She has earned the reward—more money than she can possibly comprehend, if she understands money at all. But just watch the vultures try to take it from her—watch the sophisticated African jackal at work with his still-unemerging savage sister.

First it is Salah, the snidely handsome camel-wrangler, a good man with camels but devious about money.

"Her father is in Marsabit," says Salah. "Her father is my brother. She will only waste the money or lose it. The people in the *dukah* will cheat her. Give me the money and I will give it to my brother when I see him after his return from Marsabit."

Selby and I look at Salah. He is pure Somali—a black Semite, with a face like Errol Flynn's. He is a Mohammedan, and the chance of his being related to a Samburu maiden's father is roughly the same as that of Jackie Kennedy's tracing her ancestry through Eskimos. I laugh. I summon up my best Swahili.

"You bloody liar," says I. "Go maltreat the camels. The camels are your brother. Go have congress with the donkeys. The asses are your wives."

Salah doesn't quit easy.

"Well, perhaps the little girl's father is not my *true* brother," says he. "Not *mama moja*—not the same mother. But we are such friends that we are *like* brothers. I will mind the money for the little girl until her father, who is like my brother in my love for him, gets back."

Now Selby laughs.

"Your mother was a hyena, and your brother was a jackal," says Selby. "Go away from my sight and talk to your mother and your brother."

Salah dies hard.

"Well," he says, "perhaps the little girl's father is not my close friend, but at least *I* [heavily accented] told her to go and look for the elephant. It was my doing that she found it. I deserve the reward, for she is only a *mwanamuki*—a she-thing."

Now I snort.

"*Shaitan* will wrap you in pigskin through eternity for your lies," say I.

Salah retreats now. Enter Big Brother. He is painted like something out of a New Orleans Saturday night. He wears a red skirt and is ostentatiously moody in his handling of his spear.

"I am the *ndito's* true brother," he says. "*Mama moja*, but different father. *I* will guard her money for her." He smirks, the family honor accounted for, responsibility established. We were weary of Africans helping other Africans by now. It was beginning to resemble the United Nations. It took less than 20 paces for Big Brother to relieve Little Sister of her loot. Selby shrugged.

"That gives you some idea of the political future," he said sourly. "Let's go weigh the tusks."

There is nothing really so conclusive as shooting a big elephant. I made a swift summary: In 10 years I had shot three elephants, for a gross tusk weight of 600 pounds plus, or an average of better than 100 pounds per tusk. I know one very fine professional hunter who has never fetched in a 100-pound elephant in 35 years of hard hunt. This last chap was 108 one side, 106 on the other. He had looked bigger because of his bodily desiccation, but anything over 100 is a lot of tooth.

We permitted the boys in camp to rough us up a little out of jubilation and the scent of a tip at the end of safari.

Eventually we became motorized again, and I must say it came as a shock to have wheels under us. You have just carved a new country for yourself out of raw bush. Your first tracks have become roads. You have built bridges and cut passes through steep *dongas*. You have felled trees and moved rocks, and the whole outback has become home.

And now you have to say good-bye to the green-rimmed dry river-beds, the purpling hills and the great sweep of rolling plain. You sit for hours in front of the last campfire and wonder if you will ever do it again. We did not regret the elephant; the only way to keep him with us always was to shoot him, and we had shot him very well.

"I guess we've tied the ribbon on it," I finally said to Selby. "I guess we've wrapped it up."

"We never did shoot that biggest buffalo in the Masai," Selby said. "And the Masai is kind of on the way home, too."

"I don't particularly want to shoot him," I said. "I just want to see him *in* the Masai. I've grown accustomed to the country."

"It has a way of growing on one," Harry Selby said. "It's a pity we don't own it any more, isn't it?" THE END

THE GIRL'S REWARD IS

Ten-year-old Lukumai was lookin

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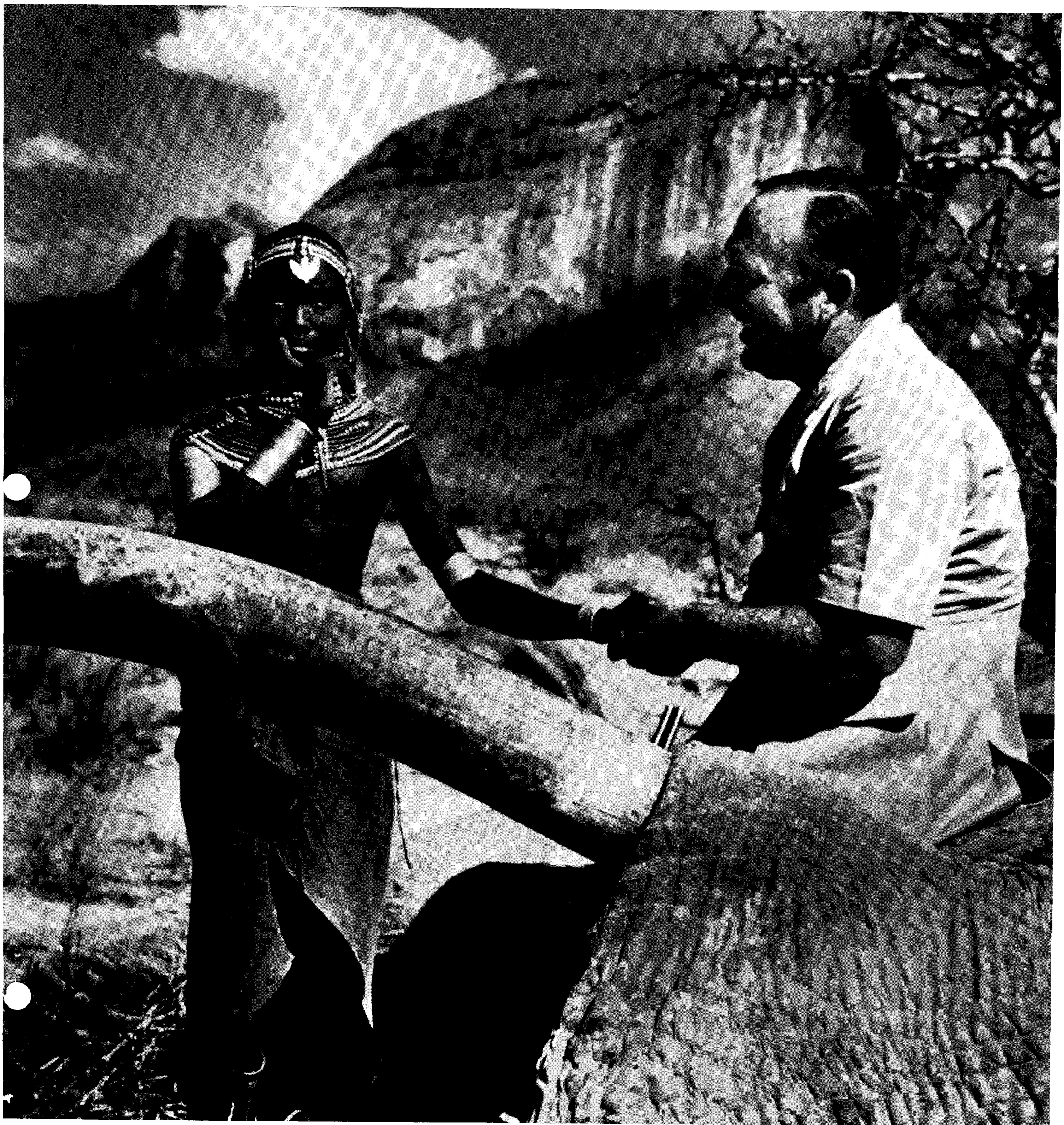
IORE MONEY THAN SHE CAN COMPREHEND. BUT JUST WATCH THE VULTURES TRY TO TAKE IT.



stray goats when she spotted "a very big elephant with very big teeth." Entitled to 100 shillings, "she is shy; she weeps before she smiles."

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EDITORIAL

The name of the game

We have a radical philosophy at *The Post*. We believe that anyone who rigs a football game should be exposed.

In February, when we first received a report that a college football game had been fixed, we proceeded on our radical philosophy—conservatively. According to the report, George Price Burnett, an obscure Atlanta insurance man, had accidentally overheard a telephone call from Wallace Butts, then athletic director at Georgia, to Paul (Bear) Bryant, head coach at Alabama, before the two teams played on September 22. Burnett swore that he had heard Wally Butts giving Bear Bryant significant Georgia football secrets.

Any report as startling and as detailed as the one we received deserves something more than dismissal. It is not enough to say "absurd," which is only a mask for lethargy. It is not enough to say "too hot to handle," which is a mask for cowardice. It is not even enough to say, "This could hurt a great game." The name of our game is not football. It is truth.

Was George Burnett speaking the truth? If so, we felt, in our radical way, that it was our duty to expose Butts and Bryant. Not indict them. Not convict them of a crime. We do not confuse journalism with jurisprudence. We are engaged in reporting, not prosecuting.

Our next decision: Find a cautious, painstaking, totally reliable reporter and let him dig. We selected Frank Graham Jr., a bespectacled, scholarly sportswriter, whose leisure taste runs to baroque music and lyric poetry, and whose idea of "flash" is a battered Renault Dauphine. Graham, a 38-year-old Columbia graduate, had been schooled in sports from boyhood.

Presented with our information, Frank Graham Jr. was surprised, skeptical, but curious. He flew to Atlanta and there, working with an investigating team, examined all the available evidence. Yes, Graham learned, telephone-company records showed a sixteen-minute call had been made by Butts in Atlanta to Bryant in Tuscaloosa at precisely the time George Burnett reported. Yes, Georgia players had complained during the game that Alabama seemed to know Georgia's plays. Yes, Georgia's young team was routed (35-0) and also given a frightful physical beating. Yes, Georgia coach Johnny Griffith was convinced someone had given away his secrets. Yes, coach Griffith had reported Burnett's information to university authorities. Yes, Butts had abruptly resigned as athletic director. Yes, Burnett had submitted to an exhaustive investigation and to a thorough polygraph test. Yes, Butts was asked to take the same polygraph test and had refused.

The evidence was convincing. The final yes was our own. Yes, we would run the story. (It appeared in the March 23 *Post*.)

We are not afraid of scoops, which is another of our radical notions. We believe in competition in all areas, including journalism and even including football.

Two weeks before our exclusive story appeared, a senior editor of *Newsweek*, "the magazine of news significance," telephoned Roger Kahn, sports editor of *The Post*.

"We've got your story," said the senior editor.

"What story?"

"We know all about Butts and Bryant and we want to make a deal. You give us everything you have and we'll mention *The Post* in *our* story."

Again, we are not afraid of scoops, nor would we be embarrassed by a *Newsweek* scoop. If *Newsweek* could beat us to the newsstands, we resolved to take it with a smile. This is what journalism is all about—the dissemination of truth, regardless of who prints it first.

What *Newsweek* had, in fact, was significant without being news. Someone had leaked the general gist of the story in Atlanta. But the leak was only hearsay which, in a story as powerful as this one, possesses no more validity than does hearsay in a court of law. A few days later the *Newsweek* editor called Kahn again. "We didn't really have it," he said. "We were just trying to get what you had."

The story broke exclusively in *The Post*, which was all right with us.

Scooped, *Newsweek* wailed, "Somebody's lying." The article promptly supported that headline by beginning: "The story had been around for months. . . . *Newsweek* . . . turned it down."

Scooped, *Time* confused TNT with nuclear warheads in frantic pursuit of a metaphor: "As long as the blockbusters make a lot of noise, the *Post* does not seem concerned with fallout."

Scooped, *Sports Illustrated* called the scandal "debatable," labeled Burnett an "eavesdropper," but wrote fondly of Wally Butts. ("His voice quaked as he spoke softly. . . . He lifted his right arm and swore to God that he was telling the truth.")

Two weeks later, still struggling to come to grips with the story, *Sports Illustrated* printed a critique of the notes taken by Burnett as he listened to the Butts-Bryant telephone conversation. For opinion, they turned to a panel of anonymous "experts" and to Wally Butts. Surprisingly, Butts said the notes made no sense. The "experts" obligingly seemed to agree, but the attorney general of the state of Georgia took a somewhat different view (see below).

Yelps were not confined to magazines. In the Birmingham *News* someone brought back warm memories of the Third Reich by proposing "a *Saturday Evening Post* burning." Trustees of the University of Alabama declared their "confidence and support of coach Bryant." And Butts himself proclaimed "my great love for the University of Georgia" while filing a 10-million-dollar libel suit against *The Post*, which we are quite well prepared to defend.

It would be a sorry society if our story yielded nothing but sour grapes bathos and wind. Fortunately, it produced considerably more: at least five investigations, including one by Senator John McClellan's investigative subcommittee and one by Eugene Cook, attorney general of Georgia.

Certainly it must have been difficult, both personally and politically, for Cook to probe the actions of a Georgia football hero. But probe the attorney general did, swiftly and fearlessly. These are some of the things he and his staff discovered:

The telephone conversation did, in fact, take place and there is no doubt that Burnett overheard it.

Although Burnett's notes on the phone conversation were, by themselves, somewhat sketchy—Burnett is neither a football expert nor a trained reporter—coach Griffith interpreted them in such detail that there was no doubt the information Butts passed along was "vital."

Five Georgia assistant football coaches, after reviewing Burnett's notes, signed statements that "such vital and important information . . . could have affected the outcome of the game."

Dr. Frank A. Rose, president of the University of Alabama, wrote Dr. O.C. Aderhold, president of the University of Georgia, on March 6, protesting that Bryant had only wanted to review the "legality" of Alabama defensive formations. (What are "illegal defensive formations"? Except for putting twelve men on the field, there is no such thing.)

During last year's football season, Butts made telephone calls to "persons known to bet and gamble on football games."

On a salary of less than $16,000 a year, Butts had, as of July 17, 1961, amassed gross assets of $349,287.

Attorney General Cook concluded that Butts' action was "unethical, improper and unsportsmanlike," but at this writing Cook has uncovered nothing that violates Georgia laws. He has requested Governor Carl Sanders to let him pursue the investigation further in cooperation with the McClellan subcommittee.

As we said before, our philosophy is radical. We believe that anyone who rigs a football game should be exposed. We will continue to cling to this radical belief despite what our detractors in and out of the publishing business may say about us.

If another story of similar nature should come our way in the future, we will not hesitate to pursue the same course we took with this one: track it down, satisfy ourselves that we have the truth and then publish it.

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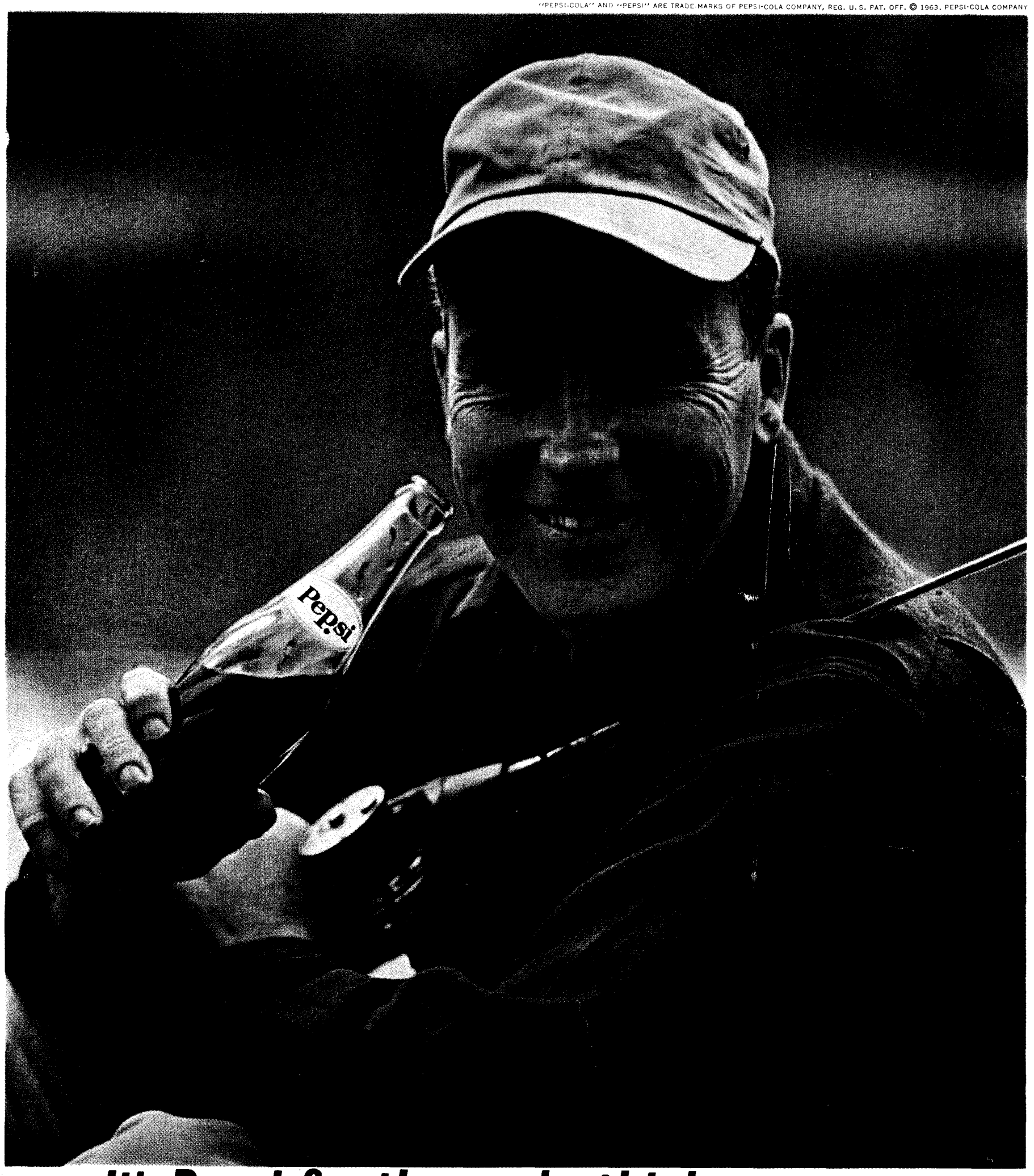

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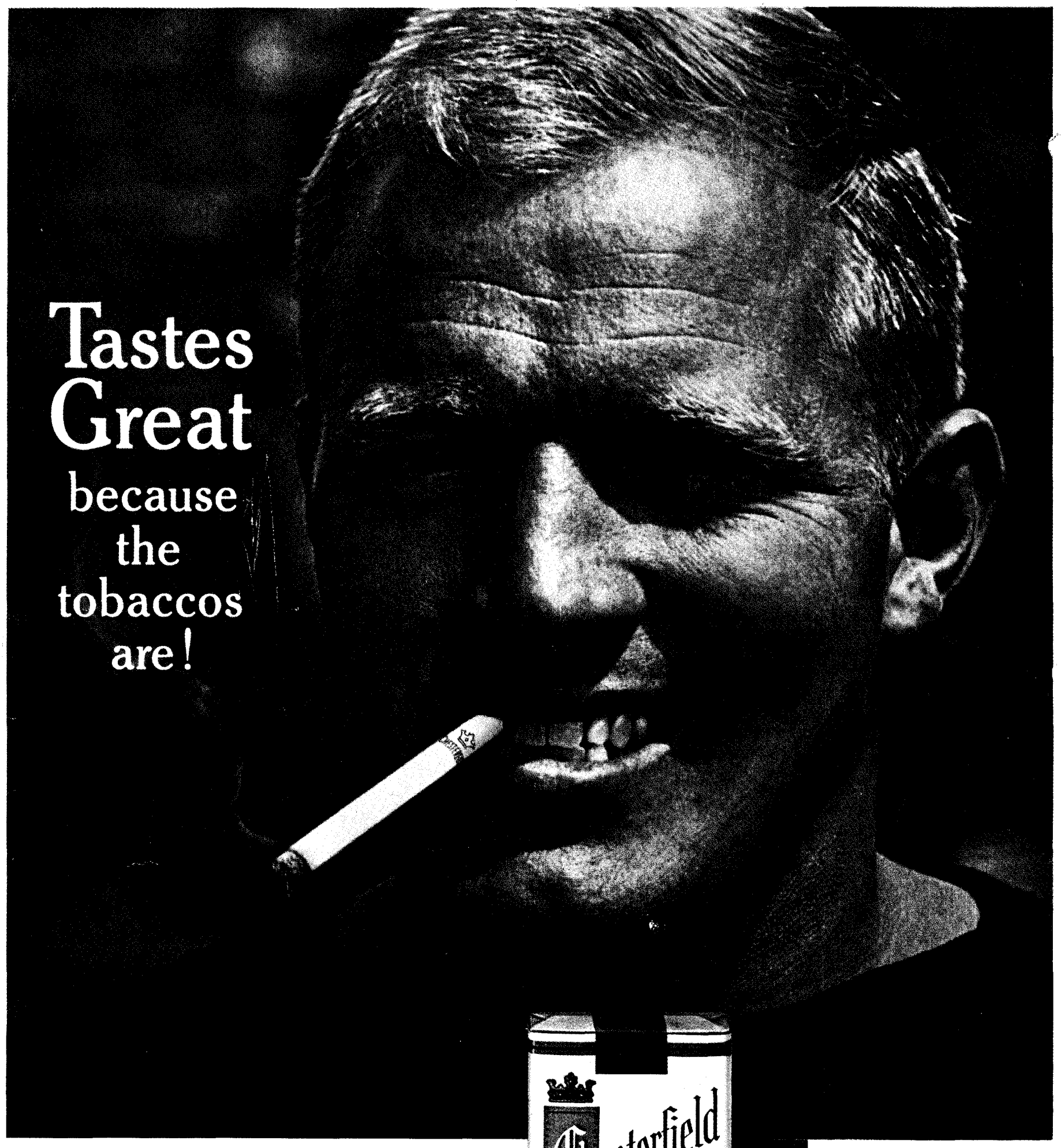

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